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VOLUME XIV.

The Historical Record

—OF—

WYOMING VALLEY.

v. 14.

A COMPILATION OF MATTERS OF LOCAL HISTORY FROM THE
COLUMNS OF THE WILKES-BARRE RECORD.

Edited by F. C. JOHNSON.

Appearing from time to time as a complete volume.

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VOLUME XIV.

The Historical Record

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The Historical Record.

VOLUME 14.

WHO CHAINED JEFF DAVIS?

[Daily Record, March 2, 1905.]

Through the courtesy of a gentleman who has gone through the public documents relative to the fettering of Jefferson Davis, while a prisoner of war in Fortress Monroe, the Record is able to give the exact facts. These show that Gen. Nelson A. Miles was authorized to fetter Mr. Davis if he deemed it necessary, and that he did so apply the fetters, although from Secretary Dana's description of the guard, escape would have been impossible. It also appears that instead of Gen. Miles asking for permission to remove the fetters he was ordered by Secretary Stanton to remove them. The discussion has resolved itself into question of fact, without reference to the right or the wrong of the fact. The story as told by the participants at the time is found in Volume 121 of "War of the Rebellion: Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," issued by the government, page 562 to page 577.

Fort Monroe, May 22, 1865.

Hon E. M. Stanton, Washington:

The two prisoners (Davis and Clay) have just been placed in their respective casemates. The sentries are stationed both within and without their doors. The bars and locks are fastened, and the regular routine of their imprisonment has begun. * * * The arrangements for the security of the prisoners seems to me as complete as could be desired. Each one occupies the inner room of a casemate. The window is heavily barred. A sentry stands within before each of the doors leading into the outer room. These doors are to be grated, but are now secured by bars fastened on the outside. Two other sentries stand outside of these doors. An officer is also constantly on duty in the outer room, whose duty it is to see his prisoners every fifteen minutes. The outer door of all is locked on the outside, and the key is kept exclusively by the general officer of the guard. Two sentries are also stationed without that door. A strong line of sentries cuts off all access to the vicinity of the casemates. Another line is stationed on the top of the parapet over head, and a third line is posted across the moats on the counter

scarp opposite the places of confinement.
 * * * A lamp is constantly kept burning
 in each of the rooms. * * * I not not
 given orders to have them placed in irons,
 as Gen. Hallack seems opposed to it, but
 Gen. Miles is instructed to have fetters
 ready if he thinks them necessary."

"C. A. Dana,

"Assistant Secretary of War."

"Fort Monroe, May 22, 1865.

"Brevet Major General Miles is hereby
 authorized and directed to place manacles
 and fetters upon the hands and feet of
 Jefferson Davis and Clement C. Clay
 WHENEVER HE MAY THINK IT AD-
 VISABLE in order to render their im-
 prisonment more secure. By order of
 the Secretary of War.

"C. A. Dana,

"Assistant Secretary of War."

Note that it was left to his judgment
 whether or not the fetters should be ap-
 plied.

The next day Mrs. Davis wrote to Gen.
 Miles as follows:

"Fort Monroe, Va., May 23, 1865.

"Please accept my thanks for your
 courtesy and kind answers to my ques-
 tions of this morning. I cannot quit the
 harbor without begging you again to look
 after my husband's health for me."

A day later Gen. Miles wrote that he
 had applied the fetters:

"Fort Monroe, Va., May 24, 1865.

"C. A. Dana, Esq., Assistant Secretary of
 War:

"Sir: * * * Yesterday I DIRECTED
 that irons be put on Davis's ankles, which
 he violently resisted, but became more
 quiet afterwards. His hands are unen-
 cumbered. * * *

"Nelson A. Miles,

"Brevet Major General."

This brought out the following tele-
 gram:

"War Department,

"Washington City, May 28, 1865.

"Major General Miles, Commanding, etc.,
 Fort Monroe:

"Please report whether irons have or
 have not been placed on Jefferson Davis.
 If they have been, when was it done, and
 for what reason, and remove them.

"Edwin M. Stanton,

"Secretary of War."

"Fort Monroe, Va., May 28, 1865.

"Hon Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of
 War:

"I have the honor to state, in reply to
 your dispatch, that when Jeff Davis was

first confined in the casemate the inner doors were light wooden ones without locks. I directed anklets to be put upon his ankles, which would not interfere with his walking, but would prevent his running, should he endeavor to escape. In the meantime I have changed the wooden doors for grated ones with locks and the anklets have been removed. Every care is taken to avoid any pretense for complaint, as well as to prevent the possibility of his escape.

"N. A. Miles,

"Brigadier General."

In the Record of March 2 appeared a specially prepared article giving official copies of the several letters that passed between the War Department at Washington and Gen. Miles with reference to the treatment and care of Jefferson Davis, who was incarcerated in Fort Monroe as a prisoner of war. A copy of the Record's article was sent to Mrs. Varina Jefferson Davis in New York, where she is at present staying, and she said that it was the most succinct and convincing article that she had seen published in any newspaper. The controversy she has had with Gen. Miles on the treatment of her husband, the President of the Confederacy, while a prisoner of war in 1865, has attracted wide attention.

Mrs. Davis has some ties to Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Her father was a son of Governor Richard Howell of New Jersey, and fought in the War of 1812 and lost a young brother in one of the battles on the lakes. Governor Howell's only brother, surgeon Lewis Howell, died in the Revolutionary War in the service, and Mrs. Davis's grandfather was one of the "Indians" who threw the tea into the sea off the coast of New Jersey before the war was declared. He was a friend of Gen. Washington and of Benjamin Franklin, and when he was governor of New Jersey (which he was by acclamation eight terms) he led the New Jersey troops against the whisky insurrectionists. Her cousin, Daniel Agnew, was judge of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court for years. One of her first cousins was a rear admiral in the Federal Navy throughout the war, and Richard Brodhead, a senator from Pennsylvania forty years ago, married Mr. Davis's niece, and her son, Davis Brodhead, is a lawyer in Bethlehem. The Bethlehem Brodheads are also related to the Brodheads of this city.

JAMES BIRD.

[Mrs. Ellen Hoover of Scranton sent this old poem by the late Hon. Charles Miner, the historian, with a request that it be reprinted. We are told that Bird merely deserted one part of the army to join another part and was treated as a real deserter.—Ed. Record.]

Sons of Freedom, listen to me
And ye daughters, too, give ear;
You a sad and mournful story
As was ever told shall hear.

Hull, you know, his troops surrendered
And defenseless left the west;
Then our forces quick assembled,
The invaders to resist.

Among the troops that march'd to Erie
Were the Kingston Volunteers;
Captain Thomas then commanded,
To protect our west frontiers.

Tender were the scenes of parting;
Mothers wrung their hands and cried;
Maidens wept their love in secret,
Fathers strove their tears to hide.

But there's one among the number;
Tall and graceful in his mien,
Firm his step, his look undaunted;
Scarce a nobler youth was seen.

One sweet kiss he stole from Mary,
Craved his mother's prayers once more,
Press'd his father's hand and left them
For Lake Erie's distant shore.

Mary tried to say "Farewell James;"
Waved her hand, but nothing spoke,
"Good-bye Bird—may heaven protect you"
From the rest at parting broke.

Soon they came where noble Perry
Had assembled all his fleet;
There the gallant Bird enlisted,
Hoping soon the foe to meet.

Where is Bird? the battle rages;
Is he in the strife, or no?
Now the cannon roar tremendous—
Dare he meet his hostile foe?

Aye—behold him! there with Perry;
On the self same ship they fight;
Tho' his messmates fall around him;
Nothing can his soul afright.

But behold, a ball has struck him!
See the crimson current flow!
"Leave the deck," exclaimed brave Perry,
"No," cried Bird, "I will not go."

Here on deck he took his station;
Ne'er will Bird his colors fly;
"I'll stand by you, my gallant captain,
Till we conquer or we die!"

Still he fought tho' faint and bleeding,
Till our stars and stripes arose;
Victory having crown'd our efforts,
All triumphant o'er our foes!

And did Bird receive a pension?
And was he to his friends restored?
No, nor never to his bosom
Clasp'd the maid his heart adored!

But there came most dismal tidings,
From Lake Erie's distant shore;
Better of poor Bird had perished
'Midst the cannon's awful roar.

"Dearest parents," said the letter:
"This will bring sad news to you;
Do not mourn your first beloved,
Tho' it brings his last adieu!"

"I must suffer for deserting
From the brig Niagara;
Read this letetr, brothers, sisters—
'Tis the last you'll have from me."

Sad and gloomy was the morning,
Bird was ordered out to die,
Where's the breast not dead to pity,
But for him would heave a sigh?

Lo! he fought so brave at Erie,
Freely bled and nobly dared,
Let his courage plead for mercy;
Let his precious life be spared.

See him march and bear his fetters,
Harsh they clank upon his ear;
But his step is firm and manly,
For his heart ne'er harbor'd fear.

See! he kneels upon his coffin;
Sure his death can do no good;
Spare him, hark! oh God, they've shot him,
Oh! his bosom streams with blood!

Farewell, Bird! farewell forever,
Friends and home he'll see no more,
But his mangled corpse lies buried
On Lake Erie's distant shore!

RECALLING BUTLER HILL.

[Daily Record, March 4, 1905.]

Is it because what has been called "the forgettery" of the people on this earth is so good, or is it that even what have been "widely published" events really reach the knowledge of, comparatively speaking, so few readers, that every little while some happening of the day is narrated as "unique"—"the first thing of the kind ever known"—when an occurrence similar, or much greater, had been fully reported?—reported, too, but a few years earlier, for readers to wonder over.

There must be hundreds upon hundreds of people from afar, as well as from nearby places, who crowded to look upon the tropical summer effects in the depths of winter wrought by the Butler Hill mine fire above Pittston. Among those hundreds were reporters galore sent from cities east, north, west and south of the Wyoming Valley, and these wrote up for literally millions of readers all the wonderful things they saw—including the marvels of unseasonable growth and bloom—and of all they learned of mining and civil engineer Conrad's successful shutting off of that blazing and roaring destruction from the underground network of mine passages from Pittston to Wilkes-Barre and beyond.

IT IS MORE PECULIAR

than edifying then to read in the news dispatches, and then again in statelier publications which gather up, sift and retain the most important news, for filing away, as "an entirely new thing" the fact that a fire in a French village had brought fruit trees into bloom. It is certainly interesting to read that when the conflagration which destroyed the village of Chensee Sur-Marne, near Chalms, last September, had swept on to the orchards beyond it, destroyed two rows of trees and injured three rows more, that "on boughs uninjured by fire a second flowering immediately began. By the end of October all the uninjured apple trees and lilacs, toward which the flames had swept, were in full bloom."

But what was this beside the

EMERALD SET IN SNOW,

the broad, steep slope of Butler Hill, all the long winter through robed in the most vivid, exquisite green of tropical upland meadows, with every tree that had its roots therein of full-

est leaf, the fruit trees here and there among them recalling the May time, while all around them the mountains, and below them the valley, were deep in snow, and the Susquehanna showed not a gleam of running water under its thick ice covering.

Who that saw it could lose that scene from "among the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall"? or forget the thrill that coursed through brain and nerves as the full realization came, simultaneously with every glimpse of its marvelous beauty, that all the springing life as of some Southern summer island was the result of underground fires which after an appreciably short time would break through and destroy it all.

Assuredly it was something well worth the remembering, time and again, by every one who saw it. For any who may have let the picture slip wholly into the background of memory, they ought to be grateful for the enthusiasm of the French news gatherer who told of the fire-wrought blossoming of the orchard trees of Chensee Sur-Marne as a thing "unique," unknown to the world before in all time.

Susan E. Dickinson.

SKETCH OF MRS. ANGELINA RUGGLES.

[Daily Record, March 6, 1905.]

Ottawa, Kansas, Feb. 21, 1905.

Editor of the Record: My father, Samuel Tripp of Old Providence Township and later of Abington Township, who died in 1867, was a life-long subscriber to the Record of the Times.

After I became old enough to take an active interest in newspapers I always looked with great eagerness for the weekly advent of the Record into our family. I remember the articles written by some of the Record's correspondents during the fifties, especially the contributions of Columbus J. Baldwin whose nom de plume was "Mountaineer," especially the "Swallows of Abington," whose articles appeared over his own name. I have a distinct recollection of a series of essays on the order of Dr. Benjamin Franklin's essays, entitled "The Man With an Ax to Grind," written by Hon. Charles Miner, the historian. They had been previously published in a newspaper of which their author was editor. So eager was I to get the Record that it seemed to me that my seniors would never get through with the paper. I used to think that they began reading at the top of the column on the

first page and read everything to the bottom of the last column on the eighth page.

I enlisted in 1861 and served nearly four years. After my return I lived at home a short time, then followed the example of most of the returned soldiers and married. The Record came regularly until my father died.

I came West in 1869 and lost track of the Record until recent years, when I found an occasional article in the Topeka Capital, taken from the Record.

My object in communicating with the Record is to bring to the notice of some of the very oldest readers of the Record, a lady whom they will possibly remember.

She is Mrs. Angelina Ruggles, who was born in Hanover Township, five miles south of Wilkes-Barre, Dec. 31, 1808. Her father's name was Josiah Bennett. Her mother's maiden name was Sarah Taylor, who was a granddaughter of President Taylor, and one of the early settlers of Wyoming Valley. In an interview with Mrs. Ruggles she said she went to school in Hanover, her father, who was an educated man, being the instructor. She remembers the name of Nathan Carey and a Mr. Holcomb as two of their neighbors. She united with the M. E. Church at Wilkes-Barre early in life and remembers Rev. George Lane and Rev. Mr. Judson as pastors of the church. She was married to Ashbel Ruggles at the M. E. parsonage in Wilkes-Barre in 1830, but does not remember the pastor's name.

In early life Ashbel Ruggles learned the potters' trade, but after he was married he followed farming and taught school during the winter months until his health failed. In 1844 Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles emigrated to Rock County, Wisconsin, where they resided, with the exception of one year, until 1854, when they moved to Mcwer County, Minnesota. In less than two years after they took up their residence in Minnesota Mr. Ruggles died, leaving Mrs. Ruggles in a new country, on a new farm, which had been scarcely opened up. She had six healthy children and they managed to struggle along and did very nicely. When the Civil War broke out in 1861 her youngest son enlisted and went South and died in the service.

After the war Mrs. Ruggles lived with several of her children in Missouri. In 1897 she came to Ottawa, Kansas, to live with her daughter, Mrs. Southerland. Not long after she came to Ottawa the Southerland family moved to Kingman County, the same State, when in a short time Mr.

Southerland died. In the course of time Mrs. Southerland remarried, becoming Mrs. Lashment. Mrs. Ruggles continues to live with the Lashments near Kingman, Kingman County, Kansas. She retains her faculties to a remarkable degree for a woman of her age. She is now 96 years of age.

Stephen Tripp.

SUSQUEHANNA RIVER DRAINAGE.

[Daily Record, March 13, 1905.]

A paper on the quality of water in the Susquehanna River drainage basin was prepared by Marshall Ora Leighton and is now published by the United States Geological Survey in pamphlet form. The paper contains an introductory chapter on physiographic features by George Buell Hollister which gives much information of interest. At this time, when a flood seems impending, it is interesting to note that "the Susquehanna is the largest river of the Atlantic slope, its drainage area covering approximately 27,400 square miles," and that "more than half the Susquehanna drainage area, approximately 56 per cent., is included in the Allegheny plateau in New York and Pennsylvania."

The following extracts are taken from the pamphlet:

"According to W. M. Davis another and possibly a smaller stream was the parent of the Susquehanna. Its headwaters lay in the mountain region of the central portion of the State and it flowed across the Allegheny ridges to the southeast, approximately in the position of the lower portion of the Susquehanna. Various causes combined to render this stream more vigorous in its action than the one previously referred to, and in the course of time it succeeded in capturing many branches of the Schuylkill and even in tapping and capturing many of its entire upper waters.

"In this matter the Schuylkill was left with a mere remnant of its former volume. The Susquehanna was also strengthened by the capture of the Juniata and other streams on the west, and gradually assumed its prominence as the master stream of the region. This outline of its previous history must be considered merely as a suggestion rather than as demonstrated fact.

ITS WATERSHED.

"The watershed of the Susquehanna embraces portions of four great physi-

ographic regions of the eastern part of the United States—the Allegheny Plateau, the Allegheny Mountains, the great Allegheny Valley and the Piedmont Plateau.

"More than half the Susquehanna drainage area, approximately 56 per cent., is included in the Allegheny Plateau in New York and Pennsylvania. This region, dissected by the stream and its branches into a succession of high hills and deep valleys, is the remnant of an extended plain. The plain is not confined to the Susquehanna watershed, but may be traced eastward into the Catskill region and southward to Alabama.

"The principal streams in the Susquehanna basin that drain the Allegheny Plateau are the Susquehanna River and the West Branch. The Susquehanna River rises in Lake Otsego, Otsego County, N. Y. It flows generally southwestward through the southern tier of counties of New York and enters Pennsylvania in Bradford County, near Sayre. Thence its course is generally southeastward to Pittston, where it leaves the plateau region. Its most important tributaries to this point are Chenango and Chemung Rivers, both in New York.

"Lake Otsego, which may be considered the source of the Susquehanna, lies at an elevation of 1,193 feet above sea level. The altitude of the Susquehanna at its junction with the Chenango at Binghamton is 822 feet; at the junction with the Chemung at Athens it is 744 feet, and near Pittston, 232 miles from its source, where the river leaves the Allegheny Plateau and enters the Appalachian belt, it is 536 feet, giving a total fall of 657 feet, or an average fall on the Allegheny Plateau of 2.8 feet per mile.

"In the Allegheny Mountain region is included the drainage of the lower portion of the Susquehanna, of the Juniata and its tributaries, and of almost the entire West Branch below Lock Haven, with the exception of its northerly and westerly tributaries—in brief, the portion of the Susquehanna system between Pittston and Harrisburg, with the exception of the tributaries of the West Branch. The area of this part of the watershed is approximately 8,500 square miles, or about 31 per cent. of the entire drainage basin. The slopes of the main stream and its principal branches are as follows: From Pittston to the junction with West Branch at Sunbury, a dis-

tance of 68 miles, the fall is 114 feet—an average of 1.6 feet per mile. From Sunbury to Harrisburg, 53 miles, the fall is 124 feet—an average of 2.4 feet per mile. The portion of West Branch in this region is 65 miles long, and falls 110 feet at an average rate of 1.6 feet per mile from Lock Haven to its mouth. The Juniata has an average fall of 3.1 feet per mile.

One of the most striking features of the river in this part of its course is its bold persistence across the trend of the Allegheny ridges. Just above Pittston it flows into the fertile Wyoming Valley, which lies parallel to the mountain chain. It follows this valley until it reaches Nanticoke, where it bends gradually southward across the Lee-Penobscot Mountain and again resumes its southwestward course, which it holds until reaching Sunbury. Here it turns southward again, crossing Mahantango, Berry, Peters, Second and Blue Mountains, and emerges into Allegheny Valley near Harrisburg.

"The flow of Susquehanna River at Wilkes-Barre in September, 1902, was 1,100 second-feet. At Nanticoke dam, seven miles below Wilkes-Barre, the flow at that time was somewhat more, probably 2,500 second-feet. Assuming that the pumpage of 491.9 second-feet of mine water is sufficiently close for practical purposes, about one-fifth of the water flowing in Susquehanna River through Wyoming Valley was acid mine waste artificially turned into the stream. Under such conditions any effects which this mine water might have would be most pronounced.

"The appearance of a small stream into which coal mine waters are discharged is peculiar. The bottom of the channel is colored a light yellow, and there appear no signs of vegetation of any kind. All fish life in a stream is immediately destroyed at the first appearance of coal mine waste. Where culm as well as acid mine waste is dumped into the channel the appearance is well nigh beyond description. Many of the small brooks emptying into Susquehanna River in Wyoming Valley have no permanent channel; the old channel has been filled by deposits of culm, and the stream takes a new course whenever freshets arise, often covering fertile fields with culm and doing great damage.

"The important question to be considered in this connection is the effect of the acid mine waste upon the water of Susquehanna River. It has been

shown that the run off from the Lackawanna basin is befouled with sewage, impregnated with acid, and blackened by culm. Susquehanna River below this point is generally of the same character, as it receives the pumpage waters from all the mines and the sewage from the cities in Wyoming Valley. Below this great influx of putrescible matter one would confidently expect to find a water of high organic content, supporting enormous numbers of bacteria. The remarkable fact is that a series of chemical analyses shows that the water is actually more free from organic matter at the lower end of Wyoming Valley than at the upper. This effect is traceable to nothing else than the large amounts of mine waste which are turned into the stream.

"The fact that the enormous quantity of fine culm turned into Susquehanna River a short distance above Nanticoke is not apparent is due to the coagulating property of the combination which causes the large quantities of fine coal and the organic matter from city sewers to precipitate on the bottom of the stream. It is really a somewhat crude application of the coagulating process used in connection with mechanical filtration. The bottom of the channel of Susquehanna River shows that precipitation occurs rapidly, for there are places at which the bottom has been raised from 8 to 12 feet, and, in fact, this has been a contributory cause of recent damaging floods in the City of Wilkes-Barre.

"After passing Nanticoke dam the Susquehanna emerges from the northern anthracite coal basin through a deep gorge, and for some distance flows in a southwesterly direction along the edge of the coal field. It makes an abrupt turn at Shickshinny and flows south for some distance, and then takes a southwesterly direction to its junction with the West Branch at Sunbury.

"The country tributary to Susquehanna River between the northern anthracite coal basin and Sunbury is sparsely settled, and save for a comparatively small amount of contamination from a few towns along its banks and considerable mine water drainage from Nescopeck Creek, Catawissa Creek and Roaring Creek, which enter from the south, draining the middle coal basin, the stream is not damaged to any extent. The municipalities of Nescopeck, Berwick, Mi inville,

Bloomsburg, Catawissa and Danville, containing a population of 22,204, contribute a small amount of pollution to the stream; but from the physical appearance of the water and the general survey of the entire region it is apparent that the stream at Sunbury is in better condition than at Nanticoke."

EARLY FLOODS IN WYOMING VALLEY.

[Daily Record, March 16, 1905.]

That the steep side hills should never have been cleared, but would have been more profitably kept in forest for raising timber, and that they should be re-planted with valuable forest trees, for financial reasons, every person knows. It was a great mistake to clear them, but their denudation has never caused any of the notable floods of the past 130 years.

Dr. Rothrock, an excellent authority, in a letter printed in the Record about four years ago, says: "A very heavy rainfall always has produced, and always will produce a freshet, no matter whether the country is cleared, or wooded," and "that the removal of the forest has not influenced the quantity of the rainfall."

The Hon. George P. Marsh, in his "Earth as Modified by Human Action," after having argued that the removal of the forests has a tendency to increase disastrous torrents and floods, has the fairness to admit that "Floods will always occur in years of excessive precipitation, whether the surface of the soil be generally cleared or generally wooded." The high flats along the Susquehanna River, which are now seldom overflowed, must have been built up by floods which took place when the whole country through which the river and its affluents flow, was a dense wilderness of woods, excepting the small patches of cleared land on which the Indians raised corn and beans. The floods came in spite of the woods.

There was a great ice flood in the Susquehanna River on March 15, 1784, which is described by Col. John Franklin, one of the bravest and ablest leaders of the Connecticut party in the Valley of Wyoming. He says:

"The uncommon rain and large quantities of snow on the mountains, together with the amazing quantity of ice in the river swelled the stream to an unusual height—ten, and in many

places fifteen feet higher than it had ever been known since the settlement of the country." He states that upwards of 150 houses with their contents were swept away by the raging torrents and lost forever.

Some of the great inundations have been caused by rain alone without the assistance of melted snow. One of the greatest in the Susquehanna of which we have any account, and which was not much, if any, less than the memorable one of 1865, took place in October, 1786, two years after the great ice flood, and was called the "Pumpkin flood," because large numbers of pumpkins were seen floating down on the turbid waters, together with shocks of corn and rail fences. It is described by Col. John Franklin as follows:

"The rain on the 5th of October, which fell in about twenty-four hours raised the river about six feet, and in the narrows ten feet deeper than ever known. The small streams became mighty rivers, the mills were mostly swept off, and one-half of all kinds of food for man and beast is forever lost. The greater part of the rain fell in the afternoon and evening of the 5th. The Susquehanna River that was fordable at 4 o'clock in the afternoon was over the face of the earth from mountain to mountain at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 6th."

Neither the ice flood of 1784 nor the pumpkin flood of 1786 (both of which took place more than 119 years ago) could have been caused (as some suppose) by "destroying the forests, making bare the mountain, and hill crests, and slopes, etc.," for at that time the forests had not been destroyed, nor hardly attacked. The whole country drained by the river and its tributaries, from the Wyoming Valley to the Otsego Lake, was chiefly woods—only a few scattered clearings along the bank of the river.

The highest flood ever known in the Susquehanna River (unless it be the pumpkin flood) happened on March 18, 1865. The ground was frozen solid, even in the woods under the leaves; there was a large body of snow on the ground, which several thawing days had softened into slush and started the water to running, then came a hard, warm rain that melted it off in one night. Had the whole country been an unbroken wilderness, from the Chesapeake Bay to Lake Erie, it would not have prevented that great

flood or left its high water marks one-tenth of an inch lower.

There was a tremendous flood in the Ohio River in the month of February, 1884, which caused much distress and loss of property, especially at Cincinnati. The newspapers of New York and other cities declared it was produced by the denudation of forests along the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers. Even Harper's Weekly, usually careful and exact in its statements, fell into the same error and said:

"Let us hope that next year the wilful destruction of our forests will not combine with such uncontrollable causes as early freezing weather, unusual abundance of snow and continued thaws, accompanied with rain, to produce a recurrence of these disasters that appeal to the sympathies of all."

That great flood in the Ohio was produced by precisely the same causes which produced the ice flood in the Susquehanna in 1784, and the immense rise in 1865, which Harper's hints at—a large body of snow carried off with the ground frozen so hard that not a drop of water could sink into it.

The highest flood ever known in the Wyalusing Creek, and which swept off every bridge on the stream from its source to its mouth, occurred in the latter part of summer and was caused by a thunder shower. The water did not fall in drops, but in solid sheets—sheet after sheet, as fast as you could count. About the centre of the storm (as the writer a few days afterwards saw), the water ran down a hillside of moderate slope where there was no depression to compress it, to such a depth, and with such force as to float away bodily a rail fence to the distance of six rods, where it lodged against some trees. The water came into a farm house nearby, which stood on ground considerably higher than the main road and thirty feet higher than the bank of the creek, and drove the inmates into the chamber for safety. Billions of forest trees standing thickly as they could grow, would not have hindered that water from getting into the creek and over all the flats along its course.

The Scranton Times says: "Just thirty years ago this spring, the night before St. Patrick's Day, the Susquehanna came down in sudden flood bearing the fragments of a great ice gorge. It carried with it the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western bridge below Pittston Junction, and both

highway bridges between the Pittstons, and sent a tide up the Lackawanna River that swept away the Lehigh Valley Railroad bridge at Coxton."

Living ten miles back of the river, and out of sight, no doubt the editor of the Scranton Times honestly thinks that there was a big flood in the Susquehanna on St. Patrick's Day very early in the morning, caused entirely "by destroying the forests and making bare the mountain and hill slopes." I can truthfully assure him there was nothing that could rightfully be called a flood in the river at Sugar Run, fifty miles above Pittston. The rise which broke up the ice and carried it away was only a few feet higher than our ordinary rafting freshet, and not over the banks. Up here, we always understood that it was a great ice dam below Wilkes-Barre that raised the water and caused the fearful destruction of bridges.

The effect of forest removal on farming, and on the preservation of springs and wells, is not a subject of dispute. We are all agreed that the removal of the woods permits the sun and the wind to produce a rapid evaporation of the rain water as soon as it falls, allowing but little to soak into the earth to supply the springs, wells and creeks for the farms and adjacent country. Springs which were once perennial, wells which were never failing and creeks which once furnished an abundance of water to turn the wheels of mills, have, since the country is generally cleared, either greatly failed or become entirely dry. Forestry is all right, but will be injured and not aided by statements about floods which are untrue.

J. W. Ingham.

Sugar Run, Pa.

A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

[Daily Record, March 17, 1905.]

George Fields, of 494 Bergenline avenue, West New York, N. J., has a letter purporting to have been written by George Washington to Franz Hopkinson, says the New York Sun. Fields says he found it among the effects of Helen Mary Taylor Wessel, a grand-aunt, who died many years ago at the age of 97. He doesn't know where she got it.

The letter is as follows:

"Dear Sir: 'In for a penny, in for a pound,' is an old adage. I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painter's

pencil that I am now altogether at their beck and sit like patience on a monument while they are determining the lines of my face.

"It is a proof among many others of what habit and custom can effect. At first I was impatient at the request and restive under the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with less flouncing. I have yielded a ready obedience to your request and to the views of Mr. Pine.

"Letters from England, recommendatory of this gentleman, came to my hand previous to his arrival in America, not only as an artist of acknowledged eminence, but as one who had discovered a friendly disposition toward this country, for which it seems he had been marked.

"It gave me pleasure to hear from you. I shall always feel an interest in your happiness, and with Mrs. Washington's compliments and best wishes joined to my own for Mrs. Hopkinson and yourself, I am, dear sir, your most obedient and humble servant.

"George Washington
"Mount Vernon, May 16, 1785"

SOME EARLY HISTORY OF WILKES-BARRE.

[Daily Record, March 18, 1906.]

Wilkes-Barre is now in the hundredth year of its existence as a corporate body, for yesterday was the ninety-ninth anniversary of the incorporation of what was then Wilkes-Barre Borough and has since developed into Wilkes-Barre, the city—rich in historical associations and the resources of nature which have made her known as the centre of the greatest anthracite coal producing area in the United States. The growth of the city has been slow, but steady, and even now it is helping to upbuild the neighboring towns and townships and threatens to absorb them and make them a part of itself.

On March 17, 1806, the Borough of Wilkes-Barre was incorporated by act of the Pennsylvania Legislature. Since that time the boundaries have been contracted and again expanded to their present lines. Two months or more ago the Record called attention to the approaching centennial of the incorporation of the borough and suggested that a great celebration be held in commemoration of the event. This idea has been seconded by the rest of the papers of the city and March 17, 1906, ought to be made a gala day in the history of the city.

The township as originally surveyed embraced not only the present City of Wilkes-Barre, Wilkes-Barre Township, a portion of Plains and Hanover townships, but also the large island situate in the Susquehanna at the bend of the river nearly opposite Ross street, at that time called Chi-Wau-Muck, and which from 1770 to 1800, was known as Wilkes-Barre Island and later as Fish's Island.

On St. Patrick's day, 1806, by act of the Pennsylvania Legislature, the village, or town plot—including the Public Square—of Wilkes-Barre (as laid out by Major Durkee), the adjacent river common and a strip of land adjoining the northeast boundary of the town plot, were incorporated into the Borough of Wilkes-Barre. The village and township of Wilkes-Barre then contained together nearly 1,000 inhabitants.

During the early years of its history Wilkes-Barre was in a great measure an isolated village, situated as it was "in the interior of the country, walled in on every hand by mountains lofty and wild, and remote from the great thoroughfares of travel." The region surrounding it was devoted largely to agriculture, and the surplus product of the farms was marketed principally at Wilkes-Barre. From here it was hauled in sleds or big canvas-topped wagons over the mountains to Easton, sixty-five miles distant, or else shipped in arks down the Susquehanna to Middletown, in Dauphin County, or to Columbia, in Lancaster County, whence it was conveyed across the country to Lancaster and Philadelphia. Easton being the most accessible town, however, especially after the construction of the Easton and Wilkes-Barre turnpike in 1802-8, was for many years the chief market town for the merchants of Wilkes-Barre and the principal farmers of the Wyoming Valley.

The first bridge across the Susquehanna in the Wyoming Valley was erected at the foot of West Market street, occupying the same site the present bridge does. Work upon the structure was begun in the spring of 1817 and the bridge was completed and opened to the public in the autumn of the following year, 1818.

By act of the State Legislature on May 4, 1871, the Borough of Wilkes-Barre was incorporated into a city. The old town had exceeded its limits and the territory—a part of the township of Wilkes-Barre—immediately adjoining it on three sides, having been built upon contained a considerable population. The bounds of the new corporation were established so as to include this contiguous area, as well as to extend to the centre of the Susquehanna

River and Wilkes-Barre entered upon a new career with an area of 4.14 square miles (exclusive of the river), divided into fifteen wards. In 1890 a new ward, the Sixteenth was erected from a portion of the Second ward, and the city now contains sixteen wards.

On March 3, 1892, the city council passed an ordinance which was approved by the mayor, by which certain boundaries were changed and extended so as to embrace within the limits of the city, the whole bed and northwesterly bank of the Susquehanna, running the entire length of the city. The total area of the city is now 4.858 square miles, exclusive of the .983 of a square mile covered by the waters of the Susquehanna.

Governor Hastings on Sept. 22, 1898, issued a new charter to the city, by which it became a full fledged city of the third class.

WILKES-BARRE—PAST AND PRESENT.

[Daily Record, March 30, 1905.]

On Monday next, April 3, 1905, Frederick C. Kirkendall, the eighth mayor of Wilkes-Barre, will be inducted into office. Most of the residents of the city who gave him a handsome vote in the recent election are aware of the fact that his father, Ira M. Kirkendall, was the first mayor of the City of Wilkes-Barre and the last Burgess of the Borough of Wilkes-Barre, but few, save those who were living at that time, stop to think of the great changes which have taken place since the first mayor of the city took the oath of office.

The oath of office was taken on June 10, 1871, a third of a century ago. A full generation has elapsed since that date and during that time a marvelous transformation has been wrought in the city in every way. Its borders have been extended, its population has almost quadrupled, its form of government has been changed, its industrial life has advanced in huge strides, its valuation has been immensely increased—all of this and much more in the comparatively short space of thirty-three years.

Ira M. Kirkendall, the first mayor, is still hale and hearty and is actively engaged in business pursuits and still takes a great interest in municipal affairs, and delights in recalling the days in which he was the chief official of the city and of the borough which preceded it and takes pride in the growth

of the city with whose early history he has been so prominently connected.

From a research among the files of newspapers of that time we find that the people of that day were somewhat dubious as to the advisability of changing the form of government from a borough to that of a city. This feeling on the part of the people is reflected in an editorial opinion printed on May 17, 1871, after the city had been incorporated by the act of legislature, which was as follows:

"Wilkes-Barre will rue the day that changed its government to a city charter. No town has yet been forced by unprincipled speculators and ambitious politicians to imitate the from in the fable but has met a similar fate. Swell with pride and taxes until patience and purse are exhausted and then collapse—without corresponding convenience, or safety, for solace. We may prove an exception, but from the stubborn spirit displayed in forcing the law upon us contrary to the wishes of many good citizens, the chances seem doubtful.

"It seems time that our good old town should wake up and not be so completely under the rule of small cliques of unscrupulous intriguers who care not who pays the piper so that they may dance. See to it, citizens, before it is too late.

"The city takes in the borough and all of Wilkes-Barre Township west of the Empire works. This is a compromise on the original plan of colonizing the wilderness to Bear Creek with a shanty in each ward to shelter a copperhead who could act as a delegate."

In the same issue appears a brief note to the effect that an effort was being made to have the city charter postponed one year. Evidently nothing came of this movement, for President Judge Garrick M. Harding advertises the appointment of a number of persons as assessors to carry into effect the provisions of an act entitled: "An act further supplemental to the elections of the Commonwealth." These appointments were made necessary by the passage of the act incorporating the City of Wilkes-Barre. The names are as follows: Charles Westfield, First ward; Chris. Jones, Second ward; Jacob Goeltz, Third ward; Jacob F. Chollett, Fourth ward; Hiram Wentz, Fifth ward; William A. Sivan, Sixth ward; Douglass Smith, Seventh ward; R. J. Flick, Eighth ward; John Peters, Ninth ward; William G. Graham, Tenth ward;

John A. Merrick, Eleventh ward; S. F. McDermott, Twelfth ward; Michael Lynch, Thirteenth ward; J. F. McMahon, Fourteenth ward; A. L. Blodgett, Fifteenth ward.

FIRST CITY ELECTION.

Seeing that the advancing wave of progress could not be stayed the opponents of the city charter decided that the best thing to be done was to fall in with the movement and try to elect their own candidates to office under the new charter. The Democrats were much in the majority here at that time but a Republican editor sent out a Macedonian cry to the adherents of that party, as follows: "Our friends are moving in the selection of candidates for city officers. This is well. Make good selections of good Republicans and elect them if possible. Do your duty and save this poor little town from the fate of all others which have fallen into the same ambitious and extravagant ways."

One Tuesday, June 6, 1871, the election of the first city officers took place and a hot contest was waged all day long, with the result that Ira M. Kirkendall, the burgess of the borough, was elected first mayor of the city. His opponent was E. B. Harvey, who was badly defeated, receiving only 618 votes to 1,582 cast for Mr. Kirkendall. F. D. Vose was elected to the position of high constable, with Isaac S. Osterhout, Adolph Voight and J. A. Rippard, auditors.

Concerning the election of Mayor Kirkendall, Mr. Miner in an editorial utterance remarks: "The old burgess, a quiet, pleasant and industrious mountain boy, was flattered by a vote sufficiently large to ratify the treaty of Washington and elected first mayor of the new city."

The organization of the council took place on Saturday, June 10, with the following members present: First ward, J. E. Clark; Second ward, M. Regan; Third ward, J. C. Williamson; Fourth ward, H. Baker Hillman; Fifth ward, Hiram Wentz; Sixth ward, William A. Swan; Seventh ward, Walter G. Sterling; Eighth ward, Herman C. Frey; Ninth ward, George H. Parrish; Tenth ward, Charles A. Miner; Eleventh ward, C. P. Kidder; Twelfth ward, Joseph Schilling; Thirteenth ward, Anthony Helfrich; Fourteenth ward, Charles B. Dana; Fifteenth ward, John Gilligan.

Councilmen-at-large—A. C. Laning, P. Pursel, Charles Parrish, N. Rutter.

John Lynch and William L. Conyngham.

Thus was the new city government started on its way with a full complement of officers and the Record of the Times, after speaking of the handsome vote given to the old burgess, Ira M. Kirkendall, says that "The new council is composed of good material. In appearance it is most respectable, and with a fair mixture of prudence and enterprise we may hope to see the city continue to improve without reckless expenditure and its credit sustained without excessive taxation."

POPULATION AND INDUSTRIES.

Wilkes-Barre, as shown by the census of 1870, had a population of 10,174. Then it was only a borough. With the incorporation of the city in the following year the limits were extended so as to embrace parts of the outlying townships and at the time the first mayor took office it was believed that the population would number between 15,000 and 20,000. The borough borders did not half cover the population of the city.

A writer of that day, speaking of the extension of the city limits, says: "The limits are ample for more inhabitants, and new buildings multiplying rapidly indicate a growth which will close up the vacant spaces and give to the rising generation a city unsurpassed in the beauty of its situation, in the industry of the people, and the substantial and elegant character of its public buildings, private residences and places of business."

At that time the principal hotels were the Wyoming Valley, conducted by J. B. Stark; the Luzerne House, conducted by Sylvester Bristol; Exchange Hotel, M. J. Philbin; Bristol House, Laycock Bros.; White Horse Hotel, trustee of the late L. B. Perrin; Washington Hotel, John Raeder; First National Hotel, Capt. J. Quinn; North Wilkes-Barre Hotel, W. P. Gardner; Mansion House, T. L. Kemmerer; Forest House, Alvh Perrin; VanLeer House, N. Farr.

The principal halls were: Music Hall, Liberty Hall, National Hall, Chahoon Hall and Fred Meyer's Opera House.

The principal manufacturing establishments of that day were:

Vulcan Iron Works, South Main street.

Dickson Manufacturing Co., Canal street.

Wyoming Valley Manufacturing Co., South Main street.

Adam Behee, foundry, Butler alley.
 J. W. Brock, wire screen works,
 Union street.
 N. G. Seitzinger, wire screen works,
 Union street.
 Hazard Wire Works, Ross street,
 near Canal.
 Stephen Lee, Wyoming Planing Mill,
 Canal street.
 C. B. Price, planing mill, Canal street.
 John Laning, planing mill, Canal
 street.
 Keystone Flour and Feed Mill, South
 Main street.
 John Hamilton, rope walk, South
 street.
 Perry Organ Co., North Main street.

In the United States census which was taken in 1870 the manufactures were enumerated by counties and no report of the manufacturing plants for the borough of Wilkes-Barre is given. The statistics for the whole county are given, but the county at that time included all of Lackawanna County and cannot well be used for comparison. In 1880 Wilkes-Barre City had 89 manufacturing establishments, with a total capitalization of \$1,146,500. The average number of wage earners at that time was 645, of whom 613 were males over 16 years of age, 17 were women over 16 years of age and 15 persons were employed who were under 16 years of age. The total wages for the year was \$223,399 and the value of the products was \$1,133,334. This was in 1880, nine years after the city had been incorporated, and it is safe to assume that the production of Wilkes-Barre manufacturing establishments in 1871 did not exceed \$800,000.

BANKS. SCHOOLS, ETC.

The banks of that day were twelve in number, but a large percentage of them were private institutions. They were as follows: Wyoming National, First National, Second National, Peoples Savings Bank, Wilkes-Barre Deposit Bank, Miners Savings Bank, Rockefeller & Co., Brown & Gray, Wood, Flannigan & Co., Bennett, Phelps & Co., Wilkes-Barre Savings Bank, Myer's Bank.

The schools were three in number—Franklin street grammar school, Washington street grammar school, Twelfth ward public school. Near the close of the last term of the borough schools the superintendent, Rev. C. J. Collins, reported a total enrollment for the month of January, 1870, of 882. The total attendance for the month was

697. the percentage of attendance being 79.

In 1871 the borough fire department was reorganized and made a paid fire department. Stanley Woodward, now Judge Woodward, was made the chief of the fire department, which consisted of one steamer, the Mechanic; four hose carriages and one set of hook and ladder implements. The first annual parade of the fire department was held on Wednesday, May 19, 1871, under the direction of chief Stanley Woodward.

In conversation with ex-Mayor Kirkendall a few days ago, and after examination of the old city records, some extremely interesting things were learned about the infant city and its government.

The police department of that day consisted of the chief, Michael Kearney, who afterward became mayor, and fifteen patrolman, one from each ward and a resident of that ward. The chief received \$90 a month and each of the patrolmen received \$70. The police force consisted of Charles F. Feuerstein, William Kelly, Ervin T. Brown, I. P. Long, Samuel Emery, N. B. Hedden, M. H. Corrigan, C. F. Terry, C. N. Maxfield, Simon Arnold, John Linn, Thomas Maston, B. Toole and Matthew Watt.

There was not at that time a single foot of paving on any of the streets, nor was there even the beginning of a sewerage system. A few sidewalks, mostly of plank, were laid on the main streets, and one of the first actions of the new city council was to pass an ordinance regulating the laying of sidewalks on a number of streets.

There were only two railroads, the Central Railroad of New Jersey and the Lehigh Valley, which entered the city, but the D., L. & W. R. R. entered Kingston, as now. There were three street railway lines, all operated by horse power. One of these extended to Ashley, then known as Coalville; another extended down South Main street to Hanover, and another extended across the flats to the Kingston depot and did a thriving business. The last car run was at 9:15 p. m. and if any one desired street car accommodations after that hour they were compelled to make arrangements to that effect and pay double fare.

The streets were lighted by gas and oil lamps.

The conditions of the city to-day are too well known to require any extended notice but a brief enumeration of

some of them will prove interesting for purposes of comparison.

According to the census of 1900 the City of Wilkes-Barre had 438 manufacturing establishments with a total capitalization of \$10,501,537. The number of wage earners was 5,977, of whom 3,727 were males over 16 years of age, 1,780 were females over that age and 470 were children under that age. The amount paid out yearly in wages was \$2,286,676. The value of the products was \$10,758,348. This shows an increased capitalization in the last twenty years of more than \$9,000,000 and the output has been increased to twelve times that of the same period. The wages have been increased to ten times that of the same period.

The police department now consists of nearly half a hundred men with a chief, four sergeants, city detective, etc.

Wilkes-Barre's present fire department is one of the best in the country. The department consists of eight companies with well equipped engine houses and consists of five steamers, one chemical engine, four combination chemical engines and hose wagons, one hose wagon, two hose carriages and one aerial hook and ladder truck, also one chief's buggy. There are twenty-nine men regularly employed, most of whom live in the engine houses.

The streets of the city are now lighted by about 375 arc lights, 230 naphtha lights and 160 gas lights.

There is now a total of 25.97 miles of street paving with a great quantity to be laid this summer. The city is also well sewerred and a large amount is to be expended during the coming summer on extensions to the sewer system.

Wilkes-Barre now has nine banks and trust companies with a combined capital of \$2,675,000 and which have a combined surplus of \$3,841,415.47. The deposits aggregate nearly \$19,000,000. Nearly \$50,000,000 annually pass through the Wilkes-Barre Clearing House.

The public schools of Wilkes-Barre are noted for their efficiency and thoroughness. The high school embraces college preparatory and normal courses, a business course and a manual training department. Kindergarten schools have also recently been established and are proving successful. There are twenty modern school buildings and the average attendance is nearly 8,000. There are 187 teachers in the schools, whose salaries range from \$360 to \$850.

among the female teachers and from \$600 to \$1,900 among the male teachers.

The population has increased to nearly 60,000 and is so congested that there is a widespread movement for a greater Wilkes-Barre which will take in the surrounding towns, increase the population to 100,000 or more and make of Wilkes-Barre a second class city. Such in brief, is the city over which Frederick C. Kirkendall has been chosen for the chief executive by a vote which is as flattering as that received by his father thirty-three years ago.

MRS. JANE D. VAN LOON'S DEATH.

[Daily Record, March 31, 1905.]

As briefly announced in Thursday's Record, the death of Mrs. Jane Davenport VanLoon of Plymouth removes one of the pioneers of the Wyoming Valley, one who saw it grow from a sparsely settled wilderness of woodland and marshy swamps to a thickly populated, compactly built up community, thriving in industries, growing in importance from day to day.

The subject of this sketch was born Oct. 23, 1815, three years after the War of 1812, in the same house from where her funeral will be held, as was her father and grandfather before her. Her grandfather, Thomas Davenport, was born in the year 1756 and her father thirty years later, or, to be exact, Aug. 17, 1786.

Her mother, Phoebe Nisbitt, was born in Plymouth Township, May 7, 1796, and married her father from the same farm house, in the year 1813. Mrs. VanLoon was married to Samuel VanLoon in December, 1833. The latter was elected sheriff of Luzerne County in the year 1859 and died in June, 1896, and with the exception of the three years during which he was sheriff and jail warden (sheriffs then served as prison wardens) she lived all her years in the house where she died.

She was the mother of thirteen children; namely, Harrison, Robert, Wayman, Burton, Evert, Ziba, Thomas, Liva, Lydia, Phoebe, Emma, Samuel and James, all of whom preceded her in death except Ziba of Plymouth and Liva, wife of Rev. Frederick Schneider of Albany, N. Y.

She is survived by twelve grandchildren, Daniel VanLoon, Mrs. William Cook, Mrs. Lee Rice, Mrs. L. A. Weil, Mrs. M. B. Lockyer, Clyde, Frederick, Ernest, Stephen, Cora, Marian and

Mary Schneider; also eighteen great-grandchildren, L. A. Weil having 3; Lee Rice, 3; Daniel VanLoon, 3; Clyde Schenider, 3; Cora Schneider, 3, and William Cook, 3.

Deceased was the last of the original members of the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) of Plymouth.

DEATH OF R. B. CUTLER.

[Daily Record, April 3, 1905.]

Reuben B. Cutler, aged 81, one of Pittston's oldest and best known business men, died on Saturday morning of pneumonia.

Mr. Cutler had been in poor health for four years and about two years ago had one of his legs broken, which further undermined his health. He was attacked by congestive chills about one week ago and the trouble rapidly developed into pneumonia.

Reuben B. Cutler had been in business here continuously since 1848. He was born in Whitney's Point, N. Y., of New England ancestry, on March 11, 1824. In his boyhood days his parents moved to Wilkes-Barre. The father, Reuben Cutler, Sr., was a drover by trade. He remained with his parents in Wilkes-Barre until after he had reached his majority, and then went to Honesdale, where he remained for several years and learned the cabinet making trade.

Mr. Cutler's residence in Pittston began in 1848, in which year he traveled from Honesdale to Carbondale by the old gravity railroad, and thence proceeded by stage to Pittston. The Pennsylvania Coal Co.'s gravity railroad was then nearing completion. Mr. Cutler's father had charge of a construction gang on the gravity railroad. In partnership with Abram Haas, who had been his chum in Honesdale, Mr. Cutler opened a cabinet shop on Kennedy street, in a little building on the lower side of the lot now occupied by William Drury's double house. Later, in 1849, Haas & Cutler bought a lot with a frontage of fifty feet on the easterly side of North Main street, paying \$900 for the same, and erected a two-story frame building for use as a store and dwelling. This was the first building on North Main street between the "ravine" and Judge Reddin's corner (now the site of the Corn Exchange building), with the exception of the Johnson cottage, just below the Haas & Cutler building, and now in the rear

of the McElhenny drug store. The building erected by Haas & Cutler is directly opposite the Gazette office, being owned by A. B. Brown and occupied by W. E. Sharp as a market. The Cutler brick residence on the lot adjoining the building was erected in 1850-1.

Mr. Cutler gradually changed his business from that of cabinet maker, when he made with his own hands the furniture he sold, to that of a dealer in furniture, and for many years he conducted a furniture and undertaking business in a three-story brick building which he erected on the west side of North Main street, directly opposite his residence. Some six years ago Mr. Cutler disposed of the furniture stock and sold his undertaking business to his son, Charles H. Cutler. Then, in partnership with his son-in-law, E. T. Phinney, he opened a dry goods store in the building where he had conducted his furniture store. Since the death of Mr. Phinney, Mr. Cutler has conducted the dry goods store and was able to attend to business until one week ago.

Mr. Cutler was very successful in his business enterprises and accumulated considerable property. He once served a term on the Pittston Borough school board, having been appointed by the court at a time when it was found necessary to oust the board. His associates on the board were Thomas Maloney, Thomas Mangan, Jacob W. Evans, Patrick Battle and William Law. He was one of the organizers of the Peoples Savings Bank and for a number of years was a director.

Throughout his life Mr. Cutler was an active member of the Baptist Church and he was one of the organizers of the First Baptist Church of Pittston. He served for many years as an officer of the church, and for something like forty years was superintendent of the Sunday school, a position which he relinquished when failing health came upon him. Proof of the earnest religious spirit that actuated Mr. Cutler was shown during his apprenticeship in Honesdale. He received only \$25 and his board for a whole year's work and he contributed the whole of his year's salary to the Baptist Church. He ever afterward attributed his success in life to the fact that he had given his first year's wages to the work of his Master.

Mr. Cutler was possessed of a pleasant personality and few men in the

community were more widely known and more highly esteemed. All with whom he came in contact, in his home life, in business affairs and in the social world, testify to his kindly nature and his sterling character.

Mr. Cutler was twice married. His first wife was Sarah Phillips of Kingston, who died two years after the marriage. Two children were born of this union, the youngest, Charles H. Cutler, survives, being one of Pittston's prominent business men. Fifty years ago this month Mr. Cutler was married to Amanda Beisel of Conyngham Valley, Luzerne County, who survives her husband. By the second marriage there were five children, of whom the following survive, all residents of Pittston: Mrs. Lillie Phinney, Amanda J. and Florence Cutler.

Mr. Cutler is survived by one brother, Stewart H. Cutler of Scranton.

OLD-TIME MASONRY.

[Daily Record, April 4, 1905.]

William S. McLean, pastmaster of Landmark Lodge, F. and A. M., read a paper on "Old time Masonry and old time Masons," last night before Lodge No. 61. The address was of special interest to the members of Lodge No. 61 as it revived the history of some of its leading members in the early days. Mr. McLean said:

My theme is "Old time Masonry and old time Masons." In the preparation of my talk I have been greatly helped by a book written by brother O. J. Harvey, called "A History of Lodge No. 61, Free and Accepted Masons." This book is intensely interesting, not only to Masons, but to persons whose ancestors lived here in the early days. The book reflects great credit on brother Harvey, not only as an historian but as a master of the king's English. Its pages are filled with the most delicious gossip of the old days. The first Masonic Lodge was held in the valley on the 24th day of June, 1779. This was the year following the massacre of Wyoming. It was the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, a festival day in the Masonic calendar. The lodge so held was a military or army lodge. The army of Gen. Sullivan was then in the valley. The lodge was held in the tent of Col. Proctor and during the meeting an appropriate sermon was read, written by brother Provost William Smith, D. D., of the University of Pennsyl-

vania and grand secretary of the Provincial Lodge of Pennsylvania. Gen. Sullivan, the commander of the expedition, was a Mason, as well as many of his officers. The first Masonic Lodge held in the Valley of Wyoming certainly is worth remembering by Masons. The beautiful valley was then almost a wilderness, and about the only people in it, outside of Sullivan's army, were the survivors of the brutal massacre of July 3, 1778.

The first Masonic funeral in the valley took place July 29, 1779. The occasion was the burial of two Free Masons, officers in Sullivan's army, Capt. J. Davis and Lieut. William Jones. These brothers were killed on the mountain April 23, 1779, by the Indians and buried where they fell, near where the Central Railroad of New Jersey crosses the old Easton turnpike. Their remains were taken up and reburied in the old Wilkes-Barre graveyard, near where the City Hall stands. The following is an account of the burial, prepared by a brother, who was present, and sent it to a Rhode Island newspaper for publication.

Wyoming, July 21, 1779.

On Thursday last the 29th inst., agreeably to previous determination, the bodies of our brethren, Capt. Joseph Davis and Lieut. William Jones, who were massacred by the savages near this Post on the 23rd of April last, were reinterred. This mark of respect we thought necessary for the following reasons: It being expressive of our esteem, and their not being buried in the proper graveyard. The form of procession, being fixed on by Lodge No. 19, as follows:

- Twenty-four musketeers with reversed arms.
- Two Tylers bearing their swords.
- A band of music.
- Two deacons with wands.
- The holy bible and book of constitution supported by two brethren.
- The reverend brethren.
- The worshipful master, with the Hon. Maj. Gen. Sullivan.
- Senior and junior wardens bearing their columns.
- The treasurer and secretary.
- Past master.
- The brethren, two and two.
- Brothers of the army, two and two.
- Two corps of drums muffled and fifes playing a solemn dirge.

The brethren were neatly clothed with jewels, etc., and were in numbers odds and one hundred and fifty. Just as we arrived at the grave, an exceedingly heavy gust of rain coming up prevented the delivery of a discourse, which had been prepared for the occasion by brother Rogers. A short prayer being by him offered up, we then committed their bodies in Masonic form to the dust; afterwards three volleys of small arms were discharged. The brotherhood were attended by the Pennsylvania Infantry, commanded by Col. Hubley, as likewise by a great concourse of people,—both inhabitants and soldiery. The melancholy scene was closed with that decorum usual among the brethren, and the satisfaction of all the bystanders. A stone being prepared by our brethren, Forest & Story, with a suitable inscription, was fixed at the head of their grave.

FIRST MASONIC LODGE.

The first Masonic Lodge in our valley was Lodge No. 61, and was installed in 1794. The first election of officers was held Sept. 18, 1794, when John Paul Schott was elected worshipful master, Arnold Colt, senior warden; Joseph Duncan, junior warden; Jesse Fell, secretary, and Samuel Bowman, treasurer. At this meeting it was voted, "That brother Fell was to provide a dinner for the lodge on St. John's Day" and brother Harvey in his book says, that on that day the lodge met at 10 o'clock a. m. in the lodge room, where the officers were duly installed and then walked in procession to the court house, which was built of hewed logs two stories high, where a sermon was preached by Rev. Drake. Afterwards the brethren proceeded to the house of brother Jesse Fell where they dined together. In those days, lecturing lodges were held once a month for instruction in the work and land marks of the fraternity and every member living within three miles of the lodge paid seven cents monthly to the steward's fund for the purpose of defraying the expense of refreshments for the said lecturing lodges. These lodges were kept up for many years, and remind us that the old time Masons were as desirous of keeping "bright" as the modern Masons are and also that the old time Masons provided refreshments for their stomachs as well as for their minds, which custom has been kept up until the present day and is well worthy of observance.

Old Lodge, No. 61, it seems, did not have altogether plain sailing, although there were plenty of good provisions and delicious Susquehanna shad, for the dams were not built in the river at that day, yet, money was scarce and the brethren had considerable difficulty in paying their dues. The lodge rent from April, 1794, to April, 1795, including fire and candles, was only \$12, still financial embarrassment surrounded the old lodge. In 1808 it was in arrears to the grand lodge for several years' dues. In 1814 the indebtedness still continued and in the same year the grand lodge vacated its warrant. However, the dues were soon paid to the grand lodge and the warrant restored. The same difficulty occurred several years afterwards, but was overcome by the effort of the brethren.

OLD TIME MASONS.

Now let us talk for a few minutes about some of the old time Masons. I mean the Masons who lived and flourished nearly a hundred years ago. Capt. John Paul Schott was one of them, and as already stated, he was the first master of Lodge 61 and was for many years one of the most prominent men in the young town of Wilkes-Barre. He was a German by birth, a soldier by profession and a captain in the Continental Army. In 1789 he came to Wilkes-Barre and shortly afterwards married Naomi Sill, an active, sturdy Yankee girl. He held a number of offices, both civil and military. In 1804 he removed to Philadelphia, where he received an appointment as one of the inspectors of customs in the United States custom house and died July 29, 1829, in the 85th year of his age.

Another old time Mason and master of Lodge 61 was Judge David Scott, grandfather of E. G. Scott, a resident of our city. He was judge of the Court of Common Pleas of this county from 1818 to 1833. He always kept up his interest in the lodge, frequently visited it and often was called upon to deliver addresses, Masonic and otherwise. He died in Wilkes-Barre in 1839 and his daughter, Mrs. Wattson, said of him as follows: "My father was always a strong and zealous Free Mason and I was brought up in a firm belief in that order." Our lamented brother, Judge Ketcham, said he was "the autocrat of the bench, the determined and courageous man with a will of iron, who decided questions with most decided decision." Judge Scott died at Wilkes-Barre, Dec. 29, 1839 and his remains

were laid away in St. Stephen's Episcopal churchyard, but subsequently removed to Hollenback Cemetery.

Perhaps the most distinguished old time Mason in our valley as well as in the State, was John Bannister Gibson. He was master of Lodge 61 and grand master of Pennsylvania. He lived in Wilkes-Barre for three years, from 1813 to 1816. During this time he was president judge of the Eleventh judicial district, composed of the counties of Luzerne, Tioga, Bradford and Susquehanna. Wilkes-Barre had then a population of about 1,000 and the county 20,000. Judge Gibson lived on Northampton street in the house now occupied by Dr. Matlack. The old house is still standing. He left Wilkes-Barre to become a judge of the Supreme Court of the State, afterwards became chief justice of the court and was beyond all question the most distinguished of the chief justices of Pennsylvania. He was a very enthusiastic Mason. He was admitted to membership of Lodge 61, March 24, 1814, and continued to be a member in good standing until 1837, when the warrant of the lodge was vacated. He served as worshipful master of the lodge in 1815 and 1816. He was the soul and life of the lodge while in Wilkes-Barre. He was witty, full of humor, kind-hearted, a most charming talker and the most accomplished worshipful master of his day. His departure from Wilkes-Barre was a great loss to the brethren and the public generally. After his elevation to the bench of the Supreme Court he represented Lodge 61 for several years in the Grand Lodge.

LARGE AND HANDSOME.

Judge Gibson was a large and handsome man, six feet four inches tall, and a profound scholar and lawyer. He was not a fashionable man in the common acceptance of the word, nor did he pose as an aristocrat. He was a many-sided man. He could write poetry with all the grace of a poet. He could play the violin with all the sweetness and charm of an accomplished performer. He could paint a picture with all the finish of an artist. He would have made a wonderful mechanic if he had turned his attention to mechanical pursuits. When in Wilkes-Barre he made with his own hands a very serviceable pair of pistols, which he presented to his intimate friend and brother Mason, Col. Isaac Bowman, who was worshipful

master of Lodge 61 when Judge Gibson became a member of it. In business matters Judge Gibson was not successful. He was too much absorbed in the duties of his office. He left an estate at the time of his death of only \$30,000, verifying the old saying that "a good lawyer lives well, works hard and dies poor."

A number of good stories are told of Gibson. Here are only two of them: A lawyer addressing the court caught the eyes of Judge Gibson fixed upon him and saw him now and then noting something on a paper before him. After he finished, he said to a friend beside him, "I think I have the chief justice; he drank in all I said, I would like to see his notes." The court adjourned and Gibson walked off leaving the paper. The lawyer went up and looked at it and was surprised to see no notes, but written every here and there,—Dam Phool—Dam Phool—Dam Phool.

Judge Gibson and Judge Burnside were speaking of their ages. Gibson stated his age. Burnside said, "You are a year older," and to prove it enumerated the places when and where Gibson had lived, and said among other things, "And then there was the year you were at Beaver." Gibson stopped him, saying, "My God, Burnside, don't bring that up against me; it ought not to be counted for I spent that whole year fiddling in my office"

Some one wrote of Judge Gibson, after his death, that he was given to profanity when he was "riled." His most intimate friends said that this was not true. Perhaps he came as near to profanity as a certain Irishman did to treating. An Irishman said, "Mike, that Murphy is the manest man I ever knew—he never trated in his life." Says Mike, "I saw him come near trating once—it was in Reiley's saloon. Mr. Murphy remarked, 'Boys, I am 50 years old to-day—thin all the boys cried out, 'Murphy, you don't look it—you'r joking.' Then says Murphy, gratefully plazed, 'Boys, what will it be?—rain or snow?'"

JUDGE FELL.

Another old time Mason was Judge Jesse Fell, a granduncle of brother Dr. Alexander G. Fell, a member of Lodge 61. Perhaps no man took a deeper interest in the welfare of the craft than Judge Fell. He was the most prominent among the local Masons. He was also master of Lodge 61, in 1803. He

lived on the northeast corner of Northampton and Washington streets. He kept a tavern there and it was known by the "Sign of the Buck." His license, according to the old records, permitted him "to keep a public house in the town of Wilkes-Barre for the selling of whisky, rum, brandy, beer, ale, cider and all other spirituous liquors, provided he shall not at any time during said term suffer drunkenness or unlawful gaming, or any other disorders." Here in this old log tavern the principal men of the town, mostly Masons, met and talked over the affairs of the nation, county and town. Here the newspapers from the large cities of that day were eagerly read and criticised.

Here judge and lawyers on the circuit fed and lodged and, when the labors of the day were over, told their stories and cracked their jokes, stimulated by mint-juleps or rum punches, according to the temperature of the weather. Here the sheriff cried his sales. In an upper room the lodge meetings were held. Here, in what was called the long room, the Fourth of July orations were delivered. In this old log tavern all prominent strangers in the valley put up. In the long room the great balls of that day were held. Great style in dress had not reached the valley yet and the young men and women at these dancing assemblies were not clothed and gowned as they are now. Homespun had not given way to broadcloth and silks. The old time fiddle had not yet been displaced by the modern orchestra. The old square dances and Virginia reels had not yet surrendered to the more modern and bewitching waltzes. Here the great suppers were served, when notable men came to town and toasts were given and responded to mid the delicious flavor of planked shad, fresh from the river, or broiled ventrion steaks and delicious buckwheat cakes, according to the season. In the bar room of this old log tavern Judge Fell constructed with the aid of a blacksmith a rude iron grate, and with it he first experimented if coal could be burned in a grate and thus answer for cooking provisions and warming the house, and he succeeded.

This is the memorandum he made on a fly leaf of a book called, "Illustrations of Masonry"—February 11th of Masonry, 5808, made the experiment of burning the common stone coal of the valley in a grate in a common fireplace

in my house, and find it will answer the purpose of fuel, making a clear and better fire at less expense than burning wood in the common way." Therefore, let us all remember, especially those of us who still have open grates to cheer and warm us in the long winter nights, that this cheer and comfort we owe to the patient experiments made nearly a hundred years ago, of a brother Mason in his old log tavern with his rudely constructed iron grate. This old log tavern, where all these great events occurred, Judge Fell described as follows: "A two story log and frame building with an addition of one story high, has ten rooms, six fireplaces, three entries, a garret, a good cellar and an excellent well of never failing water at the kitchen door."

AN AGREEABLE LANDLORD.

Judge Fell lived in the old tavern and kept open house there until he died. He must have been a very pleasant landlord. In his day taverns were kept by the most respectable men in the community. Taverns then were veritably for the entertainment of travelers and strangers, and not headquarters for idlers and noisy ward politicians. Judge Fell held the most important offices in the county. He was sheriff for two terms and performed the duties of his office ably and satisfactorily. His task was not an easy one. In his day war was being waged between Connecticut settlers and Pennsylvania claimants, both sides claiming title to the same tract of land. Process growing out of these troubles had to be served by Sheriff Fell, and he did his work so diplomatically as to win the respect of both sides. Judge Fell was also appointed by Governor Mifflin the lieutenant of the county. He was afterwards appointed by the governor, inspector of the Luzerne County Militia. He knew little of the science of war and the manual of arms. As an illustration of his accomplishments in this line, brother Harvey tells the following story in his book:

On the morning of the first parade of his brigade he took it into his head to drill a little by himself. Dressed in full regimentals he marched out, and placing himself in a military attitude, with his sword drawn, he exclaimed: "Attention battalion! rear and three paces to the rear, march!" And he tumbled down into the cellar. His wife hearing the racket, came running out crying, "Oh, Jesse, has thee killed thyself?"

"Go to, Hannah," said the hero, "what does thee know about war?" They were both Quakers, and this accounts for the word "thee" in their language.

Governor Mifflin also appointed Judge Fell associate judge in February, 1798, during good behavior. This position he filled with dignity for thirty-two years until the day of his death. He wrote a plain and beautiful hand, was a well informed man and a reader of good books. He was a man of few words, but what he said counted. He could prepare an address as able and scholarly as any lawyer or minister in the town. He died full of years and honor on the 11th day of August, 1830. The beautiful ritual of our order was read over his open grave in the presence of the largest concourse of people that has ever assembled on a similar occasion. I would like to bring to your remembrance a score of other old time Masons, distinguished and honored in their day, but I have already taken up the time allotted to me, and if agreeable to the lodge, I will resume the talk in the near future.

I cannot more fitly close than by a quotation from an address delivered by Judge Fell before the members of Lodge 61, and visiting brethren in the lodge room, June 24, 1804. It has the true ring, and we have not improved upon it, although a hundred years have elapsed since it was spoken. Listen to it: "Let us remember in all our meetings and communications that we are brethren—although free, yet on the level, bound to keep within the compass of mutual good will, and to frame our conduct by the square of doing as we would be done by; keeping an open heart to every suffering brother, ready to receive him as a tempest-driven voyager in a port of safety. Let us be of one mind, avoid all levity of conversation, be sober and temperate; abstaining from every excess that would enervate the body, debase the understanding, cherish strife and dishonor our calling; study to be quiet and do our own business with our own hands, as knowing that a wise brother's delight is the work of the craft. Let us learn when to be silent and when to speak, for a babbler is an abomination because of the unspeakable words, which a man may not utter but in a proper place."

PIONEERS OF METHODISM IN WYOMING VALLEY.

[Daily Record, April 6, 1905.]

In West Pittston there is now being held the fifty-fourth annual session of the Wyoming Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This is one of the most important conferences of the denomination in the East, and its membership list numbers some of the brightest and most prominent ministers of the church in the country. There are over two hundred of them, stationed in various portions of north-eastern Pennsylvania and western New York State.

It was in 1852 that Wyoming Conference had its birth. A resolution adopted at the Oneida Annual Conference recommended that the general conference to be held in Boston divide the Oneida territory. The new conference was created out of the southern portion of it. The first session was held the same year in Carbondale and Bishop Scott presided. Rev. Henry Brownscombe, who for some years was a resident of Wilkes-Barre, was the first assistant secretary. The conference numbered fifty-seven ministers active in the pulpit, together with eleven superannuates and three supernumeraries. There were between ten and eleven thousand members, about two thousand probationers and over a hundred local preachers.

Methodism early played an important part in the religious life of the Wyoming Valley. Its ministers were among those who endured the hardships of pioneer life and sacrificed all manner of personal comfort in order to exalt the Christian standard in the wilderness. Their names are handed down to us with all of the honor and all of the glory that cluster around those who braved the dangers of Wyoming's early trials and tribulations. In the history of the valley they occupy a prominent place. The handsome edifices that now grace the larger communities, the modest but comfortable religious homes that are to be found in every village and wherever a hardful of people are gathered together, give no idea of those early times when the churches were to be found in the scattered homes of the people and when the itinerants in ministering to the spiritual needs of the sparse population were compelled to ride over wide areas, braving the dangers of the wilderness on every trip.

The ministers of those days were animated by the love of God, pure and simple. Their minds were not torn by doctrinal doubts. They looked not upwards into the realm of light and found it crossed with foreboding shadows. The great theme was to them an eternal song of divine harmony, and it rang into their ears and inspired their souls wherever they went upon their high and arduous mission. All honor to these self-sacrificing pioneers of the church.

LONG LIVED FAMILY.

[Daily Record, April 9, 1905.]

Rhoda Linn Snyder died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Emily Dooley, at 549 State street, Plymouth Township, Saturday, April 8, 1905, aged 87 years, 6 months and 23 days.

She was of a family remarkable for longevity. Of one brother and five sisters who preceded her in death, all except one, Martha, who died at the age of 70, had long passed their allotted three-score and ten. One brother, James Linn, age 85, is still living at Lowell, Mich.

Rhoda Linn, daughter of Adam Linn and Martha Lameraux Linn, was born Sept. 15, 1817, in Plymouth where the Vine street school building now stands. Her father, Adam Linn, whose parents were of Irish birth, was born in Morris County, N. J. Her mother, Martha Lameraux, was born in Jackson Township, Luzerne County, and was a daughter of Thomas Lameraux, who was a Revolutionary soldier, and who during part of the war was a prisoner on one of the Long Island prison ships.

She was married to Philip Snyder Nov. 7, 1839. In 1845 with their family, she and her husband journeyed overland to Cleveland, O., the journey taking twenty-one days. They stayed six months and then returned to Plymouth. In 1854 they again left their home, this time to go to Michigan, where they again stayed six months. On this trip they had to go to Scranton in order to reach the railroad.

With her sister Rachel she was baptized and became a member of the Christian Church Dec. 28, 1833, and with her parents, brothers, sisters and husband was closely identified with the early history of the Christian Church of Plymouth. She was the oldest Disciple in this section and during the active years of her life was a faithful worker in the church.

DEATH OF ISAAC M. MASK.

[Daily Record, April 17, 1905..]

After fighting the battle of life for upwards of four score years, Isaac M. Mask of Plymouth succumbed to death on Saturday forenoon. Deceased, who was one of the representative men of the valley, was taken ill about six weeks ago. He was born at Morefield, Va., Jan. 22, 1825, and was the second in a family of ten children. When a boy he went to Baltimore, Md., and learned the trade of machinist. He had a natural aptitude for that trade and rapidly advanced in knowledge and ability. He followed the business in several of the Southern cities, but returning to Baltimore, his services were sought by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co. and he remained with that corporation for some time.

In May, 1855, he was sent to this city by the railroad company with the first locomotive that ever blew a whistle in the Wyoming Valley. After putting the machinery in shape to run, after reaching here by canal boat, he remained as engineer for some time. The locomotive was used in hauling empty cars from the boat schutes to the Baltimore tunnel. Mr. Mask taught the engineering business to Wilkes Connors, who succeeded him as engineer, and Edward Mackin, father-in-law of County Treasurer John J. Moore, was the first fireman. Mr. Mask intended to return to Baltimore but was prevailed upon to remain and accept the position of superintendent of the Baltimore Coal Co., prior to its being controlled by the D. & H. Co.

In the year 1868 Mr. Mask went to Plymouth as master mechanic for the Delaware & Hudson Co., taking up his residence on Boston Hill. He remained in Plymouth ever since and continued in the same position with the company until about nine years ago, when on account of his advanced age he sought a less responsible position and was made foreman of the repair shops, and had he lived until next month he would have rounded out a continuous employment with the company of fifty years.

He was united in marriage March 2, 1848, to Miss Mary C. Neigh of Baltimore, who preceded him in death, she dying in August, 1885. Deceased was a prominent Mason, being a member of Lodge 332. F. and A. M., of Plymouth, and was a stanch Democrat. He is survived by one sister, Mrs. William

Kline of Shepperdstown, Va.; two daughters, Mrs. Wesley Alden and Miss Josephine, and one son, John of Plymouth; also five grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

[Daily Record, April 17, 1905.]

Yesterday was a joyous day to the members of the First Baptist Church of this city, their handsome new church building at the corner of South and South Franklin streets being dedicated to the worship of God with appropriate ceremonies.

The occasion marked the culmination of ten long years of struggle on the part of both pastor and people to have a church edifice that would be suitable for them. There was an added tinge of joyousness to the occasion because of the fact that the church was dedicated absolutely free from debt. By resolution of the members of the church many years ago it was decided to build only as funds were accumulated for that purpose and this resolution has been adhered to, with the result that while the church has been a long time in its completion, yet now that it is completed it is absolutely free from any worrisome debt with its constantly accumulating interest that might otherwise be a burden to the members.

The dedicatory services commenced yesterday morning and in spite of the cold, raw air and the flying snow, the church was crowded by members and their friends. The altar rail was beautifully decorated with palms and hydrangeas and the new and glistening furnishing and happy faces of those present all proclaimed a festive occasion. There was an organ prelude on the new organ by Frank Beman, who installed the organ, the doxology, Scripture reading by the pastor, music by the choir, including a solo by Miss Ethel Spendley.

The sermon was delivered by President John H. Harris, D. D., LL. D., of Bucknell University. The text of the sermon of dedication was Acts, 2:38. The theme was the present power of Christ, as shown by what his followers are doing in the world to-day. Neither race, language nor blood can form a barrier to the progress of Christ's kingdom. He has through all nations and peoples established and

now maintains a sway wider than that of Britain whose morning drum beat, as Webster said, encircles the earth with one continuous, unbroken strain of that martial air of England.

The prayer of dedication was given by the pastor, Rev. B. F. G. McGee, whose labors here have been at last crowned with success in at least one definite object for which he was striving, and in his prayer it was easily seen that he was much affected by the occasion, the joy of the occasion after the long years of waiting and the relief from the strain under which he has been laboring, combining to almost produce a breakdown.

The dedicatory services were continued in the afternoon and evening

This congregation dates back to the earlier history of the city. The old Baptist Church, a good likeness of which is here given, was located on West Northampton street between Franklin and River streets. A cut of the same church can be seen on the old maps of the city, issued by the Record several years ago.

ORGANIZED AT FORTY FORT.

The church was organized at Forty Fort as "The Wilkes-Barre and Kingston Baptist Church," Dec. 7, 1842. In the sixty years of its existence it has been served by the following pastors:

C. A. Hewitt—January, 1845, to 1850.

John Boyd—January, 1851, to 1855.

E. M. Alden—April 1, 1859, to 1865.

James L. Andrus—1866 to July, 1867.

D. E. Bowen—1868 to March, 1870.

C. A. Fox—1870 to 1871.

J. D. Griebel—1871 to Jan. 1, 1873.

J. B. Hutchinson—July 1, 1874, to October, 1879.

George Frear, D. D.—July 1, 1880, to July 1, 1894.

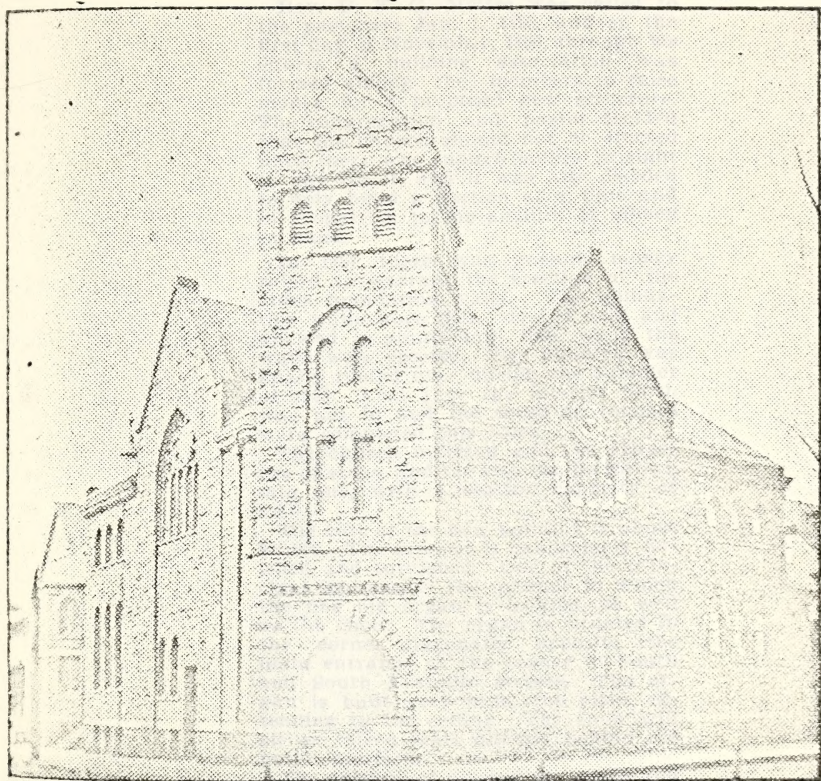
B. F. G. McGee—From Jan. 1, 1895.

The first building, called "The Baptist Meeting House," was dedicated in 1847. The present bible school building, shown to the left in the picture, was dedicated April 8, 1888. The present auditorium will be dedicated tomorrow.

In 1857 the Kingston branch of the church was given up and the church took the name of "The Baptist Church in Wilkes-Barre."

A meeting, set for Nov. 10, 1873, was for disbanding "The Baptist Church in Wilkes-Barre," and the property was conveyed to the Baptist General Association of Pennsylvania.

Rev. J. B. Hutchinson was sent by the Baptist General Association of Pennsylvania to reorganize the work as a mission, in 1874. Under his direction the Centennial Baptist Church was organized July 1, 1875, and recognized by a Baptist council, Sept. 15, 1875. In 1888 the name was changed from "The



Centennial Baptist Church" to "The First Baptist Church of Wilkes-Barre, Pa."

LOT PURCHASED.

In 1887 the two lots which are now the site of the new structure, were bought with the proceeds from the sale of the old property. The lots belonged to the Wood estate. On the lot facing on Franklin street there were several frame dwelling houses. These houses

were torn down later. In 1888 Rev. George Frear, D. D., now deceased, dedicated the stone chapel, which has been used by the congregation as a church up to the present time. It was erected on the rear lot, facing on South street, the congregation taking possession of the chapel April 8, 1883.

Rev. B. F. G. McGee was called to the pastorate Jan. 1, 1895, and on the first day of November, 1895, through his efforts a building association was formed among the members to raise money for a proposed new structure. The congregation and pastor decided that the church should not be erected until there was enough money in sight to pay for it, and it was also decided to only build a portion at a time and in proportion to the amount of money in hand.

In 1897 there was enough money raised to warrant the erection of the stone foundation walls. The foundation walls were then covered over and allowed to stand until 1900, when the walls were erected. The building was finally roofed over during the summer of 1903. Last year the interior finish was put in and the finishing touches were completed this week.

The church building and the chapel are of stone, and the two can be thrown into one, with a seating capacity of 1,000.

The cost of the new building is about \$30,000. The interior is handsomely finished and furnished. One of the principal features is the manner in which the fine big organ is located, as well as the choir. The organ is situated in the corner diagonally opposite the main entrance at the corner of South and South Franklin streets. The organ is built very high, the pipes extending to the ceiling. The choir will sit on raised seats directly behind the pulpit platform.

The purpose of placing the organ and choir so high was to make room for the baptistery, which is directly underneath. It is a large wrought iron tank thirteen feet long, six feet wide and four feet deep. The pulpit is so arranged that it can be pushed back over the baptistery and the rite can therefore be made with but little trouble.

The pipe organ is a very handsome instrument, and one-half of the cost of it was paid by Andrew Carnegie and the balance by some of the generous citizens of the city. It was built by Frank Beman and furnished by the

Brewer-Pryor Piano Co. of Binghamton, N. Y. It has sixteen stops and the action is tubular pneumatic throughout. It is well balanced as to tonal quality, both for church and concert work. Although the price of the organ is a secret it is said that it cost not less than \$3,000.

MEMORIAL TO MRS. BAILEY.

As one enters through the main entrance he is confronted by a screen of stained glass, which is a memorial to the memory of Mrs. Kate M. Bailey. The arrangement is especially pleasing. There are three entrances, one from the centre and one from either end. The floor is elevated to quite a noticeable pitch and is covered with handsome brussels carpet. The pews, which are neat and comfortable, are of plain white oak. The whole of the interior is of plain white oak in Gothic design.

There is a balcony around two sides of the interior which will seat about 250 persons. The ceiling is of metal, handsomely designed, and painted white. A handsome gas chandelier of forty jets hangs from the dome, while other gas jets are attached to the side walls.

The auditorium is connected with the chapel by a screen which is raised in the partition between the two rooms. The floor of the chapel, however, is several feet higher than that of the church floor and both rooms can be thrown into one.

MORE MEMORIAL WINDOWS.

In the balcony there are two large, handsome stained glass windows arranged for by the late Calvin Parsons in memory of his father and mother. The other windows both up stairs and down, which are much smaller, were placed by the Ladies' Aid Society of the church, several Sunday school classes, Miss Ella F. Sutherland, the B. Y. P. U., and memorials for Mrs. Ellen Rebecca Fry, Mrs. Victoria Keithline and Arthur Bird. The choir, the pulpit and the baptistery and the furnishings for them are memorials to Rev. George Freer, D. D., a former pastor. Other memorials are a communion service, table and chairs, for Miss Sarah Freeland, given by her niece, Mrs. W. P. Ryman.

In the basement is a kitchen and dining room, as well as two dressing rooms and necessary toilet arrangements. The floors are concreted, while the wood work is of cypress. The dining room is 40x60 feet.

THE SLOCUM FAMILY.

Lafayette, Ind., April 17, 1905.

To the Editor of the Record:

The other day in looking over the Cincinnati Enquirer I saw something of interest to myself and others at home. I inclose a copy of the paper showing a likeness of Gabriel Godfroy, who for his second wife married a granddaughter of Frances Slocum, which accounts for my interest in him. I visited Peru, where I met a Mr. Worrell, who being acquainted with Mr. sounded like "Kinsley," ate it with a his farm, a remnant of the extensive lands he once owned, located about four and one-half miles from Peru. In getting to his place we passed the immense farm lands of the Wallace circusman's, formerly being a part of the property of Mr. Godfroy, there being about 1,600 acres in the Wallace farms, all kept in first class manner. It took just forty minutes (at a four mile gait) to pass the property, being about three miles of same, and when we reached the Godfroy tract we first visited the burial grounds (Godfroy's) in which there are several dozen graves and some very nice monuments; and then to the house, a large, fine frame dwelling, where we found the old gentleman with his wife and several children, who gave us a hearty welcome, and from him I learned some facts which are contrary to some of the statements made in history in regard to the running away with Frances Slocum, who was known by the Indians as the "White Rose." He says that it was the Delawares and not the Miamis who took her. That upon the approach of the Indians the old people all ran for the fort and Frances, being overlooked in the stampede, crawled under the stairway, from where she could hear the Indians up stairs searching for valuables, and when they came down they saw her little feet sticking out, and, pulling her out, she was thrown across their shoulders and carried away to take the place of a little Indian girl who had lately died and whose mother's grief could only be appeased in this way. There was also a

boy of about the same age taken at the same time. They did not leave the vicinity at once (only apparently) taking a circuitous route and remained in hiding for a day or two in a cave of some sort and thus thwarted their pursuers and from where they could hear the soldiers and their drums. She also said that when it came to eating, they had some jerked meat, which she refused, having no appetite, but that the boy, whose name as he remembers it sounded like "Kinsley," ate it with a relish and that they finally started for New York State, up about Niagara Falls. I do not know either whether or not 'tis known that Frances could have been discovered long before she was, but the old man tells me that she did not want to be found—that she was treated so kind and was so well contented that she always hid her identity in order not to be taken back. One day, years later and when Frances was a grown woman, she discovered in the vicinity of her father's (adopted) house an Indian sitting against a tree, so weak he could not get up, having been shot through the body. She ran to tell her father, who took and cared for the man till he recovered and who proved to be a Miami Indian and great fighter and hunter. This Miami, after living and working for the father about a year, suggested that he now return to his tribe, provided his year's service would be deemed sufficient pay for his indebtedness. To this proposition the old Indian chief objected, as he had formed a strong liking for the young man, and so asked him to continue to make his home with them and to reward him for doing so would give him his daughter (the "White Rose") for a wife and that he should so remain during the old man's life and upon his death inherit his belongings. The young man assented and thus came about the marriage of Frances Slocum to a Miami Indian. This being her second marriage, the first one being an unfortunate one. The Delaware Indian had proved himself an unworthy, so much so that she left him. The young couple remained till some time after the death of the father, when they concluded to return to the home of his tribe here in Indiana. She now lies buried about five miles from Peru near a little town called Peora. Her Indian name was "Ma-Con-a-Quah."

The granddaughter—Mr. Godfroy's wife—was the favorite grandchild of Frances and consequently received a

number of personal effects, among which are the following articles now in his possession: Blanket (black broadcloth) with silver ornaments, 1 silver cross, 1 calico waist (blue with white dots) and silver ornaments, 1 pair leggins (red), 2 silk shawls with fringe, both black.

These relics are wanted by one of the Slocums of Detroit, who has made them an offer of \$300. This is being considered, the wife arguing that as soon as they are dead the children will not appreciate them and so they may as well realize for their own benefit whatever they may be able to get for them. They would be a very nice addition to the collection of the Wyoming Historical Society. If it were not for the fact that the sewing on some of the garments was done over one hundred years since, it would be hard to believe that it was not done by a sewing machine, for its fineness and regularity is simply wonderful. Some of which, they tell me, was done by Frances herself. Mrs. Godfroy tells me that they unraveled silk ribbon those days in order to get fine thread and chose the very finest needles to do the work, and the precision of the stitching would be a fine example of the possibility of patience in handwork. I told the old gentleman that I would let the people know of the existence of the pieces so that if so disposed he could be communicated with. Mr. Godfroy says that Frances was a powerful woman, mentally and physically, and that when a young man he always held her in awe. The Mr. Slocum mentioned is now traveling in Europe.

W. B. DOW.

Chief Gabriel Godfroy, the last lineal descendant chief of the Miami Indians, will pass the remainder of his days in peace, so far as the tax assessor is concerned. For thirteen years he battled in the courts to keep from paying taxes, because he claimed that Indian lands were exempt from taxation by treaties with the United States government, and his property had dwindled from \$50,000 to next to nothing. The commissioners of Miami County offered a compromise, exempting him from all back taxes, and as long as he lives the forty acre farm which he now occupies will not be assessed.

Frances Slocum, the "White Rose of the Miamis," was stolen from her home at Wilkes-Barre in 1778.

DEATH OF JAMES DEWITT.

[Daily Record, May 3, 1905.]

James DeWitt, an old and respected resident of Harvey's Lake, died at his home yesterday at 12:30, after an illness of about four months of a general breaking down of the system. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. John DeWitt and was born in Plains, November 29, 1824, and his parents moved to Kingston when he was about 10 years old, where he spent nearly all his life, removing to Harvey's Lake about three years ago. In 1863 he was married to Miss Rhoda Jones, also of Kingston, and their union has been blessed by a large and industrious family. When the Rebellion broke out he enlisted in the 158th Regt., Pa. Vols., and served the country for three years, being in some of the hottest and fiercest engagements and receiving an honorable discharge. He was an honored member of Conyngham Post, No. 97, G. A. R., of this city.

Mr. DeWitt was well known throughout the county, having been a tipstaff at the Luzerne County court house for thirty-three consecutive years. At the time of the general change of tipstaves about three years ago, he was the oldest in point of service, and he felt the chagrin very deeply upon being told that his services were no longer needed at the court house.

He is survived by his wife and the following children: Mrs. Charles E. Strous, Kingston; John R., Forty Fort; Andrew S., Kingston; James M. and Mrs. Hill, living at home, all of whom are married. He is also survived by two brothers and two sisters: Mrs. Hulda Jackson, aged 86, of Forty Fort; Mrs. Mary Bevan of Scranton, Charles DeWitt of Carbondale and John DeWitt of this city.

DEATH OF MRS. S. L. BROWN.

[Daily Record, May 4, 1905.]

After an illness dating back two or three years, Mrs. S. L. Brown sank peacefully into the last sleep of earth yesterday, at her home, 72 West Northampton street. For some time she had been afflicted with an obstructed gall duct, but owing to a kidney complication the surgeons were unwilling to perform an operation. However, at the last, it was determined that the only hope of delaying a fatal ending lay in an operation and the same was performed. As far as temporary results

were concerned the operation was a decided success, for the high fever promptly fell and the condition of the heart became immediately bettered. However, this happy change was followed the next day by reaction and coma, death ensuing painlessly at 8 a. m.

Mrs. Brown was a devoted wife, a loving and indulgent mother. She was actively identified with St. Stephen's Episcopal Church and for many years she was one of the lady managers of the City Hospital.

Mrs. Brown was a daughter of James W. Chapman, a former surveyor and associate judge of Susquehanna County, where after a life of much prominence he passed away at the advanced age of nearly 90 years. He was an accomplished writer and for many years edited a paper at Montrose. Mrs. Chapman is still living in Montrose.

Mrs. Brown, whose maiden name was Ellen May Woodward Chapman, was born in Montrose in 1849 and was married to S. L. Brown of Wilkes-Barre in 1877 and this city has been her home during all these twenty-eight years. Besides her husband there survive three sons, Carl C. of Plainfield, N. J., Robert C. of this city and Stanley W., who attends Lehigh University.

DEATH OF REV. DR. F. B. HODGE.

[Daily Record, May 13, 1905.]

Just before noon on Saturday occurred the death of Rev. Dr. Francis Blanchard Hodge, for thirty-three years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city and since 1902 pastor emeritus of the church. He was a man whom personal characteristics have endeared to thousands of residents of this city, and in fact, all who came in contact with him. His death had not been unexpected as he had been ill for several years and he was compelled to resign his pastorate in 1902 because of ill health. For two or three months, however, he had been confined to his bed and on Thursday it was seen that he was approaching his end. He lapsed into a condition of semi-consciousness and peacefully passed away. During his long illness his exemplary patience and fortitude, together with his cheerfulness and

sweetness of spirit, served to show only more strongly his implicit faith in the One whom he had preached to others for so long a time.

Rev. Dr. Hodge, who was born in Trenton, N. J., on Oct. 24, 1838, came of a family of eminent theologians. For half a century the Hodges were among the distinguished divines in this country and were ranked among its leading theologians and scholars. Rev. Dr. Hodge was the son of a gifted father and was reared in a spiritual atmosphere, the impressions of which he carried with him in his long and fruitful labors in the Christian ministry. His father, Rev. Dr. Charles Hodge, was renowned as a teacher and writer and his intellectual ability and attainments were recognized by the most learned divines of all denominations. A ripe scholar, deep thinker and thoroughly grounded in church dogma, his writings and lectures were always given marked consideration. Rev. Dr. A. A. Hodge, a brother of the deceased, was no less eminent than his distinguished father. He, too, served as the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city. He was later called to a professorship in the Allegheny Theological Seminary and still later was elected associate professor with his father at Princeton and after the death of his father occupied the chair of systematic theology. His lectures added much to his fame as a theologian and his most noted book, "Outlines of Theology," has been translated in many languages. Previous to his death, in 1888, he had the degrees of D. D. and LL. D. conferred upon him.

Rev. Dr. F. B. Hodge was installed as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city in 1869 and his pastorate has been the longest in the history of the church, and so faithful were his ministrations that his people regarded him with the greatest reverence and they greatly regretted the necessity a few years ago of his retirement from active work owing to physical infirmities. He was a man of marked piety, affable and ever considerate of the feelings of others.

The son of such a distinguished light of the church, Rev. Dr. Hodge could not but have been imbued with lofty desires and while still young he decided to follow the footsteps of his father and enter the ministry. He entered Princeton Seminary early in life and for some time after his graduation he lingered within its classic walls

pursuing his studies. So, when he began his ministerial career he bore with him all the sanction of the Princeton institutions. Leaving Princeton with a thorough theological training and a ripe classical education, he was abundantly equipped for the successful career his has been.

Rev. Dr. Hodge graduated from Princeton Seminary in 1862 and during his post-graduate course he received a call to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Oxford, Pa., where he was installed as pastor in 1863. During the thirty-nine years of his active ministry that followed he held only one other pastorate, that in this city. He resigned his charge at Oxford in 1869 and on Feb. 23 of the same year he was installed as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city. In each of his two charges he was preceded by a brother—at Oxford by Rev. Caspar Wistar Hodge, D. D., afterward a professor of theology at Princeton, and in this city by Rev. Archibald Alexander Hodge, D. D.

Owing to ill health Dr. Hodge resigned his pastorate on Feb. 23, 1902, and the resignation took effect on July 1, 1902. When he began his pastorate in this city the church had a membership of 352 and when he resigned it had a membership of 700. During his pastorate the church raised \$813,093, of which \$450,916 was for congregational expenses and \$362,176 for missions and charities. When he was installed as pastor the congregation was worshipping in the old brick structure, which is now the Osterhout Free Library. The congregation was then small and scattered and he entered heartily into the work of building up a flourishing church and much of his energy was also given toward making the missions founded by his predecessors self-supporting. His efforts were fruitful and within a few years after his coming the old church was not only inadequate for the wants of the congregation, but the missions all became independent churches, chief among them being Memorial, Westminster and Grant street churches.

In 1886 the work of building the present magnificent edifice was commenced and it was completed in 1890. Before it was dedicated in March, 1894, the last dollar of church indebtedness was paid. It was not hard to make such a record considering the hearty cooperation and kindly feeling that always existed between pastor and peo-

ple. Rev. Dr. Hodge came to the church in the vigor of young manhood, with its enthusiasm and ardor, and gave it a pastorate that has seldom been equalled in any church in this part of the State. His able ministration, sincere eloquence and exemplary life were the means of making large additions to the church and once under his spiritual care few cared to leave. Although he was several times tendered pastorates that would perhaps have brought more honor, nothing could tempt him to leave the people he so much loved.

About eight years ago his health became so much impaired that it was a great tax on his strength to attend to his pastoral duties, but he refused repeated offers to have his burdens lightened until a few years later, when Rev. Victor H. Lukens, who came direct from Princeton Theological Seminary, was appointed as an assistant to Dr. Hodge. Rev. Mr. Lukens rendered efficient work in the pulpit and parish until his acceptance of a call to the pastorate of the Second Presbyterian Church of Watertown, N. Y. During the interim the pulpit was supplied by various pastors until an arrangement with Dr. Sanford C. Cobb, a classmate and warm personal friend of Dr. Hodge's was effected. Dr. Cobb's engagement lasted about six months or until the beginning of the present pastorate.

While pastor of the church at Oxford, Pa., he was married to Miss Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Alexander, Mr. Alexander being a professor of astronomy at Princeton. Mrs. Hodge died twenty-two years ago while a resident of this city. Dr. Hodge is survived by three daughters and two sons, as follows: Miss Louise of the Osterhout Library; Sarah Blanchard, at home; Helen, one of the co-principals of the Institute; Charles, with the Westinghouse concern at Pittsburg and S. Alexander, of this city. He is also survived by one sister, Mrs. Stockton, of Princeton, N. J.

The funeral services will be held this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock at the First Presbyterian Church and will be conducted by the pastor, assisted by Rev. Drs. H. L. Jones and Sanford H. Cobb and several other of the local clergy. On Tuesday the body will be taken to the old home at Princeton for interment. Services will be held there and will be in charge of president Francis L. Patton of Princeton University.

How many a heart of gold, tried and tested and true, has been taken from the temporal associations of this lovely city of Wilkes-Barre to be melted into the crucible of the years. Dr. Hodge came from a distinguished family of theologians and was equipped with a sound academic and theological training. This training he made vital by a continued habit of study and a fondness for the best books. He was well rounded in the characteristics that make a pastor's work most telling—gifted in preaching; a citizen of high ideals; a pastor of discernment and sympathy; a man of heart—all these was he. He never lacked force, but force was not with him another name for obstinacy. He could see what was good in other people and other churches and other institutions than those to which his personal fealty was given. More than that, he loved whatever of good there was in the world, and he loved those who loved the good. Hence his broadness of mind—his liberality of judgment; his softened and mellowed method of comparison; his tolerance. Hence, too, came the affection that those of other communions bore him. His friends will easily recall that on the occasion of certain of his anniversary receptions at the church there was numbered in the throng of his well wishers the pastors and peoples of other churches, both Protestant and Roman. Such things ought to be common—unfortunately they are not, and that they do occur sometimes is a large tribute to the personality of the man who is the guest of the moment. No more enduring monument can ever be erected to the memory of Dr. F. B. Hodge than what he has left secure in the hearts of his people and his friends. Stone and bronze will crumble in the ages—the winds of heaven and the lashings of the storms will beat upon them. But there is no death to a sum of good deeds that are enrolled in the record of a life like this. How many people have been saved from discouragement and despair; from failure which is worse than death—through the kindly ministrations, the words spoken at the right time by a trusted and beloved pastor such as he—no one can ever know. But we do know that an influence like his is bound to be perpetuated in certain character lines of those who have come into such contact. Not all the good that men do is interred with their bones. Vast sums of it—that we in our finite sense for-

get and fail to understand, is gathered up into that infinity of good, and some day in the larger dawning it will be revealed. Why should not the law of the conservation of energy obtain in spiritual as well as material things? It is no argument to say that we understand the one and not the other. If only such things existed in fact as are really understood by mortals much of the vastness and beauty of nature would be blotted out in chaos. Good deeds are stored up. Hearts like that which has so recently ceased to beat are remembered. They have given the world some certain store of good. It is so—it is good to think so.

What a lifetime—nearly forty years in the Christian ministry! Most of those years in the service of the church have been spent right here. Dr. Hodge at first won the respect of his people from the associations of an honored name and from his own scholarly attainments which gave his pulpit utterances vitality and which were colored with the light of sincerity. Then he began to grow into the hearts of his flock. The long years were tolled off one after one. He grew into their lives. He sat at meat with them; he comforted them in moments of despondency; he blessed the marriage tie; he welcomed their children into the world; he sat in the lonely, sad hours when early comfort failed—when a loved one was sinking into a dreamless and eternal sleep. In such associations relationships are established that can never be forgotten—never quite adequately expressed. "My love were small if I could tell how much," said a well known character of fiction. The bond between Dr. Hodge and his people were a weak one if it could be fully described here.

There must have been revealed to the lingering backward glance of Oliver Goldsmith some spiritual, loving entity, whose shadow moved slowly among his people in the old home parish—perhaps "in the loveliest village of the plain." Goldsmith remembered him in after years when the harsh world had dulled the dulcet sounds of childhood, and wrote of him tenderly, this figure of speech:

"Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful
form,
Swells from the vale and midway
leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling
clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles o'er its head."

Such to him was the personality of the village curate—whose gown the people pressed to touch. There are many such ministers of the gospel to-day. Dr. Hodge was one of them. The witnesses of Dr. Hodge's ministry are easily seen in Wilkes-Barre—that is, the proofs that appeal to the ear and the eye. Glance at the record of growth of his own parish; note its influence in the formation of other churches; scan the vastly grown membership list; remember the modest building where he first preached and compare it with the beautiful church in which the congregation worships to-day. But of all that better and higher good—of those temples which have been formed and builded in the hearts of others—it is not given to us to judge. Through all his long pastorate—while urging the loveliest church home and the most beautiful accessories to worship that his people could afford, still his people were always impressed with the silent admonition that emanated from him:

"Built thee more stately mansions
Oh, my soul!"

We may not perhaps speak, except incidentally, of one characteristic of the departed pastor and friend—and yet it were incompleteness itself to omit it. Those who have come under his ministration in times of sorrow remember well—indeed they can never forget, how near he seemed to bring the legions of comforters out of the infinite when he prayed. His prayers were used to fall like balm on the hurt and troubled soul. Not in the least minimizing his general characteristics as a pastor and as a man, yet still there are those who will remember Dr. Hodge's prayers in affection and in gratitude as long as it is given to them to remember anything earthly. Patient and cheerful in all his long and trying illness and helplessness, he looked for the final deliverance in hope and content—with the faith of a little child. Loyal, upright, courageous as a citizen; tender and solicitous in the family ties; a devoted, spiritual, sympathizing pastor of large heartedness, of broad charities wide horizon of view; a preacher of acknowledged ability—these were some of his traits. His influence for good in this community cannot be computed. His memory will attain into the far-reaching future years, to hallow the associations of his citizenship and his gospel ministry.

WILL DRAWN IN SLAVERY DAYS.

[Daily Record, May 20, 1905.]

A copy of a will that recalls the days of slavery in the South was filed in the office of Register Mainwaring yesterday afternoon. The testator, Henry S. Cox, was a resident of St. Louis at the time of his death in 1850, and was a member of the Luzerne County family of Coxes. Copies of the wills of all the members of this family who have died within the past one hundred years have been filed in the register's office in this county during the past year, the principal interests of the family being located here. So far as is known, the will filed yesterday is the only one that disposes of slaves. In his will the deceased directed that all his slaves be liberated, but in a codicil added to the will some time later he revokes so much of the will as emancipates one slave and her descendants. The main provisions of the will are as follows:

"I give and bequeath all my estate, excepting my slaves, to my brothers and sisters after my just debts are paid.

"I hereby liberate and emancipate my slaves, Russell, Judy, Lucy Ann, Nancy and Martha and their children.

"As I derived all the foregoing slaves, with the exception of Russell, from my deceased wife, which I hereby set free and emancipate at my death. I desire that those that came from my deceased wife be valued and the amount thereof be paid from my estate to Mrs. Ann C. Farrar, widow of the late Dr. B. G. Farrar.

"I appoint John O'Fallon sole executor of this, my last will and testament."

There are several codicils to the will. In one of them the deceased adds:

"I give to my friend and relation, Dr. John O'Fallon Farrar, my library and gold watch.

"I give to my faithful servant, Russell, in addition to his freedom, my whole wardrobe and the sum of \$500.

"To my friend, James Sweringer, as trustee for my other liberated slaves, the following sums, to be paid to each of them in such sums as he may deem advisable: to Judy and her daughter Lucy, \$150 each; to Martha, \$100, and to the children of Lucy, Nancy and Martha (also liberated) \$50 each in like manner."

The above codicil is followed by a codicil in which Mr. Coxe directs that some of the slaves liberated in his will be kept in bondage. The codicil is as follows:

"After mature reflection I have come to the determination of revoking so much of said will as emancipates Judy, her children and grandchildren, slaves that came to me by my first wife, and also so much of my first codicil of same date as gives to each of them legacies. Instead of the provisions in my will in relation to Mrs. Ann C. Farrar, I give her one-half of the family of negroes that came to me by my said deceased wife, requesting the emancipation at the age of twenty-five of all the grandchildren of said Judy now in existence or that may hereafter be born, and \$200 to each of said grandchildren that may fall to the share of Mrs. Ann C. Farrar, and recommend the said residue of said family of negroes to the guardian and charitable care of her and the other members of the family of my deceased wife, with the request that they shall effect the emancipation at the age of 25 years with like provisions of the said Judy's grandchildren as may not fall to Mrs. Farrar."

DEATH OF MRS. J. D. LACIAR.

[Daily Record, June 5, 1905.]

On Saturday morning at 4 o'clock occurred the death of Sarah Cordelia Line Laciar, wife of Postmaster J. D. Laciar, and one of the most widely known women of the city. Mrs. Laciar's death occurred after an illness of but two days, of an affection of the heart, during which time she was entirely unconscious. She passed away peacefully, as in a deep sleep, with the members of her family by her bedside, although unrecognized by her.

Mrs. Laciar was prominent in church and charitable projects. For many years she was teacher in the First Methodist Sunday school of this city and the influence of her strong Christian personality is still felt by those who came under her teaching years ago. She was also one of the organizers of the Old Ladies' Home and had always taken a deep interest in its success, being the secretary of its board of managers at the time of her death. She was also a vice president of the Y. W. C. A. and a member of

the board of lady managers of the City Hospital.

A few years ago her health became much impaired and as a result of this she was compelled to give up all her religious and charitable enterprises with the exception of her interest in the Old Ladies' Home and the City Hospital. She was desirous of severing her connection with these institutions also, but the rest of the members of the board of managers would not hear to it and she retained an interest in these institutions and was as active as the state of her health would permit her to be in prosecuting their work. She had been a sufferer from a form of asthmatic disease for several years and latterly it was recognized by the members of her family that she could never fully recover. For a few weeks it had been noticed that she was troubled with some affection of the heart, but her condition was not considered serious. She retired on Wednesday night as usual, but when it came time to waken her in the morning she could not be wakened, having passed into a comatose condition from which it was realized that she could not rally, and she continued in this condition until death occurred.

Mrs. Laciár was a woman of remarkable Christian character. She was one of those from whose lips were never heard a word of harsh criticism of the actions of anyone. She was prone to condone the faults of others and yet stood out strongly for the right kind of Christian living. She has left her imprint for good upon the lives of many.

At yesterday morning's service at the First Methodist Church Rev. Dr. Piper paid an eloquent and touching tribute to her character, saying that although he had not known her well because of his short residence in this city, yet he had heard enough from her co-workers and from his brief acquaintance with her to form an estimate as to her true worth. At the Sunday school session the death of Mrs. Laciár was also feelingly alluded to and a committee was appointed to draw up resolutions of condolence with the bereaved family.

Mrs. Laciár was born in Huntington, Luzerne County, and was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Line, who, shortly after her birth, moved to Mauch Chunk. She was educated at Wyoming Seminary and was married to Mr. Laciár in 1863. In 1873 Mr.

and Mrs. Laciard moved to Luzerne County and they had been residents of this city for nearly twenty-nine years.

She is survived by her husband and three children: Samuel L., one of the editors of the Ladies' Home Journal of Philadelphia; William H., of the Fourth Street National Bank of that city, and Harriet B., at home.

DEATH OF DANIEL D. BRODHEAD.

[Daily Record, June 5, 1905.]

Daniel D. Brodhead, one of the oldest and most respected residents of Wilkes-Barre, died at the home of his son, H. C. Brodhead, of 132 Park avenue, on Saturday, at the age of nearly 87 years. The cause of death was heart trouble.

Daniel Dingman Brodhead was born Sept. 6, 1818, at the family residence on the west bank of the Delaware River, south of Milford, Pa., in what was then Northampton County. The old homestead is still in perfect preservation and is the summer home of R. P. Brodhead of Kingston. Mr. Brodhead was a lineal descendant of Capt. Daniel Brodhead of the English Army, sent out in 1664 to assist Governor Nicholls in the administration of the province of New Netherlands. In 1665 this officer was appointed to command the English post at Esopus, N. Y., where he remained until his death. Of his three sons, Richard emigrated to Pennsylvania and founded the town of Dansbury, near what is now known as Stroudsburg. The beautiful stream of water flowing through his domain was known in the Indian language as the Analomink, but the settlers who came after the pioneer insisted that it be called Brodhead's Creek, by which name it has been known for nearly two centuries.

Block houses were constructed and in the Indian troubles of Colonial days this settlement bore its full share, as history attests. The War of the Revolution followed, and of the four sons who were all officers in the Pennsylvania division, the subject of our sketch was descended from Garett, the younger brother; while the oldest brother, Daniel, was colonel of the First Pennsylvania of the line, and his signature will be remembered by those familiar with the foundation of the Order of the Cincinnati.

Richard Brodhead, United States senator from Pennsylvania immediat-

ely preceding the Civil War, was an uncle of the deceased, while the late Albert Gallatin Brodhead of Mauch Chunk was his brother.

The activities aroused by the development of the coal fields attracted the young men from the contiguous valleys, and Mr. Brodhead visited his relatives several times before finally bidding adieu to the old home and settling in Carbon County in 1841. Some years later he married Miss Mary Brod-rick, a sister of the late Thomas Brod-rick of this city.

In 1853 he removed to Philadelphia, where he founded several commercial houses on Third street, and for twenty-five years pursued the mercantile activities incident to such environment. Later he returned to Wyoming Valley, where his sons were identified with mining enterprises, and since 1899 has been a resident of this city.

Mr. Brodhead leaves to mourn his loss his wife and the following children: Henry C. Brodhead, of this city; Daniel D. Brodhead, of New York; Robert S. Brodhead, of Philadelphia; Albert G. Brodhead, of Denver; Mrs. Emily Brodhead Honeyman, of Brooklyn. His brother, Andrew J. Brodhead, of Flemington, N. J., also survives him.

Mr. Brodhead was a member of the First Presbyterian Church of this city. He was of a singularly sweet and retiring disposition. He had outlived almost all of his friends who were contemporaneous with him, but in his later years his gentle suavity and probity of character secured for him quite as many friends as they did a generation since. His faculties in full vigor were spared him to the last, so that he was able to keep in close touch with all the interests of modern life, although representing the past and typifying a form of character of which few examples remain.

Mr. Brodhead was one of the oldest subscribers of the Record.

DEATH OF S. B. VAUGHN.

[Daily Record, June 27, 1905.]

At 7:15 o'clock yesterday morning occurred the death of Stephen Buckingham Vaughn, an old resident of Dor-ranceton, and well known throughout the entire valley. Mr. Vaughn's death was due to a stroke of paralysis which

he sustained on April 18. He never recovered from the attack.

Mr. Vaughn was a man of a quiet and home loving nature and was also a man of wide charities. A great deal of his life was devoted to the relief of the poor and needy, and no friend ever applied to him in vain for aid. He was a man of extreme kindheartedness and great courtesy, and was well liked by all with whom he came in contact. He was a great lover of outdoor sports and was a devotee of the wheel, riding one until a short time before his last illness.

Stephen Buckingham Vaughn was born in Kingston Sept. 15, 1833, a son of Stephen Vaughn and Fanny Buckingham. He was descended from New England ancestry on both sides of his family. He was educated in the old Presbyterian Institute at Wyoming and was married to Marion Wallace Preston, daughter of Joseph Preston of Kingston, on Dec. 12, 1866.

Since that time he had been a resident of Dorranceton, where he had a beautiful home at the corner of Wyoming avenue and Bennet streets, one of the prettiest places on the avenue.

He is survived by his wife and the following children: John B., the well known broker, of this city; Mrs. Frederick H. Payne, of Williamsport, and Gertrude Turner, at home.

Mr. Vaughn was a man of large property interests and took quite an active interest in business pursuits. For more than thirty years he was a director of the Central poor district, serving at a time when there was no remuneration to the office. For more than twenty years he was a director of the Forty Fort Cemetery Association.

He has been a councilman of the borough of Dorranceton and active in borough affairs ever since the borough was incorporated, and was re-elected last spring for another term of three years. He was a director in the Wilkes-Barre and Kingston Bridge Co. (North street bridge) and was a director and vice president of the Wilkes-Barre & West Side Railway Co. until it was merged into the traction company.

He was also at one time the eminent commander of Dieu le Vaut Commandery, Knights Templar, of this city and was a thirty-second degree Mason. He was a member of the Malt and Westmoreland clubs.

About eight years ago he quit active business pursuits and has been living a retired life since that time.

PICNIC AT HARVEY'S LAKE IN
OCTOBER, 1852.

[Daily Record, June 19, 1905]

(Note—We copy the following description of a jolly picnic that was held at Harvey's Lake fifty-three years ago, from a copy of the New York Spirit of the Times of October, 1852. At that time the Spirit of the Times was the leading journal of the day devoted to the forest and stream, outdoor life and rural affairs in general. A mere handful of the party who composed the picnic now remain. The great majority have passed "over the river," but the few remaining ones will probably read the article with a good deal of interest, and for them, and as a reminder of the old days that are gone never to return, we republish it. "Many the changes since then we met, Blushes have brightened and tears have been wept, Friends have been scattered like roses in bloom, Some at the bridal and some at the tomb." —Editor.

"Adieu the city's ceaseless hum,
The haunts of sensual life, adieu!
Glassy lake and silent deer we come
To spend a summer day with you."

A good old fashioned sleigh ride in winter and a rustic picnic in summer are among the pleasures that serve in a great degree to alloy the pains and troubles incident to our sublunary existence. Of the former we shared largely during the past cold but festive winter, and of the latter we would narrate a few of the incidents connected with the last one of the season.

We cannot, in the time-worn style, say that the day "was cloudless." This might sadly imperil our character for veracity, yet notwithstanding the forbidding aspect of the heavens, the gay and buoyant spirits that were gathered together for a picnic were not to be chilled by the few clouds that intervened between them and a summer sun. Our destination was a great and romantic lake, about ten miles distant, the road to which lay through a beautifully diversified country—at times along the banks of a tortuous river, then through rocky mountain gorges, and now finely cultivated fields, with here and there a neat farm house to relieve the eye.

Our party was composed principally of native varieties, with here and there

an exotic from some neighboring city. We had the stately and dignified M—— C——, who moved about with the grace of an Eastern queen; M——

A—— B——:

"With form so far that like the air 'Twas less of earth than heaven;"

S—— B——, whose guileless smile and joyous laugh indicate a heart not yet seared by the hot siroccos of a selfish world; the amiable and graceful M—— B——; the modest and unassuming A—— C——, just budding into womanhood—but to enumerate all would occupy more space than we have allotted to this epistle.

Upon coming to our place of destination and procuring a tea kettle, coffee pot and sundry other article of the cuisine from a farm house on the banks of the lake, we embarked in a couple of batteaux and after a pleasant row across the lake we landed at a place called "Maiden's Rock;"

"It was a wild and strange retreat As e'er was trod by fairy feet,"

when a large rock, covered by moss and shaded by primeval hemlocks afforded an excellent table for the reception of our refreshments. Adjacent to and near the waters of the lake a fire was kindled, and in a few moments might be heard the singing of the kettle as the steam piped from its iron nose. Soon the fumes of delicious Java was filling the air, while fairy forms were flitting through the smoke busily engaged in its preparation. A cloth being spread upon the rock was very soon covered with a most tempting display of good things. Our ride and the mountain aid together had combined to render our appetites such as that it would seem as though

"Happiness for man—the hungry sinner, Since Eve ate apples, must depend on dinner."

Oh, dear "Spirit," could you have seen those graceful forms and delicate hands offering us the different delicacies, you would cease to wonder at the indiscretion of our common parent of Eden memory, in yielding to the soft persuasions of beauty and tasting the forbidden fruit.

An hour was then agreeably spent, when the cloth being removed, lemonade bumpers (with a fly in it) were drank to the absent, after which a corporal's guard of ladies were detailed to wash dishes, pack up, etc., while various couples might be seen sitting at the root of some old patriarch tree, enjoying a private tete-a-tete, or wan-

dering by the shores of the lake towards Lovers' Rock.

How many conquests were made, we are unable to say. We remember one pair of black eyes, shaded by the most beautiful silk lashes, which were looking very tenderly upon one of the lords of creation as he sat upon a fallen oak and we thought as we gazed at them, where will that happy pair be ere another summer sun shall shed its beams o'er this romantic spot! Perhaps the venomous breath of calumny may poison the heart of one of you, and the friendship now apparently so firm give place to hate. Perhaps in the disposition of earthly affairs seas may roll between them; perhaps the cold clouds of the valley may cover them. It made us sad for the moment to think of it, and turning away our ear caught the strains of the old familiar song,

"Joys that we've tasted may sometime return."

as if it issued from a leafy covert nearby. Sincerely did we respond, "amen," to that; gladly would we taste them again should we meet again on the banks of this beautiful lake. While wondering in this strain, we observed that preparations were being made for departure, as the sun was fast sinking behind the western mountains, and we hastened to join the party in the first boat, as it seemed to have an unusual share of the beauty apportioned to it. We were soon afloat, and as we glided over the glassy waters of the lake our merry hearts, to the

"Dip of our oar and the chime of our song."

we cast many a longing, lingering look at the place which we had just left, praying that we might meet there again.

A half hour's row carried us over, when after saying "good-by" in full chorus, we got into our carriages and drove home by moonlight, which added an additional charm to our ride, and everyone seemed to be in raptures with the beauties of the scene as we wound through the mountain gorge with its frowning precipice covered with thick evergreens through which the struggling moonbeams were playfully gleaming. Never did the miles seem so short. We were at our journey's end much too soon. The busy town appeared insipid after leaving our romantic and shady retreat. The sad reality forced itself upon us that our day's recreation was at an end, and after de-

positing our load at their respective homes, and saying, "good night," we dispersed well pleased with our picnic.

Izaak.

DEATH OF LIDDON FLICK.

[Daily Record, July 3, 1905.]

Yesterday morning at 8 o'clock occurred the death of Liddon Flick, president and editor of the Wilkes-Barre Times and one of the most prominent citizens of the city. His death was a great shock to the community. Few persons knew that he had been ill and those who did were confident of a speedy recovery. Death was due to a hemorrhage of the brain, with which he was stricken shortly after midnight.

Mr. Flick had been ill for about two weeks with a kind of general breaking down of his nervous system, but was recovering nicely and on Saturday sat up for a short time. His family and friends were much encouraged by his progress and expected to see him at his wonted tasks in a short time. On Saturday night he retired in an apparently improved condition but about midnight suffered a hemorrhage of the brain and passed peacefully away several hours later.

Liddon Flick was born at Wilkes-Barre on Oct. 29, 1858, and was, therefore, 46 years old at the time of his death. He was a son of Reuben Jay and Margaret Jane (Arnold) Flick. He was a descendant of one of the early settlers of Northampton County, Gerlach Paul Flick, who settled there in 1751. From his youngest son, Casper, who served in the Revolution, Liddon Flick was descended. Mr. Flick's father, Reuben Jay Flick, was a son of John Flick, after whom the town of Flicksville, Northampton County, was named.

Reuben Jay Flick settled in Wilkes-Barre and was closely identified with the growth of the city. He was for twelve years the president of the Peoples Bank, which he organized and which is one of the strongest financial institutions to-day, and was a director in many industrial, charitable and financial institutions.

Liddon Flick was educated in the public schools of Wilkes-Barre and was graduated from Princeton University in 1882. He took up the study of law and entered Columbia College, from which he was graduated in 1884 with a degree of Ll. B. cum laude.

He spent an additional year in the office of ex-Judge Lucien Birdseye of New York and was admitted to the practice of law in 1885. Later he returned to Wilkes-Barre and, after spending six months in the office of Alexander Farnham, was admitted to the bar of Luzerne County. His financial and other business interests grew to such proportions as to finally require all of his attention and the practice of law was gradually abandoned.

He became quite active in the industrial and financial life of the city and organized a number of corporations. Among these were the Wyoming Valley Trust Co., of which he became vice president, and the Wilkes-Barre Times Co., which he organized in 1894. He remained president and editor of the paper until his death.

He was also interested in a number of other enterprises, among which were the consolidation of a number of gas and electric light companies in Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey, and was connected with a number of local industrial concerns. He was vice president of the Muskegon Traction & Electric Light Co. of Muskegon, Mich.; president of the Pittston Gas & Electric Light Co., president of the Wyandotte Gas Co. of Bethlehem, director in the Wilkes-Barre Lace Manufacturing Co. and a director in the national banks at Weatherly and Benton, Pa.; president of the Vineland Light Co., Vineland, N. J. He organized the Consumers' Gas Co., which subsequently consolidated with the old Wilkes-Barre Co. and made the Wilkes-Barre Gas Co., and organized the Grand Opera House. He was a member of the Westmoreland and Commercial clubs of Wilkes-Barre, of the Wyoming Valley Country Club and of the University Club of New York City. He was also a member of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church.

As a man Mr. Flick was highly respected. He was eminently honorable in all of his business dealings and by intense and intelligent application to business he had amassed a considerable fortune.

Mr. Flick was married on June 2, 1903, to Miss Henrietta M. Ridgely of Woodside, Benson, Md. She is a daughter of Dr. Nicholas G. Ridgely, son of Commander Daniel Bowley Ridgely. The wedding took place in New York City at the home of a sister of the bride, after which Mr. and Mrs.

Flick took an extended wedding tour throughout England and France.

Mr. Flick is survived by his widow and one daughter, Margaret, born on May 31 of this year, and by three brothers—Harry and R. J. Flick of this city and Warren of Bethlehem. He is also survived by one sister, Mrs. Charles Perkins of Glen Summit.

EARLY CHURCH SUBSCRIPTIONS.

When we consider the large sums that are paid out for religion in these days, the modest efforts of a century ago seem small indeed. Rev. Ard Hoyt came to Wilkes-Barre in 1806 from Danbury, Conn., as pastor of what is now the First Presbyterian Church. A few years later his services were desired in Kingston and there was raised the sum of \$125, he "to preach the gospel one-half of the Sabbaths" for the year ensuing. Following is the paper, the original of which has been handed to the Record:

"We, the subscribers, do hereby promise to pay to Aaron Dean, Eleazer Parker, Elias Hoyt, or Henry Buckingham (a collecting committee) either in cash, meat, or good merchantable grain at the market price, in half yearly payment the several sums annexed to our respective names as a salary for the support of the Rev. Ard Hoyt, who is (in consideration thereof) to preach the gospel one-half of the Sabbaths for the year ensuing in the meeting house in Kingston.

"Kingston, Nov. 1, 1810."

\$12—Nehemiah Ide.

\$10—Henry Buckingham, Eleazer Parker.

\$6—Luke Swetland.

\$5—Oliver Pettebone, Aaron Dean.

\$4—Isaac Carpenter, Philip Myers, Elisha Atherton, John Bowman (in blacksmith work), Isaac Shoemaker.

\$3—John Gore, Jacob Taylor, Johanna Fish, Horace Parker, Joseph Swetland.

\$2—Thomas Pace, (hauling stone) Joseph Tuttle (order on Thomas for leather), Elijah Ayres, David Perkins, George Taylor, Peletiah Pierce, Thomas Bartlett, Samuel Brees, John Shaver, Samuel Shoemaker.

\$1—Amos Brown, William Cunie, Jr., John Covert, Joseph Dennis, Jeremiah Fuller, Jehiel Fuller, Samuel Atherton, John Covert, Joseph Dennis, Jeremiah Elisha Atherton, Adam Shaffer, Jacob Wilson.

Total, \$125.

WYOMING MONUMENT EXERCISES

[Daily Record, July 4, 1905.]

The battle and massacre of Wyoming which occurred July 3, 1878, was yesterday once more commemorated at the historic spot where now stands the granite monument that will not prove as enduring as the fame of those who lost their lives on that fateful day. The weather conditions were also entirely perfect and upwards of 800 persons, remembering the significance of the occasion, turned aside from their usual vocations to again listen to the oft-told story and its lessons. The following was the program:

"Star Spangled Banner."
 Patrol, "American".....Meachin
 Alexander's 9th Regt. Band.
 Invocation, Rev. James B. Umberger,
 Wyoming.
 Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini
 Alexander's 9th Regt. Band.
 Cornt solo, "The Lost Chord".....Sullivan
 Musician Gendall.
 Remarks by vice president, William
 Remarks by vice president.....
 Descriptive piece, "Village in the
 Olden Time".....Cd. Le Thiere
 Alexander's 9th Regt. Band.
 Hymn, "America"
 Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1832
 Grand Chorus, "Comrades in Arms"..
 Adams
 Alexander's 9th Regt. Band.
 Historical address, "The Nemesis of
 Wyoming."...Prof. Enoch Perrine,
 of Bucknell University.
 Taps.
 Benediction.

Promptly after the arrival of the cars the exercises began and were interspersed with selections from Alexander's band. Chairman Wilcox, in opening the ceremonies after the invocation, said in part, by way of introduction:

On each succeeding July 3, until the last survivor should come feebly, with bare head to do reverence to the events and the actors of 1878. Reference to that pledge continued to be made long after these exercises had become more popular. The generation that was wont to tell of it is now almost passed but not before its devotion had kindled enthusiasm that has changed the music's key and that promises to perpetuate itself far beyond our ken.

The contrast of the exercises of recent years with those I have referred to, is notable and is full of encourage-

ment. Talk of patriotism and of patriotic valor are not idle. Heroism is to some extent a matter of inheritance but it is not altogether so. It is infectious and it may be cultivated. It may be long present and its presence and growth unsuspected until the occasion ripens it suddenly into glorious flower from which rich harvest shall succeed.

Let me read you a few words I recently chanced upon from Sir Joshua Reynolds, the truth of which, although relating to his art may be easily applied here:

"It is indisputably evident that a great part of every man's life must be employed in collecting materials for the exercise of genius. Invention strictly speaking, is little more than a new combination of those images which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory. Nothing can come of nothing; he who has laid up no materials can produce no combinations. The more extensive, therefore, your acquaintance is with the works of those who have excelled, the more extensive will be your powers of invention, and what may appear still more like a paradox, the more original will be your conceptions."

Be idle dreamers on the events of a distant past for at least one day of the 365. Come here once a year in the recognition of the fact that you had grandfathers and that they were men acting men's parts in their day. Your dreams will mould you and will bear fruit—not in another event like that we commemorate; not, probably in another 3d of July Gettysburg; not in Manila Bay or at Santiago; perhaps not in the Philadelphia City Hall in routing a gang engaged at once in stealing from the public purse and at the same time sapping the civic integrity and life of the people, but somewhere, sometime, nevertheless, the effect of this day and of others like it will show forth in some patriotic, heroic part well played and helping to insure the perpetuity of our liberty and institutions.

Nor does the occasion belong alone to those who bear names like those upon these tablets. The true sons of these men are not exclusively those who have inherited their specific acres, but include as well all who have inherited their principles,—who honor their memory and who will meet as they met, fearlessly, heroically, for God and home, the dangers whatever they may be, that confront them. You

all of you, honor yourselves in gathering here in recognition of the old spirit and heroes of 1776 and 1778.

ATTENDED SIXTY-THREE YEARS
AGO.

Vice president Wilcox announced that he had ascertained that there was present a prominent citizen of this valley who had been present when the monument was dedicated sixty-three years ago, and that he had consented to speak. He then introduced John Welles Hollenback, Esq., who said in part:

It is true that I am a direct descendant; as your chairman has said, of one who participated in the bloody massacre of Wyoming, which we are here to-day to commemorate. In my youth I heard the story direct from the lips of one of its survivors, one "who ran away and lived to fight another day." My grandfather carried the ensign in the engagement. It seems strange, perhaps, after this long space of years to hear one say that I remember well a participant in this engagement, but the stories I listened to are indelibly impressed upon my memory. I was present at the dedication of this monument sixty-three years ago and have attended many of the services held here since that time. I remember well the interest my father had in the erection and dedication of this shaft and the long trips we had driving in a buggy from my home to this spot. This monument seemed a large affair, as I had then, at the age of 15, seen but few buildings and monuments. I am glad to-day to observe that it is as large in historic interest, that it attracts so large a number here on this beautiful day. I am glad to see the boys and the girls here in such a large number. It is well that they learn about, and become interested in the history of their ancestors.

At the conclusion of Mr. Hollenback's remarks, which were applauded, the chairman asked if any other persons were present who attended the dedication of the Wyoming Monument sixty-three years ago. They were requested to arise and secretary George H. Butler ascertained their names. The following were present:

Wilkes-Barre—John Welles Hollenback, Hon. Charles D. Foster.

West Pittston—Mrs. John Griffiths, Mrs. Margaret Speece Brown, Mrs. John Jenkins, Mrs. Matilda Bardell.

Dorrancceton—Mrs. Martha Butler.

Scranton—Dr. Henry Roberts.

SOME OF THOSE PRESENT.

The following were some of the prominent people present: Gen. George W. Woodward of Washington, D. C., Dr. R. H. Hutchins of Pittsburg, Rev. Dr. Severson, S. B. Bennett, Charles B. Law, West Pittston, Edwin Davenport, Plymouth; Rev. Dr. Piper, Rev. Mr. Pestke, Maj. William C. Shepherd, William H. Hutson, Dr. C. P. Stackhouse, J. R. Coolbaugh, J. B. Evans, Wilkes-Barre; Alfred E. Chapin, Nanticoke; Rev. H. M. Crydenwise, Forty Fort.

The principal speaker of the day was Prof. Enoch Perrine of Bucknell University, a direct descendant, who gave the historical address, "The Nemesis of Wyoming." Prof. Perrine has a pleasing personality and spoke with remarkable ease so that his auditors on the utmost confines of the grounds had no difficulty in following him. The address was exceptionally interesting, logical and consistent in sentiment and in historical allusion and judgment he was well backed up by the recorded utterances of contemporaneous writers. It was indicative of much research and thought, a scholarly and edifying effort that held the close attention of every one present and was liberally applauded. He spoke as follows:

THE NEMESIS OF WYOMING.

A rap at midnight upon the door of a country farm house, its double door unbarred by the master home from the army on a furlough, a rifle shot from the dark, that soldier—my grandfather—dead on the floor of his own hallway, a woman—my grandmother—in terror shouting from the window for help from the slaves,—this scene, impressed upon my boyish mind by family tradition, links me in close sympathy with you who to-day call back to memory the massacre at Wyoming. Not alone did the men and women of the frontier suffer the barbarity of an unspeakable war, but in the very centre of the civilization of that day, between New York and Philadelphia, the fiendish cruelty of men whose faces not copper colored but white was illustrated in the burning of barns, the stealing of horses and cattle, the destruction of homes, the murder of neighbors by bands of assassins, hired by the British, who, emerging from the New Jersey Pines, retired thence when each deadly deed had been accomplished. While you of this valley look back to the clenched teeth of the hateful Torey, and the disgraced red coat of the British regular,

and the gleaming tomahawk of the yelling savage, it is for me to call up the stealthy attack, guerilla like at night, and the consternation and dismay of the lone woman who knelt in dread silence by the body of her husband whose only crime was that he loved liberty, had fought for it under Washington, and had come home hurriedly to look into the face of his only son born while he was at the front. As memory travels back to that early day, you of the Susquehanna and I of the Delaware are bound in a community of sorrow that is gloriously relieved when we think of our fathers' sacrifices and all that has come out of them.

War is cruel, and neither the poet's harp nor the painter's brush nor the orator's lip can make it other than the horrid thing it is. And the War of the Revolution was distinguished by the extreme barbarity of the British. Men saw this fact while the war was in progress; for when it was almost over, in the year 1780, John Jay writing for aid to the Spanish people, declared that "the barbarous and very inhuman manner in which the war has been conducted by the enemy has so alienated the affections of the people from the king and government of Great Britain and filled their hearts with such deep rooted and just resentments as render cordial reconciliation much less dependence on them utterly impossible." This alienation is seen in the fact that, as the war went on, many of the Tories here became very lukewarm, and Goldwin Smith, the English publicist, says that their number was reduced and their zeal cooled by the arbitrary violence of the king's officers and the excesses of his hireling troops. This alienation is seen in the fact that enlistments in England, especially from the time of Burke's speech on conciliation, became less and less frequent. So unpopular was the war that George Ogle with no hesitation exclaimed: "If men must be sent to America, send there foreign mercenaries, not the brave sons of Ireland." And the ministry were forced to do this: they ransacked Holland and Germany for troops; these troops came here true to the hired soldier's bull dog creed; they died, many of them, to put a little money in their pockets and to keep the Past upon its throne—and wherever they sleep, the turf that covers them sends up no thrill to fire the heart and brain of any one who loves justice and hates iniquity.

This admitted barbarity cannot be defended upon the ground that fire must be fought with fire. As early as the year 1775 Congress said to the Six Nations: "This is a family quarrel between us and old England. You Indians are not concerned in it. We do not wish you to take up the hatchet against the king's troops. We wish you to remain at home and not join either side but keep the hatchet buried deep. In the name and behalf of all our people we ask and desire you to love peace and maintain it, and to love and sympathize with us in our troubles, that the path may be kept open with all our people and yours to pass and repass without molestation." Three years afterwards, when it was thought best to employ some Indians, Gen. Schuyler wrote to James Duane: "Divesting them of the savage customs exercised in their wars against each other, I think they may be made of excellent use as scouts and light troops." These facts justify the assertion of that careful British historian, Lecky, that "the conduct of the Americans was almost uniformly humane." How could he have written otherwise? On that fateful night when Gen. Wayne's bayonets were pressed close to the breasts of the enemy's garrison at Stony Point, and he could have dispatched the entire force, he spared every man possible. His action contrasted strangely with the outrages, transgressing the known rules of war, from which his own command had suffered, some years earlier at the massacre at Paoli. No—the fault was not with the struggling patriots; despite the charges that may have been brought against them by their contemporaneous enemies, later English scholars have to a man exonerated them from all harshness other than that which it is impossible to suppress when men are in arms.

Who then were responsible for the extreme cruelty that marked the operations of the English forces?

There were, first of all, the savages—spectacular in their war paint and feathers, like panthers in their sudden, secret and deadly clutch, loud and fierce in their attack. Associated with them in our minds are the pioneer dead by the side of his plow, his cabin aflame, his children brained and scalped, his wife mayhap fleeing for life across the swamps and through the forests. But the savages were the least culpable. Undeveloped—they were the children only of the woods, an easy

prey for plausible villainy; violent—their life of the chase and their bitter exterminating wars with each other were to their natures like winds upon the burning prairies; of low mental and ethical type—they had never learned and could not see that in the issue the earth is his who uses it to the highest purpose, and that in their hands these vast tracts of woodland and meadow and rolling plain that now support more than eighty millions of developed and developing citizens of a free republic, always had been and would always remain useless. Bribed with a few brightly colored but worthless trinkets, with the rifle, the hatchet, and some honeyed words, the great king beyond the unknown water had captured their imagination and they rushed to torture as a horse to battle—more or less irresponsible for what they did. Nemesis, however, accepts no excuses and none escapes. The penalty must be paid to the uttermost farthing. Soon their crops, their property, their bravest warriors were destroyed by Sullivan, in whose expedition—let me say in passing—were Col. Shreve's men from my own State of New Jersey; the winter of the year 1780 that followed hard upon Sullivan's track and was the severest then known to men, swept their settlements like the plagues of the Middle Age; from that time the Iroquois confederation broke like a rope of sand—and the Indian, as a special force to be met with fear and trembling, disappeared; ever afterwards he plays a losing game, no matter whether he plays it with Boone in Kentucky or with Custer in Montana.

In the second degree of culpability are the Tories. Intelligent, devoted to the king and the established church, possessed frequently of much property, it was their own affair of they chose to disregard the signs of the times and to close their eyes to the rising sun of liberty. Conservative by nature and aristocratic in conduct, they found a plenty of arguments why they should remain loyal to the crown. Perhaps the patriot cause would not succeed, after all; doubtless the king would give no quarter in that event—'twere better to bear the ills they had than fly to those they knew not of. Everywhere men assume this attitude and they not infrequently perform an important function in restraining the unwise zeal of the too innovator. Sometimes they are the saving salt of society. But for some strange reason the Tory, when oppor-

tunity offered, was worse in his cruelty than the red men themselves. Fiske employs no mere rhetoric when he says that "the Tories took less pains than Brant to prevent useless slaughter, and some of the atrocities permitted by Walter Butler have never been outdone in the history of savage warfare." Does one ask for proof? Let him recall that border tradition which tells of an Indian, after murdering a young mother with her three children, as they sat by the enemy's fireside, was moved to pity by the sight of an infant smiling sweetly from its cradle; but his Tory comrade picked up the babe with the point of a bayonet and, as he held it writhing in midair, exclaimed: "Is not this also a d—d rebel?" They contrived to create this impression of themselves—that they were worse even than the redskins—and while many were yet living Fenimore Cooper pilloried them in his novels with the sanction of their contemporaries. Against them, too, the vengeance of the gods was at work. They incensed their friends, neighbors, relatives—paying the price which those pay who set at naught the ties of blood; their property was confiscated,—and their estates formed no mean part of colonial wealth; they lost whatever position they held in either Church or State; they fled to Canada and Nova Scotia—and to this day their descendants apologize and hang the head. So is it always with those who stand up for tyranny in any of its multitudinous forms; so is it always with those who are caught looking backward while the world is moving on!

In the third and highest degree of culpability, raised to a bad eminence, is the British government, without whose positive sanction and active aid these cruelties would have ceased in their inception. At the head stands George the King. From the day of his accession his mother, dominated by her German monarchical notions, kept saying to him: "George, be a king!" This he proceeded to do by extrminating everything possible that came between him and despotic power. He reduced his prime minister to the level of a chief valet, he governed through departments responsible only to himself, and was indeed his own minister during the entire course of the war. In the Declaration, Jefferson had written of him that he had endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished

destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions. That was early in the struggle and the writer was prejudiced, one may imagine. But now when passion has cooled and the facts appear as stars after a storm, the historian Greene, fellow countryman of the king, referring to him, writes: "The shame of the darkest hour of English history lies wholly at his door;" and this opinion is supported by Goldwin Smith, another of his countrymen, in the words: "George's name cannot be penned without a pang, can hardly be penned without a curse, such mischief was he fated to do the country." Chatham with all the power of an eminent public life, Burke with the political wisdom that is still the chart by which nations steer, Fox with the persuasive powers of a Demosthenes,—these all assailed the ears of the king, but they had no more influence upon what he was pleased to call his brains and heart than would have been the case had they stood upon the beach and bidden the main flood bate his usual tide. Nemesis followed him no less relentlessly than it did the other instigators and supporters of his inhuman war. In consequence of his barbarity, almost a hundred years passed by before time mellowed our feeling toward our king beyond the sea. The name Briton was enough to stir a fever in the blood of your young grandfather and mine—all because when the king had determined to subdue the colonies he forgot that they were settled by Englishmen, whom he attempted to treat as though they were wild and abandoned men of the woods. After describing the awful fate that overtook the king, Thackeray cried out to us at the close of his lecture on "The Four Georges:" "O brothers! speaking the same mother tongue—O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once and who was cast lower than the poorest. Hush! Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!" Who will again say that grapes may grow from thorns, when Byron, after asserting that "a worse king ne'er left a realm undone," declares that his death

"there was profusion
Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great
dearth
Of aught but tears?"

A king, however, can accomplish little unless there are obsequious servants to do his bidding. Grenville, Rockingham, Pitt, Townsend had failed him at one point or another, and being rid of them the king formed a new ministry that was only a cloak, according to Green, for the direction of public affairs by George himself. Soon he began to press for the employment of Indians against the revolted colonies. At his instigation it was Suffolk who in the House of Lords interrupted the dying Chatham by defending the king's proposition to use the Indians as "a means that God and nature put into our hands." All knew what the savages would do in battle, for they had been tried in the French and Indian War, the memory of which was still fresh. So fearful had the work of the Indians been that the great commoner, who died three months before the crowning crime at Wyoming, cried out with expiring breath against the abominable proposition of Suffolk: "What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife. Such principles shock every sentiment of honor; they shock me as a lover of honor and of honorable war." He called upon the Right Reverend Bench, upon the wisdom and learning of the bar, upon the bishops, upon the lords, upon the spirit and humanity of his country, upon the genius of the Constitution—to protect the old subjects of England from what he called "these horrible hell hounds of savage war." He did this, so says Lecky, in language that has become immortal in English eloquence—but all to no purpose! Great Britain, so declares her latest historian, Traill, stooped to ally herself with the warriors of the Indian nation, and the ministry blundered on in America, turning an occasional trick, but always beaten on the rubber.

In such cases it is necessary that some one shall stand preeminent as a figurehead, to illustrate it may be the shining possibilities of the dummy director. The king found his man in Lord North. Of himself North was not disposed to tyrannical or violent courses, and if anything was at fault it was his easy good nature. He complied with the obstinate and arbitrary temper of the king, and carried on a struggle to which he was disinclined. When Burke said that there is a difference between employing savages against armed and trained soldiers, embodied and encamped, and employing

them against unarmed and defenseless men, women and children of a country dispersed in their homes, North in his weak, compliant way replied that to employ the Indian was "bad, but unavoidable." To what height would he have risen had he done, as Effingham did—thrown his commission rather than his assistance in the unholy fight! Seeing the failure of his schemes he wrote his own epitaph when he exclaimed bitterly, on hearing that Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown: "O God! it is all over." For him the rest was—silence.

Even with his ministry in his control the king could not have perfected his plan had there not been at hand one who, unlike North, was both pliant and energetic. He was found in the person of Lord George Germaine. Placed at the head of the department of military affairs, the conduct of the war on the frontier was left largely to him. Fiske tells us that the terrors of the war on the border must be charged to the account of Lord George Germaine and a few unworthy men who were willing to be his tools. In the year 1776 Brant, when on a visit to England, said to him: "Brother, we hope to see these bad children of New England chastised. The Indians have always been ready to assist the king." Germaine knew well enough what that meant. "Continue," he replied to Brant, "to manifest attachment to the king; be sure of his majesty's favor." Saint Luc, in the year 1777, declared that "we must let loose the savages upon the frontiers of these scoundrels to inspire terror and make them subject." To that proposition Germaine was careful to send his approval. Guy Carleton tried to restrain the Indian, but Germaine would abate neither jot nor tittle. He did none of this ignorantly; for Burgoyne in the year 1777 had told him that "were the Indians left to themselves enormities too horrid to think of would ensue; guilty and innocent, women and infants, would be a common prey." He determined to establish the king's supremacy, not by honorable, skillful struggle, but by breaking the spirit of the Americans so far as barbarity, Indian and otherwise, could do it. 'Twas largely because of him that Martha's Vineyard was plundered, New Haven and Fair Haven with all their shipping were burned, and the New Jersey coast ravaged. 'Twas largely because of him that every house in Portsmouth and Norfolk was burned, and men and wo-

men alike subjected to outrage; and in the very year of your massacre, Fairfield and Greene farms and Norwalk were left a pile of smoking ruins—all of which he sanctioned in a letter to Sir Henry Clinton. When in the year 1780 John Adams wrote to the president of Congress expressing "commiseration for the unhappy nation who are devoted to destruction from his errors and delusions," time had only confirmed what Arthur Lee had said four years earlier: "He is subtle, proud, tyrannical, false. Such a man could not long pass unnoticed and unpatronized by a court which searches with Lyncæan eyes for the basest hearts." The enlistment of the German mercenaries was due largely to him; his tractices were to destroy private property and injure individuals by unprovoked attacks with fire and sword. He could not be made to believe other than the Tories were numerous and strong while the colonists were few and feeble; he felt sure that France would decline to help, because the Bourbons would not want their own colonists to take fire at what he called the unlimited rights of mankind. British historians assert that Burgoyne's expedition failed because of his insolent carelessness, and Fox, when the news of the disaster reached home, accused him of disgracing his country in every capacity, expressing the hope that he would be brought to a speedy trial.

Who then was this man, placed and kept at the head of the department of war, to whom we owe these cruelties that left a trail of fire and blood on the frontier from northern New York to southern Kentucky? Dismissed from the army for misconduct at the battle of Minden and found unfit to serve the crown in any military capacity, George II struck his name from the list of privy councillors, and he retired with a reputation irrevocably blasted. Through rank and interest he had forced his way into political office, where he tried to retrieve his reputation and where, according to Goldwin Smith, his worthlessness was still more fatally displayed. Chatham would never sit with him at the council board. Feverish, petulant, rancorous, his passions were violent and constant. He did not possess what even by courtesy may be called a well balanced mind. Bancroft relates that appalled on a Sunday morning in gala, he would march his household to the parish church, mark time for the singing gallery, chide the choris-

ters for a discord, stand up during the sermon to survey the congregation or overawe the idle, gesticulate approbation to the preacher and cheer him by name. This clown it was who, having no warmth of heart, was placed and kept, regardless of the wishes of the mass of people in a position where, with cold, vengeful malice he could plan to lay America in ashes, unless he could have the glory of reducing her to submission. Beaten at last in all his undertakings he resigned his portfolio. Still his royal master stood by him and without the aid of the lords raised him to the peerage. The lords inveighed against his peerage as an insult to their dignity—and one of them publicly refused to remain at the sessions of the Upper House so long as he persisted in taking his seat. Had Portia been called upon to pronounce judgment she would have said: "God made him and therefore let him pass for a man"—and this is the only laurel that history binds on his brow.

There they stand—Indian, Tory, king, ministry, North, Germaine! And by their side stand the elder Pitt, Burke, Fox, and all the less conspicuous helpers! Who shall win? When the flame of revolution seemed to have been stamped out at the beginning of the contest, these latter saw but little hope from any quarter. They kept, in spite of disaster, brave hearts within them. When the patriots of this valley were swept away in blood, these same brave British hearts still beat high with courage. They knew that right is not always on the scaffold and that wrong is not always on the throne. Firm they stood for us—and now that more than a hundred years have gone and the verdict has been made up past recall, American and Briton alike care little for the memory of our enemies, while they have long since gathered up with reverent hands the ashes of our English friends into history's golden urn, to be the sacred possession of the race.

At Rhamnus, on the Marathonian shore, the Greeks erected a temple commemorating the defeat of Xerxes. In that temple they placed a statue, said to have been the work of Phidias. It was in honor of Nemesis, the messenger of Justice. Human calamities, they believed, are not accounted for by divine jealousy, not even by blind, inexorable fate, but by misdirection of the human will. Xerxes is overthrown, in their judgment, not because it has been prophesied that disaster should

attend the Persian arms, but because he did violence to the sacred Hellespont, destroyed the temple of the Hellenic gods, and trusted in his own might. He must be brought low because he had outraged all rights, human and divine; hence, in the hands of Nemesis, the very stars in their courses fight against and destroy him.

The old Greek was right—and Nemesis had never died. Behind the outward show, there is, as there always has been and always will be, a power that makes for righteousness. History, so Froude said he had found out, is but the voice of God forever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. To this conclusion Matthew Arnold came when he had read the story of the nations: "Down they come, one after another,—Assyria falls, Babylon, Greece, Rome; they all fall for want of conduct, righteousness." And nowhere in our land is this lesson taught more plainly and vividly than at Wyoming. This votive offering, erected and kept by pious hands, admonishes the beholder that government is a high and holy trust, that a fearful thing happens when stupidity or ignorance or selfishness or malice foists itself into public office, and that so surely as harvest follows seedtime, wreck of fortune and reputation follows him who either by violence of mildness tramples on the rights of his fellows. Let the earliest light of the morning as it gilds this monument bring out more fully the doctrine that the Golden Rule is in force as well between nations as between individuals, and let the parting day, lingering and playing on its summit, make the same proclamation. As the patriot sees and reads this proclamation, he will make his own the words of Emerson, spoken before the monument near the bridge at Concord:

"Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee."

Editor of the Record:

Will you please correct an error in your report of the exercises at the Wyoming Monument? It was not Mrs. John Griffiths, but Mrs. Jemima Sax Griffith, that was at the dedication of the monument sixty-three years ago.

Yours respectfully,

J. S. G.

West Pittston, July 4.

MRS. STEUBEN JENKINS.

[Daily Record, July 19, 1905.]

Mrs. Steuben Jenkins died of paralysis yesterday at her home in Wyoming, aged 83 years. Her maiden name was Catherine M. Breese and she was born July 27, 1822. She married the late Steuben Jenkins in 1846. He died in 1890.

Steuben Jenkins was a member of one of the pioneer families of the valley. He was born in 1819 and was a lawyer by profession. When his health became impaired he accepted charge of the foreign mail bureau in the Postoffice Department at Washington, remaining there for two years, when he returned to Wyoming and resumed the practice of the law. He was a prominent member of the State legislature in 1856 and 1857, and later was chosen clerk and counsel to the county commissioners. As a local historian and gatherer of Indian relics, fossils, minerals and shells and the material related to the early history of the valley he was well known throughout the State. He had one of the largest collections in the country. He delivered the historical address at the Wyoming Monument at the commemorative exercises on the Centennial anniversary July 3, 1878.

Four children survive: William, Emma and Elizabeth, wife of William S. Jacobs, all of Wyoming, and Catherine M., wife of William A. Wilcox, of Scranton.

Mrs. Jenkins was the daughter of John and Jerusha (Johnston) Breese. She was of revolutionary ancestry, being a descendant of John Breese and Dorothy Riggs of Somerset County, N. J., whose son, Samuel, was an officer in the American army during the revolutionary war. In other lines she was a descendant from Abram Pierson, first president of Yale College, and from two colonial governors—John Haines, governor of Massachusetts, 1635-39, and Thomas Dudley. She was also a descendant of Hon. Samuel Wyllys of Massachusetts, before whose house stood the famous charter oak. On Feb. 24, 1846, Miss Catherine M. Breese was united in wedlock to Steuben Jenkins of Wyoming. Her husband died in May, 1890. After her marriage, Mrs. Jenkins resided for three years in Washington, D. C., where her husband had charge of the bureau of foreign mails. Later she lived for a few years in Wilkes-Barre, and then returned to

Wyoming, where she lived the remainder of her life. Mrs. Jenkins was a member of the Presbyterian Church of Wyoming. She was one of the originators of the Wyoming Monument Association, and was its president since its organization over forty years ago, although in later years the work of the association was in charge of the vice presidents

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S VISIT TO WILKES-BARRE.

[Daily Record, July 26, 1905.]

Ever since President Roosevelt settled the great anthracite mining strike in 1902, by appointing a commission to investigate and adjust the matters in controversy, there has been a desire to have him visit the Wyoming Valley, the centre of the coal mining industry. This desire is about to be gratified, and arrangements are now being made to properly celebrate the event, the date of which will be Aug. 10, 1905, and the occasion the national convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union.

Whatever outsiders may think about the President's attitude with reference to this celebrated mining strike, which affected directly over 100,000 mine workers, and which entailed great financial loss to both the coal operators and the miners, as well as to the great public, which is always the innocent sufferer in these labor conflicts, there is only one opinion among those who live in the mining district, and that is, that the President's interference in the matter was just and proper, even if it was entirely outside the sphere of his duties, and without legal warrant.

The visit of President Roosevelt to the City of Wilkes-Barre will be an event of historic importance. Wilkes-Barre is in the centre of the Wyoming Valley, a valley that was famous in history and song even before it achieved renown on account of the vast deposits of coal that for centuries have been hidden beneath its surface, awaiting the coming of the industrial age. Through the valley lazily flows the famous Susquehanna River, along whose banks, before the coming of the white race, dwelt the dusky redman of the forest, and on the placid bosom of whose waters he paddled his pirogue or birch bark canoe. This river was then the great highway between northern New York and the Chesapeake, and

its banks were dotted with the tepees of Indian villages.

It was the paradise of the Indian hunter, as the forest abounded in all manner of wild beast and fowl, and the river was equally prolific in fish, while the flat lands along the river sufficed for the squaws to raise Indian corn or maize. In this sylvan retreat all was at peace, until the white man came with his strenuosity, and the clash between that and the simple life at once began, and though the son of the forest has forever passed away, the struggle still continues.

Here in the valley occurred one of the bloodiest Indian massacres that is recorded in history, the news of which shocked even England, though she was primarily responsible for it. It occurred July 3, 1778, near Forty Fort, about three miles above the City of Wilkes-Barre, on the opposite side of the Susquehanna River. Col. Zebulon Butler of the Continental Army, with a force of about 300 militiamen, mostly old men and boys, for the young and vigorous men of the valley were with the Continental Army fighting for the freedom of the country, marched from the fort, where the women and children were sheltered, against an invading party of about 800 Indians and Tories, commanded by the British colonel, Walter Butler. The Americans were defeated with awful slaughter, and were compelled to retreat in disorder, and of the 300 that left the fort, history records the names of 162 officers and men killed. The Indians and Tories then marched against the defenseless fort, which they burned.

Col. Zebulon Butler with fourteen men escaped from the valley, as did a few others, making their way over the rugged mountains, until almost starved they reached a place of safety. Many of them went all the way back to Connecticut, from whence most of the first settlers came.

Before this bloody event took place, the valley had been the scene of the Pennamite War, which resulted over a controversy as to the ownership of the land. This war was waged from 1762 until the matter was finally decided in the courts at Trenton, New Jersey, in favor of Pennsylvania, or the Pennamites, as they were called. The charter granted by Charles I to William Penn fixed the northern boundary of Pennsylvania at lat. 43 degrees north. The

proprietors of the colony accepted 42 degrees north as the boundary line, but extended the southern boundary to include the Chesapeake and Delaware bays. Connecticut claimed all the territory north of 41 degrees in Pennsylvania, and in 1753 chartered the Susquehanna Company to form settlements in the disputed territory. The company in 1762 sent its first party of settlers, numbering 200, into the valley, but they were driven out by the Indians, who repudiated the sale of their right to the lands to Connecticut, and made a sale to Pennsylvania. In 1769 the company sent another party of colonists, and a war began between them and the Pennsylvania settlers to whom the territory had been leased. Several times the Yankees were driven out of the disputed territory, and their crops destroyed by the Pennamites, but they finally obtained a permanent lodgement, and hostilities with the mother country then broke out and caused a suspension of the civil strife for a time.

In 1779 the Pennsylvania legislature passed an act transferring all the proprietary lands to the State, and suit was then brought against Connecticut to decide the jurisdiction over Wyoming. The decision was unanimously in favor of Pennsylvania, and later Congress confirmed the finding of the court, and so settled the controversy forever.

The name of Joseph Brant, the famous Indian chief, is intimately associated with the history of the Wyoming Valley. The early historians state that he was the leader of the Indian forces at the massacre of Wyoming, but later writers have removed this foul blot from his name, and it is now a settled historic fact that this noted Mohawk chief was not even present on that occasion, but the odium still clings to his name, and Thomas Campbell has pilloried him in verse in his famous poem, "Gertrude of Wyoming," where he makes one of his characters say:

"The Mammoth comes—the foe—the monster Brant—

With all his howling, desolating band."

And again:

"Accursed Brant! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living
birth;

No! not the dog, that watch'd my household
hearth

Escaped that night of blood, upon our
plains!

All perished!—I alone am left on earth!"

Some years after this poem was published Brant's son arrived in England and appealed to Campbell's sense of honor and fairness to retract the unfair aspersion cast upon his father's memory, presenting documentary proof that Brant was not a participant in the massacre.

Wilkes-Barre was the scene of the abduction of Frances Slocum by the Indians, the story of which was a world-wide classic in the days gone by. A few months after the famous Massacre of Wyoming her father's family, who had fled from the valley, were among the fugitives who returned after the desolation wrought by the Indians with fire and tomahawk. On Nov. 2, 1778, a band of roving Delaware Indians suddenly appeared near the home, and seizing Frances, then a child of 5 years, stealthily hurried away from the settlement. The following month Indians again appeared and cruelly murdered and scalped her father and his aged father-in-law.

All traces of little Frances were lost, and for fifty-nine years her whereabouts were unknown, and the search for the "Lost Sister of Wyoming" had been given up, when by a remarkable chain of circumstances it was learned that she was living at Logansport, Indiana, with the Miami Indians, where she was found by her brothers and sisters in 1837. The meeting was a touching one, and the identification complete, but she refused to accede to their earnest entreaty to return to the home of her childhood, preferring to remain with the dusky children of the forest.

Among the Indians she was known as "Mah-co-nes-quah." She married Deaf Man (She-pah-ca-nah), war chief of the Osage village, and by him had four children. She died in March, 1847, and was buried in the tribal burial ground.

After the Massacre of Wyoming, Gen. Washington was instructed by Congress to adopt some measures to prevent a repetition of such atrocities, and so an expedition was planned against the Indians. Gen. Gates was offered command of the expedition, but he declined, and Gen. John Sullivan was appointed. His instructions were to destroy, devastate and capture all Indians, male and female.

Sullivan reached the Wyoming Valley in July, 1779, after an arduous march over the mountains dividing the Delaware from the Susquehanna River, through almost impenetrable swamps and forests, building a road nearly the whole distance. His soldiers endured great hardships, and many of them fell by the way as the result of disease or by the tomahawk of prowling Indians, but the result of the expedition was to forever rid the valley of the murderous Redman.

Wilkes-Barre has the honor of being the home of Col. Timothy Pickering, who was the first prothonotary, register, recorder and clerk of the courts of Luzerne County. Pickering was Postmaster General under Washington in 1791 and Secretary of State in 1795. He was also Secretary under Adams in 1797. Pickering originally came from Massachusetts, and took an active part in the Pennamite War. He rounded out his busy and useful life as a member of the executive council of his native State.

George Catlin, the celebrated painter of Indians, is also claimed by Wilkes-Barre as one of her many illustrious sons. He painted most of the noted Indian chiefs of his day from life, and he was greatly esteemed and honored by them.

Wilkes-Barre is a city with a history, and its history is an illustrious one, and many of her sons have left their impress upon the larger history of our country.

The Wyoming Valley is rich in historic incidents, and has been a fruitful field for the writer of romance and song. The word Wyoming is a corruption of the Indian word, "Maughwauwame," meaning large plains. The city of Wilkes-Barre takes its name from John Wilkes and Col. Barre, two members of the British Parliament, who sympathized with America in her struggles for liberty. The village was laid out in 1772, and named at that time.

J. A. Boyd.

DR. S. W. TRIMMER DEAD.

[Daily Record, Aug. 2, 1905.]

Dr. Samuel Wilson Trimmer, for half a century White Haven's leading citizen and for almost as long a period one of the leaders of the Democratic party in Luzerne, died yesterday morning at 6:30. He had been in failing

health for the past few months, but his illness was not regarded as serious until a few weeks ago. Last week his condition became critical and for the past few days his death was expected. The cause of his death was angina pectoris, a disease of the heart.

There was no more widely known citizen of Luzerne County than Dr. Trimmer. He had not only an extended acquaintance as a physician, but as politician he was still better known, no Democrat who has attended the conventions of his party during the past two score years being unfamiliar with his figure. He was the most influential Democrat in the Sixth district and there are few leaders in the county who had more enthusiastic followers. For almost fifty years he practiced his profession in White Haven and the surrounding country and during a good part of that time he was the only physician in that territory.

Dr. Trimmer was a native of Hunterdon Township, New Jersey, the date of his birth being Aug. 12, 1833, which would leave him 72 years old at the time of his death. He was of Scotch and German descent and the eldest of a family of nine children. After receiving a common school education and finishing a course at a private school in Flemington, N. J., he took up the study of medicine in the Philadelphia College of Medicine, from which institution he graduated in 1854. After practicing two years at Point Pleasant, Pa., he removed to White Haven, in which town he spent the remainder of his life.

The history of White Haven since 1856 may be said to be the history of Dr. Trimmer. He took a leading part in municipal affairs and for forty years previous to his death was in almost continuous service as school director and councilman. Shortly after taking up his residence in this county he came to the front as one of the Democratic leaders of the party. After the retirement of the old leaders of the Democracy Dr. Trimmer was one of the first to urge John T. Lenahan to take the leadership and since that time Dr. Trimmer has been a warm supporter of Mr. Lenahan in all the hot fractional contests he has been called upon to go through to retain his supremacy. Despite the fact that Mr. Lenahan has several times been defeated in conventions by his factional foes Dr. Trimmer never deserted his standard. In spite of this close polit-

ical friendship some of Mr. Lenahan's bitterest political foes were warm personal friends of Dr. Trimmer. Except a few years Dr. Trimmer has been in undisputed control of the Democratic politics of the Sixth district for a quarter of a century.

In addition to the honors he received from his own townspeople Dr. Trimmer was also honored by the people of Luzerne County. At the time of his death he was the oil inspector for Luzerne County, in which office he had already served one term. Only once did he aspire for a county office. This was away back in the seventies, when he was nominated by his party for prothonotary and elected by a large majority. He completed his term in 1875 and since that time he has been content to serve as a worker. There has been no struggle in Luzerne in the past forty years that has not found Dr. Trimmer in the front ranks and a Democratic convention without him was not deemed complete.

To the town of White Haven he was sincerely devoted, the interests of the town being looked upon by him as a personal matter. He was the champion of all movements for the betterment of the borough and no step was ever taken without first securing his counsel.

The deceased was married on Sept. 7, 1887, to Elizabeth Bennett and of the eight children born to them four are living. They are Dr. Harry W. Trimmer of Harvey's Lake, Julia M., Edwin S. and Francis, all of White Haven. His wife died several years ago.

CARY FAMILY REUNION.

(Written for the Record.)

The annual reunion of the Cary family was held at Valley View Park, Aug. 31, 1905, about 250 being in attendance. Although the attendance was not as large as last year there were many new faces.

At 2 p. m. the business meeting was opened by singing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," and prayer by Rev. Seth C. Cary.

It was unanimously decided to erect memorials to Eleazer and Barnabas Cary and a committee of six was appointed to prepare details.

A constitution was adopted and it was decided to become a branch of the "John Cary Descendants," of which Rev. Seth C. Cary is president.

John Miner Cary Marble, president of the National Bank of California at Los Angeles, was present and made some interesting remarks. Mr. Marble is a great grandson of John Cary of Carytown, and has spent much time and money collecting geneology of the Cary family. Rev. Seth C. Cary of Dorchester, Boston, made the principal address. He gave an interesting talk on the English Carys, also of John Cary, the first to arrive in this country. Rev. Mr. Cary is making an effort to publish the history of the English Carys, written by the late Prof. Henry Grosvenor Cary of Boston, if he receives the necessary financial support.

The president of the local branch, Mrs. A. C. Smith of West Pittston, reported having attended the reunion of the "John Cary Descendants" at Brocton, Mass., Aug. 15 to 17. On the evening of the 15th a reception was held at the Hotel Belmont. On the 16th the reunion was held at Porter Church. Nearly two score of the family braved the elements and after the reunion in Porter Church took a Bridgwater car. At Howard street the car was met by Joseph A. Crane, the secretary of the Bridgwater Historical Society, who conducted the party to the monument, explaining to its members the points of interest along the way. Howard Cary Dunham of West Bridgwater, a member of the family and chairman of the committee on the erection of the memorial, was of the party and assisted in the work. Arriving at the monument the members of the family inspected it thoroughly. The general opinion was that it is a substantial memorial to a man of substantial character and a most fitting emblem of the solidity of the family.

The program included an elaborate unveiling of the memorial, but owing to the rainy weather, it was omitted.

Upon the invitation of Rev. Howard Cary Dunham, the party visited the old Bridgwater historical rooms and was addressed by Mr. Crane on the historic places in the vicinity. While there the chairman of the selectmen, George F. Logue, who received the memorial in behalf of the town, was introduced.

The monument is seven feet high, with an apex five feet square and stands in a triangle at the junction of the two streets. It is supposed to mark a corner of the old homestead farm. On the south face is a bronze

tablet thirty-six inches by thirty inches. The tablet faces the site of the house built and occupied by John Cary and bears this inscription:

"Near this spot was the home of John Cary, born in Somersetshire, England. He became in 1651 an original proprietor and honored settler on this river. The clerk of the plantation. When the town of Bridgewater was incorporated in 1656 he was elected constable, the first and only officer of that year. Town clerk until his death in 1681. Tradition says he was the first teacher of Latin in Plymouth colony. This tablet is erected by his descendants, a memorial for a noble and historic ancestor."

The following excellent poem, by the Rev. Otis Cary, a missionary located in Kicta, Japan, was sent to be read by the president at the unveiling of the monument:

Gathered to-day that you may mark the spot
Where stood the house of those whose names we bear,
You look around to see if there be ought
Of what they saw when first they settled there.

Green fields replace the grim primeval woods,
No more within its shade the Indians roam,
And on the spot where once their wigwams stood
Are churches, schools and many a happy home.

And is there nothing left that still retains
The same appearance as in former days?
Look up for there the same blue sky remains,
And still the sun pours out its golden rays.

Thick clouds at times may cover o'er the sky,
Or earth-born mists conceal it from our sight;
Beyond the clouds the sun still shines as high,
And waits to bless us with its warmth and light.

But what of earth? See where that river flows,
Just as it flowed when first our fathers came;
Year after year on toward the sea it goes,
Each moment different, evermore the same

Its banks are changed; the lordly pine
 and oak
 Beneath whose shade the deer allayed
 their thirst.
 Have fallen 'neath the woodman's sturdy
 stroke,
 Yet still the stream flows on as at the
 first.

What gives chief beauty to this limped
 stream
 Is that it mirrors what it sees on high;
 Its sparkling waters with the sunlight
 gleams,
 Their blue is but the reflection of the
 sky.

Thus in a changing world we still may see
 God in the heaven, and our hearts may
 bear
 The heavenly image making us to be
 One with the man who spirit we would
 share.

Things outward change; but heavenly
 things endure;
 The Father's spirit with their sons may
 stay;
 And blessed they who keep their hearts
 so pure
 That they reflect God's face from day to
 day.

Thursday, the 17th, was devoted to a
 trip to "Plymouth Rock." All drank
 from the Elder Brewster spring, and
 visited many other interesting places,
 returning to Boston by boat.

In glancing through Mitchell's history of Bridgewater we find that Miles Standish, Jr., married a Cary, also the first wife of Col. Nathan Dennison was Anna Cary.

There was a third reunion of Carys on Aug. 23, at Catamount Hill, Colrain, Mass., with about 200 in attendance.

Last March a western branch was organized at Chicago.

The old officers of the local association are the same for this year: President, Mrs. A. C. Smith, West Pittston; vice presidents, W. H. Derby, John C. Downing, Charles M. Williams, Bateman D. Cary; secretary, Mrs. Stella Williamson; treasurer, Mrs. Isaac Jones; corresponding secretary, S. Judson Stark; auditor, Edson W. Cary.

The next reunion will be held at Valley View Park on the last Thursday in August, 1906.

Then let each who bears the Cary name
 Remember whence his shield and motto
 came;

Remember, too, the one who brought them
 o'er

"The ocean's wave to this New England shore.

All that the fathers have by valor gained
Must by the sons be valiantly maintained.

"Then take the shield; go forward to the fight,

"Guard well the roses; may their silvery light

"Shine on brave deeds performed for truth
and right.

Those in attendance were: Rev. Seth C. Cary and wife, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. John Miner Cary Marble, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Bradley Downing, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Watrous, Jr., Richard and Helen Watrous, Dallas; S. Judson Stark, West Pittston; Grace W. Downing, York; Dr. and Mrs. John T. Downing, Scranton; Mr. and Mrs. John C. Downing, Wilkes-Barre; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Smith, Miss Fannie Smith, Ripple Smith, Alice Cary Smith, West Pittston; Laura and Fannie Cary, Camden, N. J.; Mrs. R. E. Thomas, sons Robert and Hiram, Wilkes-Barre; Mrs. Isaac Jones, Jermyrn; Stella Williamson, Mrs. Eleazer Cary, Gracedale; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cary and children, Harold, Karl, Agnes, Rachel, Emily, Ashley; Charles D. Cary, M. R. Cary, Mrs. M. R. Cary, Stroudsburg; Charles M. Williams, Plainsville; Mrs. Scott Stark and son, Plainsville; Mr. and Mrs. Scott B. Cary, Margaret, Rachel and May Cary, Rendham; Mrs. William Smith, Elm-dale; Mrs. W. P. Ketchum, Scranton; Miss Ellen Cary, Madisonville; Mr. and Mrs. Milton R. Cary, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Cary, J. Eleazer, Helen G., Stella C. Cary, Scranton; Mrs. J. E. Rose, Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. Eleazer Cary and daughter, Jennie, Pittston; Charles D., Anna K., Mary C., Harriet A., Cyrus E., Charles H., Morris W. Cary, Stroudsburg; Mr. and Mrs. William H. Rug-hard and daughter, Lulu, Mrs. Elizabeth Fleegar, Moosic; Mrs. George Miller and daughters, Ethel, Elsie, Florence, Pearl and son, Arthur, Mrs. Sarah Schaule and daughters, Harriet and Laura, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McCracken, Mrs. George Hollenback and son Ray, Mrs. John Smerdon and sons, Mr. and Mrs. Giles Hoover, Emery Cary, Alvoretta Cary, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Kennedy, Alverda and Kenneth Kennedy, Mrs. J. F. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Llewellyn, Lauretta, Reba, Aliardce, Mrs. E. C. Race and sons, Harry and Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Secor, Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Wilcox, F. R. Cary, Jermyrn; M. E. Cary, Agnes

Cary Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Cary and children, May and Leo, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Cary, Mrs. J. H. Martin and son, Howard, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Frempter, Mrs. J. E. Wharen, Charles F. Wharen, White Haven; B. D. Cary, New Columbus; Mr. and Mrs. Simon Getts, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Oakley and children, Emily and Bernice, Scranton; Mrs. Levi Welch and children, Henry, Arthur, Charles and Levi, Mrs. Lafayette Vansickle, F. H. Cary, Watertown; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cary, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Parks, Mrs. John R. McCluskie and sons, James, Albert, Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. William Williams, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Goss, Mrs. A. Sutliff and daughter, Hazle, David Cary, Feby Cary, Mrs. C. Sutliff, Mrs. Albert J. Moores, New York City; Robert M. Cary, Jermyn; Mrs. Charles Bacon, Horace C. Wilcox, Mae Cary, Stroudsburg; Mrs. Jennie Cary, John S. Healey and wife, Mrs. John Luke, Mrs. Laura Diggory and son, John, Mrs. E. J. Walters and daughter, Bessie, Jennie and May Smith, Wilkes-Barre; Mr. and Mrs. William Will and two children, Marion and Robert, Mrs. Sarah Schaule and two daughters, Laura and Hattie, Plymouth; W. D. Oakley, Scranton, Miss Jennie Cary, Mr. and Mrs. Ezra C. Cary and children, Eugene, Raymond, Margarette, Violet, Arthur, Pottsville; Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Hornbaker, Jermyn; Mrs. Anna Crossman, J. W. Mathews, Mrs. J. W. Mathews, C. W. Dettrick, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cary, H. W. Cary, Hartford; Lydia Cary, Mrs. Ruth Warner, Daniel Cary, Mrs. Catherine A. Wheeler and daughters, Jennie and Ruth, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Quick, Pittston; George P. Berry, Honesdale; Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Cary, Athens; Mr. and Mrs. John M. Rainey, Dallas; Charles W. and Sarah C. Cary, Tunkhannock; C. J. Watkins, Miss Imogene Skellenger, Mrs. Lucy Skellenger, John Cary, Tunkhannock; Mrs. E. H. Samson, Lehman Cary; H. D. Cary, attorney, Scranton; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hamill, Ashley, and a few others who failed to register.

A. C. S.

THE TRESCOTT FAMILY.

[Daily Record, Sept. 15, 1905.]

It is thirty-two years this month since I walked up with Col. Trescott to see Patterson Grove camp ground, which stood in a magnificent grove of sugar maples, in the southeast corner of Fairmount Township, near where

Kitchen Creek flows into Huntington Creek and about nine miles from Shickshinny. There had, I presume, been tons of maple sugar made in that grove during the sixty years then past and tons of trout caught out of the creeks. Then more than 200 little broad tents or sheds nestled in some kind of order at the roots of those lordly maples, where the people for many miles around came each August and remained ten days singing, preaching, praying, resting and visiting. In those days there were for me and others hearty welcome, and liberal tables spread. All the people who were old then are now dead. In 1833 a fire broke out there, and not only burned all the cottages but killed the large maples. Then brave hearts and muscular arms removed the dead trees, root and branch that the fire had not consumed and smoothed the surface of the earth, built new cottages and a large auditorium and planted trees, and now there is a handsome little town standing in regular order, shaded by young trees, while near still stands many a big tree that has swayed with the storms of many a year. The first camp meeting ever held here was in 1868, remember, the year Grant was first made President.

I wish I had time to tell you more about Col. E. L. Prescott, who died a few years ago, aged 96 years. He was such a man as a boy likes to hear talk. He was a bachelor, a gallant colonel of militia, a hunter, a fisherman, a lover of cider, apples, tobacco, maple sugar, melons, walnuts, hickory nuts, etc. His stories of killing deer, bears, etc., were charming. He talked about this way to me: "Father and uncle came here in June 1778, from Connecticut and built a log house on that knoll where that large chestnut tree stands. In 1778, July 3, when a messenger had warned the people to rally at Forty Fort for safety and for battle, my father reached Forty Fort on the evening of the 3d. The air was full of smoke from burning houses and men and horses ran through the oatfields and other grain seeking safety. My father broke the heads of thirty barrels of whisky and let it run into the river. About 1794 my father came back and that chestnut tree was growing up inside his house. I remember the cold summer of 1816. It snowed on the mountain on June 16, and there was ice on my whetstone, on the morning of Aug. 4, when I began to mow in the

meadow. Truman Trescott in 1810, cut his initials on the shell of a turtle and about sixty years later, I found it for the fourth time still showing the 'T. T.' Thomas Patterson found one marked by his brother Ezekiel Patterson, twenty-eight years after it was marked. My father took Elijah Shoemaker's body from the river after he had been killed by the tory, Windecker. People here found pails, chains, axes, etc., that had been buried more than fifty years to keep them from the Indians." These and many other things, the dear, old colonel told me, as his light blue eyes gazed through the mist of many years into my wondering, dark brown eyes. His brother, Truman, had married my mother's aunt Betsey, and we seemed nearly related. We like some men without being related to them by ties of blood. He showed me his colonel's commission and the flag he so loved to carry at the head of the Fourth of July parade. He was a clever, gallant, patriotic, fun-loving man. Some may have said he had wicked streaks in him; if so, they seem to have escaped my notice and at all events I am glad I am not to be the judge. Some one told me that in his later days he would pray with the skill of a minister and the faith and simplicity of a child.

Nearly the last time I saw him he stood by a big chestnut tree lying on the ground and the winds and the rains and the frosts of years had removed the bark from its trunk. He was baiting eel hooks for some little boys, those boys now have sons of their own. It was a tender, pathetic sight to see that man of over 90 years of age so anxious to breath luck upon the fish hooks of those white headed boys. Well, that big, chestnut log was the remains of the chestnut tree that grew up through the log house while the Trescotts were waiting in Connecticut for a permanent peace to come to this part of our dear old State.

C. D. Linskill.

LANDMARK DESTROYED.

[Daily Record, Sept. 16, 1905.]

The old Culver homestead, owned by the Culver heirs, a farm house in Franklin Township, was burned to the ground yesterday noon and with its destruction many fond associations which endeared the old house to the present generation.

The Culver farm, which consists of about 100 acres, has been the property

of the Culvers for a century and a quarter, it being handed down from one generation to another. The farm house which was burned yesterday was erected by John Culver, the grandfather of the present heirs, about fifty years ago. When he died he left the house and farm to his son, D. O. Culver, and when the latter died some years ago he left it to the present heirs, several sons and daughters, who reside on the farm, and who greatly mourn the loss of the old home, not only because of its value, but because of the fond memories which it brought to mind, for in the old home they were born and spent their childhood days, and it was natural therefore that it was with a deep sense of feeling that they witnessed the old home burned to the ground. There is no fire protection at Orange and all that was saved was some household effects in two of the rooms on the first floor.

RECEIVED MEDAL FROM FATHER MATHEW.

After living a life well done for 81 years, Mrs. Martin Donnelly of Scranton died on Monday. Mrs. Donnelly enjoyed the distinction of having been pledged to the cause of total abstinence when a girl of 12 years by Rev. Theobald Mathew, the great Irish apostle of temperance, himself, and the little pewter medal that he gave her at the time will be buried with her when she is laid to rest in the Cathedral cemetery.

Mrs. Donnelly was very proud of the honor of being pledged by Father Mathew, and was perhaps the last living person in this section to have been so pledged. She remembered Father Mathew well and recalled, up to a short time before her death, just how the great Irish priest looked and the impression he made upon the people. Mrs. Donnelly was pledged with a number of other little girls of her age, in the court house in the town of Shanagolden, County Limerick, near where she was born. That was in 1838, or sixty-seven years ago. Mrs. Donnelly always kept her pledge inviolate and was an ardent temperance advocate.

For years she made it a practice of attending every total abstinence celebration in the diocese held in honor of Father Mathew on October 10, and was on the wrecked train in the ter-

rible Mud Run disaster in 1889, being the car just behind the one that was telescoped.

It had been Mrs. Donnelly's life wish that when she died the medal given her by Father Mathew be buried with her, and in this her request will be carried out.

Mrs. Donnelly is survived by her husband, three sons and two daughters, as follows: Joseph and Edward of Buffalo, the former paymaster for the Lackawanna Iron & Steel Co., and John, of Pittsburg, and Sister Mary William of the Order of the Immaculate Heart of Williamsport, and Miss Mary Donnelly of Scranton.

OLD PITTSTON BUILDING.

The tearing down of the small wooden building occupied by C. H. Cutler on the west side of North Main street, opposite the Sinclair House, removes one of the oldest structures in the city. It was once the general office of the Butler Coal Co., a corporation that has been absorbed by the Lehigh Valley Coal Co. In the early days of the company and at the time it was built it was considered a large structure in which to do the business of the company, but nowadays large coal companies could not transact their business in the two small rooms the little building contained. The company had a capacity of only about 300 tons a day, which was considered remarkable at that time. The tracks ran down to where the Sinclair House is situated and went under the street where the coal was transferred into boats and sent to market.

MRS. SHELDON REYNOLDS DEAD.

[Daily Record, Oct. 5, 1905.]

Mrs. Annie Buckingham Dorrance Reynolds, widow of Sheldon Reynolds, died at her residence on South River street at 9:30 o'clock last night. She recently came back to this city after a summer at Magnolia with her son, and the illness which hastened her return resulted in her death yesterday evening.

Mrs. Reynolds was the only daughter of the late Col. Charles Dorrance, one of the most widely known residents of Wyoming Valley. She is survived by her son Dorrance and by four brothers, Benjamin, J. Ford, Charles and John. Her husband, Shel-

don Reynolds, was at the time of his death, in February, 1895, a member of the Luzerne County bar and president of the Wyoming National Bank, in which office he succeeded Col. Dorrance.

Mrs. Reynolds leaves behind her a very large circle of friends to whom her loss will be irreparable. She was possessed of a singularly vivacious and winning personality. Her warmly sympathetic nature endeared her to all with whom she came in contact. Her charities were numerous but unobtrusive; her unwillingness to have her benevolences known being a noteworthy trait of her character.

In her the Wyoming Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution has lost an active and enthusiastic associate, and the First Presbyterian Church a faithful and devoted member.

It is seldom that a community has been called upon to mourn the loss of one in whom qualities of mind and heart were blended in more generous measure.

DEATH OF MARY A. DAY.

[Daily Record, Nov. 3, 1905.]

The announcement of the death of Mrs. Mary A. Day, wife of Rev. W. J. Day, pastor of the Bennet Presbyterian Church in Luzerne Borough, which occurred yesterday morning, caused widespread sorrow, as she was known to many people throughout the valley, and was highly esteemed for her Christian virtues and amiable disposition, which endeared her to her many friends and acquaintances. She was born in Philadelphia, Feb. 24, 1841, and at the time of her death was 64 years, 8 months and 9 days old. She was the daughter of Henry H. and Elizabeth Eisen Henderson of Philadelphia. She was educated in the public schools of that city and after graduating from the high school took special instruction in art and music from private teachers.

She and her husband were both connected with the North Fourth street church of Philadelphia, of which Rev. Francis D. Ladd, a brother-in-law of the late Rev. H. H. Welles, was the pastor. Deceased was united in marriage to Rev. William J. Day, who had just entered the Home Missionary field in the Wyoming Valley, Aug. 28, 1895. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George W. Musgrave, D. D., LL. D., in the North Tenth street church in Philadelphia.

Those who survive her are her husband, four sons—Harry S. of Patterson, N. J.; Prof. C. Will of Little Rock, Ark.; Clarence M. of Boston, Mass., and Stewart, a student at Princeton; also one daughter, Mrs. H. F. Watt, at home. Her own family connections are: Mrs. Caroline E. Calverley, Mrs. Frank C. Warnick and Mrs. Fanny Moore, all of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Day resided at Ashley for twenty-one years. About fifteen years ago Mr. Day was called as pastor of the Plymouth Presbyterian Church, and they resided there for several years, later going to Luzerne Borough.

Mrs. Day had been in ill health during most of the summer, but was not considered seriously ill until a few days ago. The immediate cause of death was heart trouble.

DEATH OF THOMAS TAYLOR.

[Daily Record, Nov. 4, 1905.]

Thomas Taylor, who was stricken with paralysis a week ago while at his saddlery store on Market street, died yesterday at the Wilkes-Barre City Hospital, aged 68 years. Though he had been conscious all the time, he had no power of speech and his wife and son were unable to have the slightest communication with him. Mr. Taylor was born in Wilkes-Barre Dec. 16, 1837, and was the son of the late Judge Edmund Taylor. His father came here from England in 1813 and established a saddlery store, which he continued up to his death in 1881, the son succeeding the father in the business, which is, with perhaps one or two exceptions, the oldest in Wilkes-Barre. His father, a prominent citizen, commissioned associate judge of Luzerne County in 1850, was also county treasurer from 1857 to 1859. Thomas Taylor's mother was Mary Ann Wilson of Connecticut.

Deceased is survived by his wife, who came here from Cayuga County, N. Y., and by one son, William H. Taylor of Philadelphia, formerly a newspaper illustrator. He is survived by a brother, Edmund, who is connected with the freight department of the Lehigh Valley Railroad in New York City. His only sister, Mary, Mrs. Samuel White, resides at Haverhill, Mass. The late Mrs. Edward H. Chase was a sister. The late John Taylor, traffic manager of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, who died Nov. 2, 1895, just ten years within a few days, was a

brother. On his mother's side Mr. Taylor came from pioneer stock. He was a grandson of Elnathan Wilson, a revolutionary soldier, who came from New London, Conn., to Wyoming Valley at an early day. He located in Forty Fort and was married there in 1798 by Rev. Anning Owen, to Betsey Baker, the daughter of a Connecticut pioneer. Betsey Baker's mother was a sister of the celebrated American traveler, John Ledyard, who was with Capt. Cook when the latter was killed by the Sandwich Island savages. Elnathan Wilson's hospitable home in Kingston was a favorite resort for itinerant Methodist preachers. Elnathan's sister was employed by Gen. Washington as a spy to convey intelligence to a revolutionary officer (Gen. Thomas) who was held on parole as a prisoner by the British, then in possession of New York City. The girl spy afterwards lived in Luzerne County.

DR. SARAH J. COE DEAD.

[Daily Record, Nov. 6, 1905.]

Dr. Sarah J. Coe died on Saturday evening at her home on North Franklin street after an illness of several months, in fact she never fully recovered from a stroke of paralysis which she sustained three years ago. Miss Coe was born in Pavilion, Genessee County, New York, of New England parentage, her mother having been born in Connecticut and her father, Horace Coe, in Massachusetts.

She was a graduate of Genessee Wesleyan Seminary in Lima, N. Y., in 1864, after which she studied art in its various branches. For five years she was a teacher of art and modern languages in seminaries in Wisconsin and Michigan. By invitation of the art committee she and her pupils had pictures on exhibition at the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876.

She graduated in homeopathic medicine from the University of Michigan and after a year of hospital and dispensary work she located in Wilkes-Barre in September, 1879. She was identified with the Homeopathic Medical Society of Northern Pennsylvania and was honored by the State Society, in being made censor, chairman of bu-

reau, and vice president. She was also State secretary of the medical department of the Queen Isabella Association in connection with the World's Fair.

Dr. Coe was very fond of travel and her last illness was induced, it is believed, by a trip she took to Alaska during the summer just past. The effort overtaxed her failing strength and on her return she was compelled to break her journey and recuperate at the home of a sister in Muskegon, Mich. She returned to Wilkes-Barre a few weeks ago much the worse for her summer outing. She felt that her work was done and she had no desire to live longer.

Dr. Coe was one of the most active workers in the First M. E. Church, from which organization she will be sorely missed. One feature in which she made herself especially useful was in organizing here the home department of the Sunday school, a department in which shut-in persons could keep in touch with the Sunday school by means of home study. Twenty years ago when the Sunday school was graded Dr. Coe was selected as the teacher of the reserve corps, and as she was a thorough bible student she filled the post most acceptably. She was the originator of the Home Missionary Society of the First Church. She was the first president of the Young Women's Christian Association and was a volunteer physician to the Old Ladies' Home.

She left a paper with her lawyer, George K. Powell, specifying in detail the arrangements for her funeral, selecting the pall bearers, telling where to find the data of her life and her burial arrangements. She expressed a desire that no flowers be sent and that the body be not exposed to public view, it being her wish to be remembered as she was in life. She also wished no singing and no funeral eulogy.

Of seven brothers and sisters, she was the fourth to die, all in three years. One was a brother, Dr. William H. Coe of Auburn, N. Y., whose death two years ago profoundly depressed her, a condition of melancholy from which she did not recover. Those who survive are Mrs. D. B. Salsbury of Muskegon, Mich., Mrs. T. O. Thorpe of St. Paul and W. E. Coe of Clarence, Iowa.

EARLY WELSH SETTLERS.

[Daily Record, Nov. 7, 1905.]

(Contributed.)

Editor of the Record:

Please oblige the undersigned by giving space in the columns of your daily issue to the following reminiscence of the first Welsh religious gatherings in Wilkes-Barre Borough and township. Some persons of late have been inquiring of me of the dates and where the Welsh people first congregated as a religious congregation. In 1865 myself and family came to Wilkes-Barre, at that time Wilkes-Barre Township, the Welsh people of a few dozen of mixed denominations held their first religious services at the old Empire and few at Blackman street school houses. In 1866 the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists built and opened the first Welsh Chapel in or about Wilkes-Barre, located at the corner of Northampton and Meade streets. Then the Baptists though very few in number separated and convened for worship at Public Square in a hall between West Market and North Main streets, either in the fall of 1866 or the spring of 1867, and a few years after they built for themselves a chapel also. As near as I am able to remember in 1870 or 1871, said chapel, the first Welsh Baptist, was then located at Sheridan street between South and Northampton streets but later it was burned. So now or since their loss by fire they erected a new chapel on Meade street nor far from the Calvinistic Methodist.

So in course of time while the Welsh people were immigrating into Wyoming Valley, especially Wilkes-Barre, the Congregationalist, nearly about the same dates as the Baptists, erected for themselves a chapel which now stands but was enlarged later, situated on Hillside street, of which Rev. T. C. Edwards of Kingston became its first pastor. Probably he may have more reliable data than I have of their first organization.

Therefore, Mr. Editor, or whom this communication may concern, you may observe the Welsh in those early days on the American continent, like many other nationalities had, and still pos-

sess different religions to suit their convictions. And in addition it can be said that the Welsh people as a nation within the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, as well as in other States, are enjoying themselves in worshipping God to their heart's content and in peace with other religious denominations irrespective of creed or nationalities. We have history handed to us of one singular person whose equal or superior never will appear to mankind again. When he preached unto the multitudes: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

In my estimation it was the most universal sentiment and acknowledgment of the existence of a God as a Supreme Ruler of the entire universe. In conclusion, hoping that this communication may be satisfactory to the inquiring friends, and by the way, some may wonder why I appeal to the Record for publication of this, my answer is, the Welsh people are more addicted to reading English than Welsh newspapers, so I take the Wilkes-Barre Record as a popular paper among the Welsh in Luzerne County.

Thomas E. John,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

LIVED NEARLY A CENTURY.

Near St. John's I met Father Ransom Young, one of the oldest men in Luzerne County, father of Daniel, Benjamin and Edward Young. I think his son, Daniel, is about 70 years of age. I found the old gentleman, Ransom Young, digging potatoes. He is tall and slender, stoops a little, and is somewhat hard of hearing. He will be 95 years of age on Nov. 8, 1905. His memory and judgment are good. I will pen a few things he told to me: "I was born in Cayuga County, N. Y., on Nov. 8, 1810. Mother died when I was 18 months old, and when I was 23 months old my father went to fight the Indians in Ohio and never returned and I was given to Mosier until I was 21 years of age. Mosier was a cooper by trade, and I could make barrels, etc. I went building wind mills for fanning out grain and came to Wilkes-Barre with Walter B. Godfrey and we worked in a shop on South Main street,

opposite the store of Mr. Cady. I helped make a hundred windmills in Wilkes-Barre. Then we went to Aaronsburg, Centre County, and made windmills there for three years. Then I came to Black Creek, this county, about 1835, and then, in 1837, I married Rachel Shellhammer, daughter of Daniel Shellhammer. Our shop was near where the Stephen Turnbach place is. Rachel died Nov. 15, 1889. Father-in-law Daniel Shellhammer died Oct. 21, 1862. The shop we worked in in Wilkes-Barre belonged to Mr. Thomas, a cabinet maker. When Godfrey and I walked out East Market street we saw the men, near the foot of the hill, digging the canal. We went up on the hill and gathered a lot of wild grapes. I came here in the woods and built a house. That old cherry tree is the first tree planted here. Mrs. Christian Diesroth of Wilkes-Barre is my granddaughter. She has two sons and a daughter. I do not want to live any longer than my Maker is willing to take me."

This bright, active old gentleman lives with his son Edward on his old farm up above St. Johns, on Nescopeck Creek, as you go toward Honey Hole and Mount Yeager. L.

HISTORICAL MISTAKES.

[Daily Record, Nov. 21, 1905.]

(Written for the Record.)

Some reader may say: "Who is Erastus Brooks? I don't care for him nor his mistakes."

Erastus Brooks, a distinguished editor and politician of New York City in an address at a great assembly which had met to dedicate the monument which had been erected to commemorate Sullivan's victory over the Indians and Tories, near the present town of Welisburg, N. Y., said:

"Why did the chief of the campaign of 1779, pause at Wyoming from the month of May—the time he was ordered to move with two regiments to the Indian country, and did not move until August?"

In the first place Gen. Sullivan never received any such order. Mr. Brooks must have dreamed it. Gen. Sullivan did not move sooner because the provisions and supplies had not been collected, and he was unwilling to take an army of nearly 4,000 men into the wilderness more than 200 miles from the borders of civilization, without the

necessary supply of provisions to keep his men from starving to death. The authorities of Pennsylvania, whose duty it was to have had a supply of provisions collected at Wyoming in May, had but a small quantity there at that time and much of it was unfit for human food. Not a pound of the salted meat was fit to eat, and many of the cattle collected were too poor to travel. The commissary and clothing departments were in a deplorable condition. On the 21st of July Gen. Sullivan wrote that not more than a third of his men had a shirt to their backs.

Instead of exerting themselves to provide the supplies so urgently needed, and without which the expedition could not start, the Pennsylvania authorities complained that the requisitions of Gen. Sullivan were exorbitant, and threatened to prefer charges against him before congress. On the 14th of July Col. Hubley wrote to President Reed: "Our expedition is carrying on rather slow owing to the delay of our provisions. I sincerely pity Gen. Sullivan. People who are not acquainted with the situation and reason of delay, I am informed, censure him, which is absolutely cruel and unjust. No man can be more assiduous than he is."

There were many influential people in Eastern Pennsylvania who did not want the expedition to go, and threw all the obstacles in its way they possibly could. The Quakers, a numerous and wealthy body, were opposed to war on principle, and of course, would do nothing, and it was believed that the "Pennymite" party, including men of large wealth and considerable political influence, who had extensive tracts of land in Wyoming, and up the Susquehanna which they held by Pennsylvania title, did not want the Indians driven from New York to Canada lest the menace would be removed and the Connecticut settlers all be back on their possessions.

The Indians the year before had accomplished what the Pennymites had been unable to do by writs of ejectments, sheriff's posses, and armies of militia—they had driven the "intruders" from the lands in dispute, and they did not want them punished.

Soldiers under Gen. Sullivan were six weeks collecting supplies which he had expected would be on the ground at Wyoming on his arrival there.

On the 24th of July Capt. Cummings who had been sent down the river to Coxestown—five miles above Harris-

burg for supplies, returned with 112 boats loaded; Gen. Hand having been sent down with troops to guard the boats, and pull them up the falls with ropes.

Gen. Sullivan finally started on his expedition so short of provisions that at Newtown (Elmira) he had to put his men on short rations, but the corn, squashes, and melons found in the Indian country fortunately supplied the deficiency.

Mr. Brooks blames Gen. Sullivan for not going on to Niagara and taking the fort, and driving the Indians and Tories over into Canada. That was not in his instructions. He could not have taken the fort by storm, without losing half his men and as to sitting down before it to reduce it by the slow process of a siege was out of the question as he had no artillery; the little cannon used at the battle of Newtown having been left behind. He had no provisions for carrying on a siege, and no means of procuring them.

Mr. Brooks says: "Gen. Gates declined to command the expedition for reasons not stated."

Gen. Gates certainly did state his reasons for declining the command. He said he "did not possess youth and strength," which were indispensable for the commander of the expedition.

Mr. Brooks makes the reckless statement that: "Neither the Six Nations, nor any of the Indian race, ever destroyed growing crops, gardens or fruit trees." They practiced burning houses, barns and grain stacks, and if they did not destroy growing crops, gardens and fruit trees, it was because it was too much trouble.

Mr. Brooks says: "The Indians in the fair valley of Wyoming killed all those who sought protection in Forty Fort as it was called (in memory of the number who fled there for safety) sparing neither age, nor sex—Queen Esther, a half-breed, alone tomahawking fourteen persons in revenge for her one son slain." In the first place, the Indians did not kill anybody in Forty Fort except a man whom their commander claimed as a deserter from the British army in Canada, and the man did not deny it. In the second place the fort was not named in memory of the number who fled there for safety. The number who marched out to fight the disastrous battle numbered 484, and the women and children left in the fort probably numbered six or eight hundred, or more. No doubt the fort was

named in memory of, and by the first forty settlers in Kingston Township, to whom free farms had been given by the Susquehanna Company on condition that they should "man their rights"—defend them against the Pennsylvania claimants.

The killing of fourteen persons by Queen Esther was at "Bloody Rock," three or four miles above Forty Fort.

It is doubtful whether any educated man ever made so many glaring mistakes in a single address, as Mr. Brooks did in historical address at the dedication of Sullivan's monument near Wellsburg.

J. W. Ingham.

Sugar Run, Pa.

MASSACRE OF ABBOTT AND WILLIAMS.

To the Editor of the Record:

The Record of Dec. 2, 1905, contained a description of the monument recently erected to the memory of John Abbott and Isaac Williams, and a short account of the circumstances under which it was erected. As I believe no complete account of the incident commemorated has ever been published, I thought perhaps it would be interesting to the Record's readers, especially those residing in Plains Township, to give a sketch of one of the victims and tell the true story of the tragedy.

John Abbott was born in Windham County, Connecticut, Sept. 27, 1741. He married, on the 4th of November, 1762, Alice, the daughter of Stephen and Hannah Moulter Fuller, and was an early settler in Wyoming Valley. In 1769 he built a log cabin on the southwest corner of Main and Northampton streets, which was the first dwelling house in the borough of Wilkes-Barre. The fireplace was still standing in 1812.

It had been agreed among the settlers that when reliable information came that the enemy was dangerously near, in July, 1778, the cannon in Fort Wilkes-Barre on the Public Square, a four pounder (the only one in the settlement) should be fired as a signal to return to the fort. He was at work on the flats, on the lower end of his farm, probably near the spot where he was afterwards killed, with his 9-year-old son Charles. As Gen. Putnam had unhitched his horse from the plough and started for Cambridge on learning the news from Lexington, so John Abbott when he heard the report of the old four pounder, loosened the oxen from his cart and hastened to the ren-

devious. Leaving his wife and nine children (the oldest only 11 years old) in the fort, he joined the little army at Forty Fort. It is unnecessary to repeat the story of the battle. In the retreat Mr. Abbott, reaching the river, waded across to Monockasy Island. On the other side of the island he waded into the stream, but it was deep and he could not swim. While he was standing in the water George Cooper, an old soldier, he who waited to "have one more shot," came up to him, followed by some Indians he had distanced. "Put your hand on my shoulder," said Cooper. The deep water was not far, so they both got over. He joined his family and they fled down the river as far as Sunbury. In about two weeks he returned to his farm, hoping to save part of his harvest. He was accompanied by Isaac Williams, (he who had brought relief to the fugitives in their flight) a lad of 17. The Williams and Abbott farms lay side by side. They had a horse with them and the supposition was that they cultivated a few rows of Indian corn with the horse and then hoed the rows. On the 18th of July when attacked by the Indians they were on the flats on the Abbott farm, near the river, just below the Williams property line, and about opposite where the Wintersteen house now stands. They had left the horse and their gun in the brush along Flats Creek.

Some Indians crept along the creek in the brush to cut off their retreat. They shot Abbott, killing him instantly, and threw a tomahawk, striking Williams in the back of the neck, cutting the tendons or cords. The latter ran bleeding down to the place where the railroad track now runs under the Plank road, where he fell, was overtaken by the Indians, killed and scalped. They then scalped Mr. Abbott. There was a deep ravine where Isaac Williams fell.

Mrs. Abbott with her nine children, begged her way to Hampton, Conn.

As the foregoing narrative, as far as is known to the writer, has never been published, it is suggested that it be transferred to the "Historical Record." The account of the massacre of Abbott and Williams was derived from a tradition in the Williams family and related to the writer by Charles M. Williams of Plainsville, and is in all probability, correct. S. R. M.

P. S.—Since writing the above Mr. Williams has informed the writer that

he believes the stronger evidence in regard to the place where Williams fell is in favor of a ravine a few rods below the one above mentioned. He states that the spot where his Uncle Isaac's remains were found was shown to his uncle, Robertson Williams, by one who knew.

S. R. M.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Wyoming Historical Society was held Friday evening. Rev. Dr. Henry L. Jones presiding. Charles H. Gillam was elected to membership. Abram Nesbitt was elected a life member, as was his daughter, Sara, and his deceased wife.

A historical address was delivered by J. W. Ingham of Sugar Run on "Olden Times in Bradford County." Mr. Ingham is one of the most painstaking of writers on local history and his address was listened to with every evidence of interest. It dealt not only with historical data, but was brightened with many bits of old-time humor. The address was well received, was given a vote of thanks and was referred to the publication committee.

The address began with reference to the first settlement of Bradford County in 1775 by Edward Hicks, a Tory. In March, 1778, Lieut. Col. Dorrance went up the river from Wilkes-Barre with 150 men and brought the several Tory families, in apprehension of the Indian invasion, which took place the following July. Col. Dorrance made a raft of the abandoned houses of the former Moravian town of Friedenshütten, near Wyalusing, and on it conveyed the Tory families to Wilkes-Barre, where they would be powerless to do any injury. Here followed sketches of numerous pioneer settlers.

In those days wild animals were abundant and very destructive of sheep, swine and poultry. Reference was made to one season when there was almost a famine.

ABBOTT-WILLIAMS MONUMENT.

[Daily Record, Dec. 2, 1905.]

Yesterday morning a granite monument four feet high and four feet square was placed along the Duryea traction line, on the old Plank road, where Carey street, Plains, intersects. It commemorates John Abbott and Isaac Williams, two early settlers of

this valley, who were massacred by the Indians at the exact spot where the monument now stands. Sidney R. Miner of this city is a descendant of John Abbott, one of the men who was massacred, and through him funds were secured from the other descendants, with which the monument was purchased and erected. The plot of ground upon which the monument is erected was donated by J. Robertson Williams of Plains, one of the descendants of Isaac Williams, the other victim. The following inscription was cut on the monument:

Near This Spot
JOHN ABBOTT,
Aged 36 Years,
A Survivor of the Battle and
Massacre of Wyoming, and
ISAAC WILLIAMS,
Aged 17 Years,
Were Killed and Scalped by In-
dians in July, 1778.

The early history of the valley tells us that John Abbott was one of the very first settlers of this valley and built the first house of what is now the city of Wilkes-Barre. The structure was built at what is now the junction of Main and Northampton streets and the old fire place could be still seen standing in its old position as late as 1812.

After the battle of Wyoming Mr. Abbott returned to Plains, there to save what crops were left intact from the ravages of the Indians, and while working there in the company of Isaac Williams, the two were scalped by the savages, then prowling around the valley for the white man's gore.

SKETCH OF ISAAC WILLIAMS.

[Daily Record, Dec. 8, 1905.]

A word as to Isaac Williams to whom a monument, in connection with John Abbott, was erected a few days ago. Hon. Charles Miner, the historian of Wyoming, says: "John Abbott, who had been in the battle, and Isaac Williams, a young man, in attempting to harvest their wheat on Jacob's Plains, were waylaid and both shot and scalped. * * * Mr. Abbott and Mr. Williams were ambushed by the savages and both murdered and scalped. There

is a ravine in the upper part of the plantation of Mr. Hollenback, above Mill Creek, where he fell."

Isaac Williams was the son of Thaddeus Williams and his wife, Frances Case, who lived on Northampton street, near Washington, in this city. He was born at Greenfield Hill, Conn., and was baptized in infancy, Aug. 30, 1761. Fifteen days after the battle he returned, in company with Mr. Abbott, to do their harvesting. He found his father's house and barn burned by the enemy, his cattle stolen, his harvest almost entirely destroyed,—a spot here and there by chance were only preserved.

Mr. Miner, in his Hazleton Travelers, says: "It is not my purpose to follow the Wyoming troops through their several campaigns. Mr. Thomas Williams was with them in constant service till their final discharge, except when allowed to return home on furlough (which was a frequent practice in the service), when a brother or friend took his place for a season. Thus at one time his brother Isaac took his place for a month or two. Isaac was only 17 years old when he fell. He was fearless and active, ardent and patriotic. It is impossible, even at this date, to think of his melancholy fate without the most painful emotions. He fell in the bloom of youth, in the dream of a most promising manhood. But these were times of great trial and suffering. The deprivation of those nearest and dearest was the source of ordinary affliction. It was a common lot."

K.

SKETCH OF THOMAS O. YARRINGTON.

Thomas Oberton Yarrington, who died recently at his residence, 107 South Third street, Reading, was the son of Luther Yarrington, who was born in 1776 and died in 1836 at Wilkes-Barre, and a grandson of Abel Yarrington, who left Connecticut in 1770 and settled at Wilkes-Barre, says the Reading Eagle. He established the first ferry across the Susquehanna at that point, and was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. His mother was Miss Hannah Abbott, who was a descendant of George Abbott, who was born in Yorkshire, England, and emigrated to America in 1640, and was one of the founders of Andover, Mass.

CIVIL ENGINEER FOR SIXTY YEARS.

The late Mr. Yarrington had sixty years' experience as a civil engineer, doing all kinds of work, surveying above and underground for railroads, canals, public roads, cemeteries, building lots, etc. It is said that he did more work of this kind and walked more miles than any other civil engineer now living in Pennsylvania. He started as a rodman when 18 years old under his uncle, Abiel Abbott, who was the second superintendent of the Lehigh Coal & Navigation Co., Mauch Chunk. They commenced exploring, locating and building the canal from Mauch Chunk to White Haven, a distance of twenty-five miles. They had to foot it up and down on an old Indian trail, which had been traveled by the Indians to and from the Susquehanna.

ASSISTED IN LOCATING MAUCH CHUNK SWITCHBACK.

He assisted in the location of the switchback railway from Mauch Chunk to Summit Hill. He then went to Dover, N. J., on the enlargement of the Morris canal. In 1840 or '41 he went to Easton and Allentown to repair the Lehigh Canal, which was more or less damaged all the way from Mauch Chunk to Easton. After finishing that he returned to Mauch Chunk and commenced repairs to the torn canal from Mauch Chunk to White Haven, it having only been finished and in use a few years, and had cost an immense sum. They finished repairing the canal and then built the Lehigh & Susquehanna Railroad from White Haven (the head of the navigation) across the mountains to Wilkes-Barre, thus connecting the Lehigh and the Susquehanna (in Indian language the crooked river), and this piece of road now is a part of the L. & S. division of the New Jersey Central, from White Haven to Wilkes-Barre, twenty miles. He next accepted a call to the North Branch division of the State Canal, from Pittston to Northumberland, to make repairs of locks, dams, etc.

WIDENING THE SCHUYLKILL CANAL.

Before finishing this work he received a call from Col. Ellwood Morris, to come to Pottsville, as his assistant engineer in the widening of the Schuylkill Canal. He was sent to Hamburg and took charge of that division, from

Schuylkill Haven to Peacock's locks, some eighteen miles. Here he remained up to the middle of May, 1847, and during those three years he walked at least 3,000 miles. In this year he was married to Catharine S. Feather, daughter of William and Margaret Feather. After he left Hamburg he went to Pottsville, and then assisted in rebuilding the road from Tamaqua to Port Clinton, twenty miles. After completing this, he did office work, conducting passenger trains to and from Port Clinton, building sidings, switches, etc. He came to Reading in 1850 to assist James F. Smith, chief engineer and general superintendent of the Schuylkill Navigation Co. In 1851 he resided in one of the navigation company houses, at the foot of Chestnut which had just been vacated by Rick & Wilkins, he having during the flood, taken his cow up the high stairway to the second story to save her from drowning.

In 1857 he returned to Tamaqua, in the service of the Little Schuylkill Railroad Co. as assistant engineer under John Anderson, locating and building the Mahanoy Railroad from East Mahanoy Junction, branching from the Little Schuylkill Railroad above Barnesville and tunneling through a spur of the Broad Mountain, 3,600 feet, and on to Mahanoy City. The latter place then was made up of one house, and the woods so thick, dark and wild that the owls hooted in the day time.

IN THE COAL REGIONS.

On the breaking out of the Civil War the principal assistant raised a company and went to the front, and Mr. Yarrington was left to finish the tunnel. He and a partner took a contract to build two and one-half miles of the railroad. Then he became an assistant to I. Dutton Steel, in building the railroad from Nesquehoning to the summit of the Catawissa Railroad. On this road they built the highest bridge in this part of the country, being 157½ feet high and 1,300 feet long, completely putting in the shade any on the Catawissa Railroad, where the highest was 134 or 136 feet and not half as long. He did the engineering for the Mountain Link Railroad, from Tamaqua to Tuscarora, connecting Tamaqua and Pottsville with the Schuylkill Valley Railroad. The Reading Co. having secured the lease of the Little Schuylkill Railroad, he did an immense amount of engineering work outside and underground. He remained at Tamaqua

with the Reading until 1863, when I. Dutton Steel sent for him to go to Napole, Ohio, to run a line for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co. from Napoleon through Ohio and Indiana, and some distance into Illinois. He was there a short time, when Mr. Steel took him to Reading to commence operations in exploring for the Berks County Railroad, leaving his son, Luther, to finish the survey for the B. & O. Co. When about two-thirds of the Berks County Railroad was finished Mr. Steel resigned and Mr. Yarrington was made chief engineer and finished the work.

SOME LATER WORK.

In 1879 he surveyed a branch for the Wilmington & Northern road. After this he had a call from George F. Baer to go to Somerset County, on the western slope of the Alleghenies, as engineer and superintendent of a narrow gauge railroad, six miles long, transporting bituminous coal to the B. & O. Railroad. The road being run down, he rebuilt and improved it, and also constructed a new self-acting plane down the mountain, and this plane crossed the Casselman River, nearly 200 feet wide, landing the cars on the opposite side of the river from the mines. Some time after this he went to Little York to locate a mountain gravity railroad. Having finished that he returned to Reading and commenced work for the cut-off of the Neversink back of the White House. Later on he located the Reading & Mohnsville Electric Railroad, and after inspecting railroads and sewers for the city, he retired about seven years ago. He was of a pleasant and jovial disposition and had a kind word for everybody. Mr. Yarrington is survived by six children and five grandchildren.

FIRST USE OF ANTHRACITE.

A recent issue of the Heating and Ventilating Magazine contains the following, entitled, "The 'invention' of anthracite coal:"

When we speak of the invention of anthracite coal, so far as it interests those in the heating business, we do not mean to indicate that any man has found a way to make anthracite coal, but all of our grandfathers and most

of our fathers know the time when "stone coal" as a fuel was only available in connection with the forced draft of the blacksmith's forge.

It remained for an enterprising Quaker to develop the idea that anthracite coal, or "hard coal," or "stone coal," as it was commonly called, could be used in connection with a natural draft, and he started in the hardest possible way—in an open fireplace grate. It is even stated that his first grate was made of green hickory sticks on account of the cheapness of hickory and the great cost of iron at that time.

This, we may say, is doubted, and the probabilities are that the hickory grate was simply a model from which a bar iron grate was constructed.

Jesse Fell, the inventor of this grate, was one of the oldest residents of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., where he made the original experiment. He purchased the property at the corner of Washington and Northampton streets in 1787, and resided there until his death in 1830. He was sheriff of Luzerne County for two terms and was lieutenant and afterwards brigade inspector in the militia. He was associate judge of Luzerne County from 1798 to his death.

Judge Fell, in conjunction with his nephew, Edward Fell, set up the iron grate which he had invented in the fireplace of his house Feb. 11, 1808, and made his successful experiment of burning anthracite coal therein, as appears from the following entry made by the judge on the fly leaf of a "Treatise of Masonry:"

"February 11, 1808 of Masonry; made the experiment of burning the common stone coal of this valley in a grate in the common fire-place in my house, and find it to answer the purpose of fuel, making a clear and better fire at less cost than burning wood in the common way.

"Jesse Fell,
"Borough of Wilkes-Barre, February 11, 1808."

Judge Fell appears to have used anthracite coal in 1788 for making wrought nails, producing eminently satisfactory results, and in 1808, at the time of his experiment, anthracite coal was in common use among blacksmiths, but when the judge invited a number of his neighbors to his house on a cold evening in the fall they were astonished and delighted to find a bright, glowing fire of the anthracite of which their hills were full. Grates

were in instant demand, and as fast as they could be constructed Wilkes-Barre and the surrounding townships were in the enjoyment of this unlooked-for luxury.

There is, as before mentioned, some controversy as to whether the original anthracite grate was constructed of green hickory or of bar iron. Of those who contest Mr. Fell's priority of discovery, some laid stress upon the unreasonableness of his building a grate of green hickory, assuming that the necessary kindling placed under the grate to ignite the coal would first destroy the grate. To this proposition there are two answers, one being that a man experienced in the matter of fires would not put his kindling under the grate, but in it, and the other that the grate of green hickory was simply a model for the bar iron grate.

The judge seems to have realized the necessity of some accelerated draft on first starting the fire and so arranged his grate as to provide this—something, no doubt, corresponding to what is called the "blower" of the modern fireplace.

In 1810 a German mineralogist, clad in a suit of leather, attended a session of the Pennsylvania legislature to secure a charter for an anthracite mining company, and he seems to have recognized the power of the press by approaching the editor of the *Republican Argus* (in those days Republicans were what we now call Democrats—anything to beat a centralized government). The mineralogist gave the editor a wagon load of coal and the editor paid \$50 for a semicircular sheet iron stove and had it put up in his private office. He put in a lot of charcoal, but could not burn the stone coal. He said that all it would do was to look red like stones in a well heated lime kiln, and when at night the coals were taken out they were "to all appearances as large as when cast into the stove." He says, "whatever the cause, such was the result of the first attempt to burn Lehi coal in Philadelphia, where since that time millions of tons of it have been welcomed and consumed."

The following is a letter from Judge Fell to his cousin, Jonathan Fell, describing his first experiment in burning coal for domestic use:

"Esteemed Cousin: When I saw thee last I promised to write to thee and give thee some data about the first

discovery and use of stone coal in our valley (I call it stone coal because everybody knows what is meant by that name).

"The late Judge Gore, in his lifetime, informed me that he and his brother, the late Capt. Daniel Gore (both being blacksmiths), were the first that discovered and used this coal in their blacksmith fires, and found it to answer their purpose well. This was before the Revolutionary War, and, as near as I can collect information, about the year 1770 or 1771, and it has been in use ever since by the blacksmiths of this place.

"In the year 1778 I used it in nailery, and found it to be profitable in that business. The nails made with it would neat the weight of the rods, and frequently a balance over. But it was the opinion of those who worked it in their furnaces, that it would not do for fuel, because when a small parcel was left on their fires and not blown it would go out. Notwithstanding this opinion prevailed, I had for some time entertained the idea that if a sufficient body was ignited it would burn. Accordingly in the month of February, 1808, I procured a grate made of small iron rods, ten inches in depth and ten inches in height, and set it up in my common room fireplace, and on first lighting it found it to burn excellently well. This was the first successful attempt to burn our stone coal in a grate, so far as my knowledge extends. On its being put in operation my neighbors flocked to see the novelty, but many would not believe the fact until convinced by ocular demonstration. Such was the effect of this pleasing discovery that in a few days there was a number of grates put in operation. This brought the stone coal into popular notice. I need not mention the many uses to which it may be applied, as you who are in the coal concern have the means of knowing its value.

"I am thy affectionate cousin,

"Jesse Fell."

From all available evidence it seems clear that the use of anthracite coal without mechanical draft is due to the investigating genius of Judge Fell, who was an ancestor of Mr. B. H. Carpenter, a heating engineer of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and a prominent member of the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers, from whom the above data are received.

FORTY FORT IN EARLY DAYS.

That errors will creep into the sayings and doings of human action is evident to all, and criticism is a healthy antidote, if given in proper doses.

Preachers of the gospel and historians ought to tell the truth always; but as to other people—well, they should, too.

I will mention a few matters of the long ago, where misstatements were made either through carelessness or otherwise. See what some historians say about the Wyoming Massacre and matters pertaining thereto.

Thatcher, in his "Military Journal," says: "Fort Kingston—(Forty Fort) on the next day, July 4th, was cannonaded the whole day."

Gordon said—"The remainder of the men, with the women and children, were shut up in the houses, which, being set on fire, they perished all together in the flames."

Chief justice Marshall, in his "Life of Washington" relates a similar story to that of Gordon.

Dr. Ramsey, in his "History of the United States," 1808, speaks of "Indian Butler" as a "Connecticut Tory," and that upon Col. Denison asking Maj. Butler "what terms" would be given on a surrender, he answered, "the hatchet." Of course, this is untrue, as is the remark that the enemy sent into the fort 196 bloody scalps of their late friends and comrades, for their contemplation.

Even our noted statesman-historian, Hon. George Bancroft, says—"Every fort and dwelling was burnt."

These did not gather facts directly from the survivors—as did Chapman, Stone, Lossing, Miner, Peck, Silliman and others.

I will give you a review of some matters that I feel confident are quite near the truth.

One of the forty who built the fort in 1769 was Thomas Bennet, a Connecticut claimant, who became noted as an Indian fighter as well as prominent in the Pennamite contest.

Martha Bennet, his daughter, was with the family in the fort at the time of the massacre. She was 15 years of age, well developed in body and mind; and through that fearful struggle to save their lives and property her active mind was quickened to all that transpired about her, so that her memory vividly retained the events even to the close of her life.

The entrance of Maj. John Butler, with his army into the valley,—the gathering of the people into the fort for protection,—the going out to battle,—the massacre,—the return of those who escaped,—the surrender of the fort,—and fleeing of the people from the valley,—with many other incidents, were witnessed by Martha Bennet; and some years after those occurrences, she told me all about them.

The story as to how and when she and I became acquainted will involve some family allusions.

In 1779, when Gen. Sullivan was in the valley he stationed several companies in the garrison at Wilkes-Barre, and among the officers was one Lieut. Lawrence Myers, who afterward married and settled in Kingston.

He was a man of influence in affairs of the settlers, and a potent factor in the Pennamite War.

He is spoken of generally by chroniclers as Esquire Lawrence Myers.

He and his brother Philip enlisted in a Maryland regiment and participated in the Battle of Germantown and other engagements.

When all strife had ceased he induced his brother to come to Wyoming Valley.

In 1787 Philip Myers and Martha Bennet were married. He bought 150 acres of land, extending from Forty Fort to top of the mountain, and built an excellent log house, a few rods north of the fort.

The farm included the land upon which the fort was standing. They raised quite a large family, one of whom,—John Myers, married Sarah Stark, and I was enrolled as one of his sons.

Thus it came about that she, who was Martha Bennet, became my grandmother and I tried to be a dutiful grandson.

Grandfather Myers died in 1835, and soon thereafter my father became owner of the old homestead. He resided in Wilkes-Barre, and employed a good farmer to work and care for the farm.

When I was about 12 years of age, father took me over to Forty Fort occasionally and I became infatuated with the place. Old Wilkes-Barre became stale in comparison and I induced my parents to let me stay there.

I lived most of the years from boyhood to manhood at Forty Fort.

My grandmother itinerated among her children at Kingston and Wilkes-Barre,—with each a few weeks, then returning to the old home at Forty Fort for a month or more.

The room in the old house was always ready for her. In the years of her declining life she was blind, and in her lonely condition I frequently, either at her call or voluntarily, went in and read to her. In accordance with her desire the reading was mostly from the bible, for she was a good Christian and her faith was "strong in the Lord."

She appreciated my readings and after saying "That will do now,"—"God is good," and like expressions,—then, seemingly to recompense me, she would relate events of her life. At one time it would be the story of the family hardships, at another of the massacre,—then of the Pennamite War, and so on.

Thus, in the several years of association, I heard her relate, scores and scores of times, what she saw and knew of interest involved in those times and I became familiar with them.

I have her so pictured upon my memory that mentally I see her now, as sitting in her easy chair, just to the left of the fireplace, with snuffbox in hand, from which she would take a pinch or two while talking,—and an echo, as it were, of her clear, mild voice still lingers upon my memory. The one window was on the south side of her room, and while she was relating the terrible experiences within the fort, I could look out over the garden upon the very ground that the fort had enclosed.

She told of the preparations within for the expected attack, and when it was reported that Butler had but a small army and was about to leave the valley—how eager our young men were to go and meet them. I remember distinctly her remark upon that disputed question as to the number who went.

She said—"When they got in line and marched away,—there was nigh three hundred of them."

She told of the almost unbearable suspense while awaiting the result of the battle, and when her father,—who would not go further than Tuttle's Creek with them,—was pacing back and forth on the river bank, listening to the battle,—came in and said—"The firing is scattering, and coming down the valley—our boys are lost!—they will be killed!" Our excitement was fearful, for we expected Butler and his Indians would take the fort and slay us all. When it became known that the fort must be surrendered, Thomas Bennet and his sons, Solomon and Andrew, the latter but a boy, escaped to Stroudsburg, and after a few weeks re-

turned to the valley to try to save some of their crops and plant more. Often she dwelt upon the surrender of the fort after Dr. Gustin went with a white flag to Fort Wintermute, where "Indian Butler" (as she always called him) was encamped.

She said—"The day following the battle, Butler came into our cabin, sat down with Col. Denison at our little walnut table, arranged the conditions for surrender and had Rev. Jacob Johnson write them out, and then they signed them.

"The Indians were not very bad that day, but on the third day they robbed us of everything they wanted, and if we refused to give them up they would raise the tomahawk over our heads, and it meant death if we did not submit.

"They opened mother's 'big chest' and took all our best clothing. Some Indians, who seemed to be friendly, tied white bands around our heads and painted us, saying it was to show that we were prisoners, so that other Indians would not kill us.

"Our firearms were given up, and the few prisoners we had were released. Very few soldiers and Tories came in. We were promised that no injury would be done to either persons or property, and there was no one killed or seriously injured inside the fort, but outside they burned houses and killed some people.

"The provisions of the fort were stored in a house and it was closed up. The chief, leading a squad of Indians, approached to investigate, when some one called out 'smallpox, smallpox.' The old brave grunted, 'wough!' Then they jabbered among themselves and ever after would not go nigh it."

But this could not last long, and in a week or two Butler and his army went away and most of the Indians followed.

As all subsistence was exhausted, the inhabitants fled and the whole valley became a scene of desolation and quietude reigned, like unto a graveyard, except that the dead were not buried.

The story of the long tramp by themselves and others over the mountains and through the swamps (the shades of death), footsore, hungry and weary, on to Stroudsburg, was pathetic. They had good friends there. They went soon after to Connecticut, where they stayed more than a year, in the meantime making clothing, etc., for Mr. Ben-

net and sons, who were in the valley farming and preparing a home for the family.

The thrilling stories of her father and brothers' capture by the Indians, their escape, her brother Solomon's fight in the battle and escape by swimming the river, her visit to Queen Esther, with many other adventures, were very interesting.

Of the Indians, she said they were mostly Senecas, with a Seneca chief, and was sure the Mohawk Brant was not there.

As to the fort, she spoke of it as a stockade and said it was made of logs firmly set in the ground close together, and stood about twelve feet high. It was square, with a gate on the river side and enclosed an acre or more of ground.

There was a number of houses, or rather cabins, around inside of it.

She was a woman of good impulse and scarcely ever spoke of the faults of others, but she had no good words for the Pennamites and had cause, for they not only arrested and imprisoned her father, but made attempts upon his life.

One evening, in 1771, when Mr. Bennet sat before the fire brooding over his troubles, Martha seated herself in his lap, trying to cheer him up, when David Ogden, a bitter Pennamite, who had been looking for him, crept up to the house, raised his gun to shoot him, but desisted; as Ogden said himself, he was afraid he would kill the child.

Her conversation did not always refer to the Bennets, but she had much to say of the sad experiences of the Suttons, Slocums, Mannings, Pierces, Chapmans and good works of Col. Z. Butler, Col. Denison, Drs. Gustin, William Hooker Smith and others.

She died in 1851 at the age of nearly 90 years.

There should be another expression, something like this—"Those were the times that tried women's souls."

The log house at Forty Fort stood just one hundred years (100).

Some heirlooms are still preserved, of which the "big chest" is in Kingston, and the table upon which the articles of capitulation were written, is in Wilkes-Barre.

By the way, I will take the liberty to mention that the Rev. Jacob Johnson, who wrote the articles of capitulation, was the greatgrandfather of my friend, Dr. F. C. Johnson of the Record.

Charles Myers.

Toulon, Ill., Dec., 1905.

SOME OLD TIME DOCUMENTS.

[Daily Record, Dec. 20, 1905.]

H. B. Plum, Esq., of Peely has shown the Record a package of old letters and documents, and among them are these:

An original paper in the handwriting of Elisha Blackman, a Revolutionary soldier, who was father of Mrs. Juliana Blackman Plumb and grandfather of H. B. Plumb.

"These are the men of Captain Badlock's (Bidiack's) company that escaped in the Indian massacre of 1778. Out of 32 that went out, only 8 escaped, leaving 24 killed:

Daniel Browning, Ensign.
Jabez Fish, Orderly Sergeant.
Joseph Elliott.
Phineas Spafford.
John Gariot.
Giles Stocum.
Daniel McMullen.
Elisha Blackman."

Elisha Blackman was 18 years old at the time of the 1778 battle, in which he fought and from which he escaped. The next year he was a soldier in the Revolutionary Army under Washington. He died in Hanover Township, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, December 5, 1845, in the 85th year of his age. He was born April 4, 1760. Some of these papers are by and to his father, who bore the same name and was junior to another Elisha Blackman.

Joseph Elliott was one of the prisoners who were to be slain at Queen Esther's rock, but he broke away and made his escape.

A lease of Elias Carey to Darius Spafford, June 14, 1771.

Bond of Elisha Blackman in ye Susquehanna Purchase to Ebenezer Farnham of Wilks Barre 100 pounds, lawful money of New England, July 28, 1872, in ye twelfth year of ye reign of our sovereign lord, George Third, King, etc.

Witnessed by Zebulon Butler
and Ezekiel Pierce.

Deed of Ebenezer Fitch to Simon Fitch for his Susquehanna Purchase of land, November 24, 1772.

Deed of Jabez Fish, September 5, 1775, for land in Wilkesbarre. To all people to whom these presents shall come, greeting. Know ye that Jabez Fish of Westmoreland in the county of Litch-

field in the Colony of Connecticut in New England in North America for the consideration of 47 pounds, 10 shillings, lawful money of the Colony of Connecticut, to me paid by Darius Spafford * * *

Dated in the 15th year of the reign of our sovereign lord, George the Third of Great Britain, etc., King.

(Signed) Jabez Fish.

Witnesses: Sarah Fish,

Darius Spafford,

Acknowledgment made before Zebulon Butler, Justice of the Peace, in Westmoreland in Litchfield County.

Preston, January 25, 1785.

Mr. Christopher Hurlbut,

Dear Nephew:

It is a long time since I saw you and have had no correspondence by letters, but I consider it not a want of love and respect but of opportunity. For my part I have you often in mind and have inquired after you every opportunity, and it gives me the highest satisfaction to find that you have so fair a character. Suppose you are in rather low circumstances in the world by reason of the many misfortunes you have met with, but I esteem you not the less. I think your settlement is the most peculiar spot in America for suffering. Your case is truly delicate to advise in. Hope Pennsylvania are convinced they have mis't their true policy and will yet do something generous for you. If they do not my prevailing opinion is that the Susquehanna Company had better give up one half of their purchase, if no more, into the hands of this state (Connecticut) if they will prosecute another trial at Congress. Every possible method ought to be tried before arms. Wish you and your people may be led by unerring wisdom into the most proper steps to obtain your rights and privileges.

Hope these lines will find you and your family well as they leave me and mine except your aunt about which I have wrote your mother. My love to your brothers and sisters. Thanks to John for his kind letter by Esq. Gore. Would return one but havn't time. That God would bless you with all the blessings of Providence and more rich blessings of His grace, is the sincere desire of your uncle,

Amos Avery.

The above letter is from Preston, Connecticut, and is dated in the spring

or winter before the Fall when the Pennsylvania Legislature erected the county of Luzerne out of the northern part of Northumberland, and let the people alone, and there was no more trouble. Amos Avery was Mr. Plumb's great-grandmother, Hurlbut's brother.

I do certify that Elisha Blackman, husbandman, of the township of Wilkes-Barre in the county of Luzerne, hath voluntarily taken and subscribed the Oath of Affirmation of Allegiance and Fidelity, as directed by an Act of General Assembly of Pennsylvania, passed the Fourth Day of March, Anno Domini, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty Six. Witness my Hand and Seal, the 1st Day of February, Anno Domini 1787.

Timothy Pickering, L. S.

Commission to Elisha Blackman, Jr., as captain of a company of light infantry—dated October 22, 1792, signed by Thomas Mifflin, Governor; A. J. Dallas, Secretary.

A letter from Christopher Hurlbut to his mother, Sept. 18, 1799. He mentions that he has a new son, born the 1st day of July and named Edward. "I want that you should try to get me a bushel of dried apples and some apple sass and I will give you sugar for them." He expresses himself as having good crops and being in good health and not at all discouraged over some temporary adversities. "I am still in the care of an all wise and powerful Being, who has promised never to forsake those that trust in him. I often think of you and especially in my prayers, desiring that you may be kept long for a comfort to your children that are about you. I hope to see you again in this world, but if not that we may meet in another and better world where we shall not be perplexed with care, trouble and sorrow, and that it may be our happy lot is the prayer and hope of your loving son, Christopher Hurlbut." It is directed to Mrs. Abigail Hurlbut, Hanover, and is sent in the care of Capt. Hollenback.

The following is probably the first movement to erect a monument to the fallen heroes of 1778:

November 27, 1809.

Sir: The subscribers were appointed a committee by a meeting held at James Scovell's the 25th inst, to circulate to the general committee of collection and advice, notice of their appointments. We therefore notify you, that you are appointed one of a general committee for the purpose of obtaining subscriptions to erect a monument to the memory of those patriots who defended the Valley of Wyoming during the Revolutionary War, and for other purposes mentioned in the resolutions, which we inclose you.

Jacob Bedford,
Philip Weeks,
Silas Jackson,
Benjamin Dorrance,
Charles Miner.

Notification--That, whereas, by illegal proceedings of the trustees in the Middle district in the Township of Hanover by engaging a person as instructor without the consent or knowledge of the whole district, complaint hath been made by six of the proprietors to hold a town meeting. This is therefore to warn the proprietors of the Township of Hanover to meet at the school house near Capt. Carey's on Saturday, the twenty ninth instant at two o'clock afternoon to enquire into said complaint and do any other business necessary to be done on said day.

Elisha Blackman,
Proprietor's clerk.

May 21, 1819.

Under various dates of 1804, Reuben Downing sends a bill to Elisha Blackman for whisky purchased. The whisky was all purchased in midsummer, and was doubtless bought for consumption by farm hands. Each charge is for two quarts of whisky at three shillings for the two quarts. There are five charges in June and July, all running about a week apart.

A bill of George Chahoon of Wilkes-Barre, against Elisha Blackman, Sr., March 5, 1808, for a cherry coffin, \$8.89.

Under the date of January 21, 1804, is a receipt in the fine, flowing hand of Ben Perry, who was one of the most beautiful writers of his day.

Under date of Dec. 30, 1816, is a notice signed by Jonathan Dilley, Ira Parcell and James S. Lee, calling on Elisha Blackman, collector of taxes, to

proceed against certain property owners to compel them to pay their taxes. The delinquents were all prominent people of their time.

Lease of Abraham Bradley to Elisha Blackman, Aug. 9, 1791, for farm land in Hanover Township. The lease is drawn in the beautiful handwriting of Abraham Bradley.

A political circular, dated Aug. 29, 1816, signed by Ebenezer Bowman, Jesse Fell, John P. Arndt, Isaac A. Chapman and Charles Catlin. The following is a quotation: "We had hoped that after having to pay duties and taxes on every necessary or convenience of life, and after seeing public credit destroyed and private confidence insulted, that the measure of our calamities was full—but now we have a vial of wrath preparing for us, which must enter into every avenue of domestic life. The Secretary of the Treasury has determined that after the first of October our taxes and duties must be paid in specie, or in notes redeemable in specie. The banks do not and will not pay specie for their notes before the first of July, when the National Bank it is supposed may be in operation. There is no specie in circulation! How then are we to comply with the requirements of an administration who appear to have searched out this as the most effectual mode of destroying the last hopes of an oppressed people? When the collector demands your tax, and requires the pay in specie, how are you to procure it for him? In fine, how are we to remove the evils which every day accumulate over our heads? There is only one way, fellow citizens, and that is to remove from office Virginian dictators and those who support their views and policy. The measures of those who at present misrule our unhappy country have produced heavy taxes—the destruction of public credit, and the depreciation of the current medium of the country."

DEATH OF FRANCIS YATES.

[Daily Record, Dec. 21, 1905.]

In the death of Francis Yates, which occurred at the family home in Yatesville on Friday, Pittston loses one of her early residents and a well known citizen. He was 81 years old and was well known throughout the valley. His father, Francis Yates, Sr., was the

founder of Yatesville Borough. Deceased was born in Hanover Township, near Wilkes-Barre, July 28, 1824, and when an infant his parents moved to Yatesville, where he had since resided except for a few years when he was in Philadelphia. He was a man of generous nature, frank and ardent in his attachments, and those once admitted within the circle of his friendship were regarded by him with a degree of affection that was akin to relationship. His life in public office and the impartial manner in which he discharged his duties was evidence of his integrity and honor. During his boyhood he attended school at the "Thompson" school house in Sebastopol, near the old brick school house. When he was seventeen years of age he went to Philadelphia and assisted his uncle, George Pratt, for two years in a grocery store. He then returned and took charge of a store for his father at Yatesville, which he conducted in connection with his coal business.

Deceased was one of the four men who loaded the first boatload of coal for the Pennsylvania Coal Co. which was shipped from Pittston. In those days cash was not paid for coal, but the farmers for miles around brought lumber, beef, produce, etc., to sell or exchange for coal. He afterwards conducted a business of his own and later sold out to G. Perrin.

For several years past he had lived a retired life. He was at one time treasurer of Yatesville and also a member of the Yatesville school board, and also a director of the Pittston poor district. He is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Mary A. Baker of West Pittston and Mrs. Mary E. Jones of Yatesville. Deceased was also an uncle of Frank H. Banker of Pittston, Mrs. Mahon, wife of Dr. J. B. Mahon; Mrs. Colville, wife of Rev. G. M. Colville of Racine, Wis., and of J. P. Banker of Overbrook, Kansas.

LOCAL HISTORY.

[Daily Record, Dec. 22, 1905.]

The published transactions of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society have made their appearance and make up volume 9 of a very interesting series. The 1905 volume comprises 250 pages. The subject matter most extensively covered is local history, but there is a large amount of

ethnological and geological matter presented, the collection of the society being singularly rich in fine specimens. Some of the articles are accompanied by fine plates which add very much to the interest and value of the volume. The geological department of the society is represented by a valuable paper by Prof. William B. Scott, Ph. D., professor of geology in Princeton University, the subject being "The Geology and Paleontology of Patagonia." The paper deals with the work of expeditions to Patagonia, of which Dr. Scott was a participant. An interesting description is given of gigantic creatures which lived in the far south, among them being the horse which made its way thither from North America. Other animals which Patagonia received from North America were wolves, weasels, skunks, otters, raccoons, bears, cats, deer, mice, squirrels, rabbits, as also mastodons. There was also a great migration of animals from South America to North America. Dr. Scott's sketch is most interesting as a picture of the rich and diversified life of Patagonia in early geological periods.

A valuable article of twenty-nine pages is by Alfred F. Berlin, who treats of "Early smoking pipes of the North American Aborigines." The article is illustrated with specimens of Indian pipes in the ethnological bureau at Washington and in the collection of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society. The illustrations are most admirable and show that the aborigines carved their pipes so as to represent all sorts of grotesque animals.

Then comes a paper by Christopher Wren, curator of archeology of the historical society on the "Aboriginal pottery of Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania." This article comprises thirty-three pages and is illustrated with specimens from Washington and from the local historical society. The illustrations are gems of the photographer's and half-toner's art.

In a brief article Charles F. Hill describes some Roman Catholic Indian relics that were found in Wyoming Valley. Illustrations are given of plaster molds for making images of the Virgin Mary. One of the leaden images was actually found in the mold, which was picked up in Denison Township on the Nescopeck Creek. In addition to the mold and leaden image there is shown a brass crucifix which was found in the lower end of Wilkes-

Barre, near Firwood. It was in an Indian grave, and along with it was perhaps a quart of beads. On one side is Christ on the cross, below is a skull and crossbones. On the other side is a figure of the Virgin. The land on which the crucifix was found was an extensive burying ground, and many relics have been found thereabouts. It is said all the skeletons were buried with their heads toward the west. It is a matter of conjecture as to whether the crucifix was obtained from the Jesuit Fathers who penetrated into Canada a century and a half before Wyoming Valley was settled, or whether these crucifixes were sold among the tribes by hardy traders, of whom we know two were in Wyoming Valley as early as 1737.

There is a paper on "The Early Bibliography of Pennsylvania," by Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker. After formally treating his subject, the governor compliments the Historical Society on its success, energy and enterprise. He says that Wyoming Valley has everything to attract attention—tales of the wars with the Indians; the romance of Queen Esther; the story of Frances Slocum.

"The expedition of Col. Thomas Hartley against the Indians in 1778 to avenge the Massacre of Wyoming," is the subject of a paper by Rev. David Craft of Angelica, N. Y., occupying twenty-seven pages. Col. Hartley's expedition moved northward from the West Branch with only 200 men, of whom 130 were from Wyoming. Most of them were connected with the Sullivan expedition of the next year. They penetrated the northern wilderness to the edge of the Iroquois country and having accomplished their purpose returned in safety after making a circuit of 300 miles, covered by forced marches occupying two weeks. They had some slight engagements with the Indians and succeeded in rescuing sixteen white captives from the Wyoming region. They brought over fifty cattle, destroyed four Indian towns, among them that of Queen Esther at Sheshequin and gathered much information useful for Sullivan's expedition in the year following.

On the title page is a picture of the Zebulon Butler tablet which has been placed on the Historical Society building. It is accompanied by a sketch from the pen of Rev. Horace E. Hayden of the circumstances which led up to it. There is also an illustration

of a sword of Lieut. Thomas Hayden, an ancestor of Rev. Mr. Hayden, and his commission as an adjutant under Col. Zebulon Butler at Danbury, Conn., in 1777.

"The pioneer physicians of Wyoming valley" is the title of a paper by Dr. F. C. Johnson, occupying sixty pages. It is a thorough compilation of an interesting subject. The period covered is the half century ending in 1825. The paper presents, not only what could be gleaned from local histories, but much matter that had not heretofore appeared in print, some of it from sources entirely original. Among the first doctors to practice in this region were: Dr. Joseph Sprague, 1771; Dr. William Hooker Smith, 1772; Dr. John Calkins, or Corkins, 1773; Dr. Lemuel Gustin, 1778. The paper is a fitting companion to the paper by Dr. Johnson on the "Pioneer women of Wyoming."

There are biographical sketches of Miss Martha Bennet, Rev. Dr. N. G. Parke, Mrs. Priscilla Bennett and Hon. Charles A. Miner, deceased members of the society.

The volume closes with a list of contributions and exchanges and a list of the society's publications, which covers six pages.

The volume testifies on every page to the careful editorial oversight of Rev. Mr. Hayden.

FOREFATHERS' DAY.

[Daily Record, Dec. 23, 1905.]

The nineteenth annual dinner of the New England Society of Northeastern Pennsylvania was held at the Jermyn, Scranton, last evening and about 125 members gathered round the festal board to do honor to the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in 1620. The large dining room was lavishly decked with flags and bunting and with holly and other greens. The speakers included Prof. Oren Root of Hamilton College, a brother of Secretary Elihu Root; Hon. Henry M. Hoyt, solicitor general of the United States, son of the late Governor Henry M. Hoyt of Wilkes-Barre, and Rev. George Clarke Peck, D. D., pastor of the Elm Park M. E. Church, Scranton.

The dinner, which was an elaborate one, was all over by 10 o'clock, at which time the address as retiring president was made by Alvah D. Blackinton. Edward B. Sturges then entered on his duties as toastmaster.

Dr. Root spoke on "The Aliveness of New England." Mr. Hoyt's theme was "The Pilgrim in the Wyoming Settlement," and Dr. Peck's closing speech was on "The Pilgrim of To-day." The speeches were not lengthy and were full of stirring patriotism and praise for New England. Announcement was made of the death during the year of J. B. Fish and W. R. Storrs.

The attendance from hereabouts was as follows:

Wilkes-Barre—Judge Rice, Judge Ferris, O. A. Parsons, J. W. Hollenback, Dr. Lewis H. Taylor, C. D. Foster, Dr. F. C. Johnson.

Plains—D. Scott Stark.

Pittston—C. C. Bowman, William H. Peck, William J. Peck.

FORTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY.

The forty-eighth annual meeting of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society was held on Friday evening, Rev. Dr. Jones, vice president, in the chair.

Christopher Wren, curator of archaeology, submitted a report, descriptive of the world's work in this line and of accessions by the society.

A resolution of sympathy for the president of the society, Judge Woodward, who is ill, was adopted.

A committee was appointed to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the society, and the 100th of Judge Jesse Fell's discovery that coal could be burned in an open grate.

A resolution appreciative of the services of Miss Clara Bragg, late cataloger, was adopted.

The following persons were elected to membership: Capt. Gordon Scott, Jonathan R. Williams, R. Nelson Bennett, Dr. H. M. Beck, Lea Hunt, Paul Bedford, T. L. Newell, Miss Susan C. Foot.

A vote of thanks was passed to all contributors.

The election of officers was as follows, the only change being to elect Dr. Levi I. Shoemaker a vice president in place of the late Rev. Dr. F. B. Hodge:

President—Hon. Stanley Woodward.

Vice Presidents—Rev. Henry L. Jones, Maj. Irving A. Stearns, Dr. Lewis H. Taylor, Dr. Levi I. Shoemaker.

Corresponding Secretary and Librarian—Rev. Horace E. Hayden.

Recording Secretary—Sidney R. Miner.

Treasurer—Frederick C. Johnson, M. D.

Trustees—Andrew F. Derr, S. L. Brown, Edward Welles, Richard Sharpe, H. H. Ashley.

Curators — Archeology, Christopher Wren; numismatics, Rev. Horace E. Hayden; mineralogy, William R. Ricketts; paleontology, Joshua L. Welter; paleobotany, William Griffith.

Rev. Horace E. Hayden submitted his annual report in interesting detail but owing to the unusual pressure on the Record columns it will have to be held over until Monday.

The report of the treasurer, Dr. F. C. Johnson, showed that dues to the amount of \$1,005 had been collected; received \$200 from Luzerne County and ten life memberships at \$100 each, as follows: Mrs. Mary Derr, George S. Bennett, S. B. Vaughn, W. Leavenworth, Woodward Leavenworth, Jr., Abram Nesbitt, wife and daughter, J. M. C. Marble and Anna W. Hollenback. Among the expenditures was the purchase of a Webster Coal & Coke Co. bond of \$1,000; salaries of secretary, assistant and janitor, \$1,245; printing, \$216; balance in general account, \$199. Balance in catalog fund, \$43; balance in savings account, awaiting investment, \$1,009.

List of investments:

Water Company	\$ 7.00
Plymouth Bridge Co.	6.00
Miner-Hillard Milling Co.	1.50
Sheldon Axle Co.	1.00
People's Telephone	1.00
Webster Coal & Coke	5.00
United Gas & Electric Co.	1.00
Westmoreland Club	300

Total investments\$22,800

WILKES-BARRE SIXTY YEARS AGO.

[Daily Record, Dec. 28, 1905.]

Sixty years ago the old borough lines extended from North to South streets, and from the canal to the river, and the inhabitants numbered only three or four thousand. With very few exceptions there were no paved sidewalks and in general makeup it was like any other country village, with no street light at night except that furnished by the moon, and there were probably only about half a dozen brick buildings in the whole town. The canal on the south, west and northwest sides, with elevated bridges where the streets crossed, was the one feature that, like

the railroads of to-day, gave the borough a businesslike appearance. Main street and Market street in those days ran right through the Square, cutting it into four triangles, with a building in each corner. The old church, known as "Old Ship Zion," was on the west corner, the court house on the south, a stone fire proof building for the court records on the east, and the old Academy on the north corner. Franklin street then ended at South street, and Washington street, north and south, was only partly open. Canal street was mostly swampy ground, and south of the canal was a big bog pond, reaching from Northampton to North street. It was a great skating place in the winter and a good place to catch bullheads and sunfish in the summer. Market street and the Baltimore coal chutes was the only dry ground in that section for a distance of three blocks.

The canal furnished employment for many boatmen, and served as an outlet for coal and lumber, and brought in merchandise from the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore in the summer. There being no railroads at that time, all the merchandise that came into the valley came either by stage or by canal. There was a daily line of stages to Easton, sixty miles over the mountains, and it took about sixteen or seventeen hours to make the trip, and about two days to reach Philadelphia or New York. There was also a stage line running to Harrisburg and one to Towanda, and a line of packet boats to Northumberland during the summer, but most of the travel came over the Easton turnpike.

MANY ORCHARDS.

There were many large apple orchards in Wilkes-Barre in those days. Judge Ross on South Main street had one, with a cider press and a still house in it, located in the rear of the present G. A. R. Memorial Hall. There was also Dilley's orchard on South Franklin and River streets, while below, where Franklin street then ended, was a large orchard extending from South street clear below Ross, which was divided by the Lehigh & Susquehanna Railroad running to South street, and and a large distillery was on the river bank, just below the present residence of William L. Conyngham. Squire Dyer also had an orchard just off Main street and Public Square, and there were others a little farther down, between Main and Washington streets, including Dr. Jones's, northeast of the

old jail; Joseph Slocum's, north of Main street canal bridge, and Lew Worrell's, on North River street. In fact most of the vacant land was covered with apple and other fruit trees, and even at this late day I can pretty near tell how the apples tasted on every tree, for the small boy of that day had the run of all the orchards without fear of being molested. Judge Ross's cider press was a great resort for the boys of those days at cider making time.

THE BOYS OF LONG AGO.

The boys and men of those early days, as I remember them, were a pretty fair lot of fellows, and I will try and name some of them, leaving out the girls, as they did not count for much as they did not go fishing or swimming or skating with the boys, but they were just as bright, and smart, and pretty as the girls of to-day are. The Dilley boys, sons of Jesse Dilley, lived on South River street below Northampton, and were Sylvester, Anning, Lyman, Urban, Butler, Friedland and Monroe. Next above were Col. Wright's boys, Joseph and Richard. Then came John L. Butler's sons, Frank and Chester. Next, on the opposite corner, were Judge Edmund Taylor's sons, John, Tom and Edward; then the Conyngham boys, Butler, Tom, William L. and Charley; then Harry Fuller's son, Harry; then Peter McGilchrist's, at the old Phoenix Hotel, Miller and Horton. Further up the street was Samuel Holland, the pioneer coal operator of Wyoming Valley, with his two nephews, Holland Noles and Holland Merritt. Then Judge Reichard's sons, George, Henry and John. On Union street were Col. Beaumont's sons, John, Henry, Andrew and Col. "Gene," and Col. LeClerc's son, Ed.

Then came the "Gabtown" boys, Billy, George, Oliver and Clem Patterson; the Speece boys, Sam and Lee, and their half brother, Charlie Stout. The Emerson boys, Emmons, George and Byron; the Leach boys, Oliver, George, Isaiah and Silas. Farther up the street were Col. Hamilton Bowman's two sons, Charley and Tony. About this time Oliver Hillard came from Charleston, S. C., with his two boys, Thad and Will, and built the Hillard block, corner of Main and Union streets, and a large mill in the rear of Union street. Esquire Myers's sons were Lawrence, William, Henry and Charles. The Farrel boys on North Main street were Lawrence, Johnny and Dennis. Sammy Corcoran was also one of the boys of

my time. On Franklin street were Sharpe D. Lewis's sons, Arnold, Harry and Toby; on River street were the Chapman boys, stepsons of Squire Carey, Charley, Isaac and Dave; the sons of cashier Lynch of the Wyoming Bank, Samuel and Roll; the sons of Judge Woodward, Stanley, George and John; Rev. John Dorrance's sons, Ben, Jim, John and Charley; "Daddy" Lynde, the watchmaker, had one son, Edward; the sons of Thomas White, the wagonmaker at the end of Franklin street, Joe, John, Dan and Tom; preacher Baker's son, Ed. On the opposite side, on South street, lived Peter Shiveley, a tailor, with two sons, Sylvester and Peter; Luke Moore, the blacksmith, had one son, George, about my own age, and several younger ones.

On South Main street were Sterl Root, Jim Spencer, Johnny Laning, Arnold, Henry and John Bertles, William and Rufus Marcy, Bill Bettle and the Cutler boys, Reuben, Richard, Stewart and Alpheus, known as "Bub;" merchant C. B. Fisher's sons, Tom and Harry; and Fell, the blacksmith's son, Eddy. Then there were the Brower Boys, Halsey and Johnny; the Hay boys, William, Dan, Tom and John; the Connor boys at the top of "Nigger Hill," William, Wilsey, Hughey, Dave, Tom and John; the Kidney boys, on the hill, Sam, Tom, Joe and James; preacher Meister's sons, John and Isaac, and Johnny Wykoff.

Then there were the colored families, the Tillmans, Browns, Tennants and Rexes, with large families of boys, and in those days the color line was not drawn, but the white and the colored boys played together indiscriminately. "Nigger Hill" was a famous place for coasting in the winter and the boys kept it as smooth as glass as long as the snow lasted.

Going back into the town we find lots of more boys that I knew—Tommy, Robinson's boys, George and "Doc;" postmaster Collings's sons, Samuel, Eleazar, "Quaker" and Tom; George P. Steele's son, Ed; cabinetmaker Helm's sons, William, Ben and Tom; the Fell boys, Charley, Theodore and Sam. On East Union street was Alexander Gray, superintendent of the Baltimore Coal Co and his three boys, John, Alex and Jim; Dr Jones's sons, James and Ed; son, George; Lord Butler's sons, Joe, Zeb, Ziba and Ed; Judge Kidder's son, Scott. Then there were deacon Fell, who lived at Joe Slocum's, Billy Freas,

who lived at Steele's, and the Loop boys, Sterling, Miller and "Judge."

On Northampton street were Tom and Alpheus Dennis, and Billy Cook, John Fell and Eddy Birmingham. On Washington street, Port Hart, Tom Smith and Eddy Gore. On Franklin street, C. E. Butler; at the old river bridge, Bill, Harry and George Kutz. Below town lived George and Billy McLean, Charley Dana and Bill Stephens, and many other good fellows whose names I have forgotten. On South Main street lived William, Tom and John Butler, and on West Ross street the Miller boys, John, "Rodge," Tom and Wesley, and Joe Swayze, and many others, large and small.

THE CHURCHES.

On the Square was Old Ship Zion, used by the Methodists, whose resident pastor was Father Roger Meister, with itinerant preachers, who changed every year.

At the Episcopal Church on South Franklin street Rev. R. R. Claxton was the rector. The Presbyterian Church stood where the Osterhout Library now stands, and the pastor was the Rev. John Dorrance. I attended Sunday school in the old class house on North Franklin street, when Daddy Claxton taught there. The above were the only churches at that time.

There were no free schools in those days. The Perry girls had a private school, as did Mrs. Hannum in the old court house, Mrs. Jane Miner and Nathan Barney, the old Academy on the Square, Deacon Dana's preparatory school on Academy street and Miss Bixby's school for young ladies.

The judges were John N. Conyngham, P. J., ex-judges Scott and Kidder, judges George W. Woodward and Warren J. Woodward, and several associate judges, among whom were Ziba Bennett, William S. Ross and others.

LAWYERS AND TAVERN KEEPERS

The leading lawyers were Harry M. Fuller, Col. H. B. Harrison and Caleb Wright, Charles Denison, Volney L. Maxwell, Lyman Hakes, Luzzy Shoemaker, Jonathan Slocum and several others whose names I have forgotten. Squire Dyer and a Mr. Burrows were justices of the peace.

The principal hotels were the Old Phoenix, on River street, where the Wyoming Valley Hotel now is, of which Peter McGilchrist was the proprietor; Steele's Hotel, on the site of the Ben-

nett Building, on the corner of the Square and North Main street; the present Exchange Hotel, then kept by Samuel Puterbaugh; the Black Horse, that stood where the Osterhout Block now is, kept by Archiphus Parrish and his sons, Brady, George, Gould and Charley; the White Horse, on West Market street, kept by Petit and Beisel, and the Wyoming Hotel, on South Main street, on the site of the Christel Block, kept by Capt. Jacob Bertels.

STAGE DRIVERS.

Then there were the four-horse Concord coaches, driven by the old time stage drivers, Jeff Swainbank, Elijah Knox, John Teets, Stewart Rainow, Erastus Cox and others, who were men of importance on those days, and on the Harrisburg route was George Root, and on the Towanda line George Pruner. Old Miller Horton owned most of the stage lines, with his two sons, John and Miller.

MERCHANTS.

The prominent merchants of that early day, as I remember them, were: George M. Hollenback, Isaac Wood, John B. Wood, Abram Wood and Matty Wood, Reynolds & Slocum, Henry Pettebone, C. B. Fisher, Martin Long, Marx Long, Lynch & Nicholson, Sinton & Tracy, Camp Gildersleeve, Ziba Bennett, J. Constine, Eno & Teller, Charley Reets, Reuben Flick, Isaac M. Osterhout, Jacob Anheiser, with his four sons, Ed, Charley, Henry and Bill. Bakers, F. C. Wait, Thomas Robinson and Zacky Gray; hatters, J. Snow and Ed Pierson; tanners, Mr. Howe and J. Wilson; butchers, Jessy Dilley and Bill Davis, and Mosey Wood; doctors, Thomas Miner, Dr. Jones, Dr. Boyd and Dr. Smith; prominent carpenters and builders, John T. Bennett, Hiram Dennis and Mr. Barnes, with his four sons, and Ira Marcy; blacksmiths, Dan Bennett, Harry Wilson, John G. Fell, Thomas White, Hugh and Ed Fell, Mr. Drake and Dan Hay; millinery, Mrs. Nancy Drake; druggists, Charles Streater and William Tuck; wagon-makers, William Dean, Thomas White, L. LeGrand; shoemakers, Daddy Hoffman, Mr. Davage, Hart Alkins, C. Klipple; harness makers, Edward Taylor, E. B. Loomis; tailors, Gray, Everett, Shively, Brower.

These are about all I recollect, so I will leave the completion of this chapter for some other historian with a better memory. Yours,

J. Bennett Smith.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The annual report of Rev. H. E. Hayden, librarian of the Historical Society, is substantially as follows:

You are aware that we are rapidly approaching the centennial of the City of Wilkes-Barre which we will celebrate with becoming ceremonies on the 10th of May next. In this celebration this society is asked to take a prominent part. The duty of securing a suitable orator and historical address for that occasion falls to our committee. You will remember that this society was foremost in securing a proper celebration of the centennial of the organization of Luzerne County in 1887. I would remind you in this connection that two years hence, Feb. 11, 1908, this society will have reached its fiftieth birthday on which day it would be most fitting for us to celebrate not only the organization of the society, but the historic incident which gave rise to its formation,—Jesse Fell's experiment in burning anthracite coal in a domestic grate, the centennial of which will also fall on Feb. 11, 1908.

During the past year death has continued to be busy among our members, six having died:

Rev. Francis B. Hodge, D. D.

Abram G. Hoyt.

Mrs. Annie Buckingham Dorrance Reynolds.

Liddon Flick.

Dr. Charles S. Beck.

Alexander Coxe.

While we mourn the departure of these members it is a pleasure to report an increase of both life and annual members. The life list now numbers 129, and of these thirty-seven have passed away but their life membership fee invested, still returns annually living dues, a memorial of our deceased friends. The total membership of the society is 348.

The financial condition of the society still improves slowly, although it is not what it ought to be. The addition to our funds through life membership for the year is \$1,100:

Major Irving A. Stearns.

Mrs. Henry H. Derr.

William Ricketts.

George S. Bennett.

Woodward Leavenworth, Sr.

Woodward Leavenworth, Jr., deceased.

Stephen B. Vaughn, deceased, Kingston.

Abram Nesbitt, Kingston.

Mrs. Sara Myers (Goodwin) Nesbitt, deceased, Kingston.

Mrs. Sarah (Nesbitt) Smythe, Kingston.

Miss Anna W. Hollenback, Brooklyn.

Col. John Miner Carey Marble, Los Angeles, Cal.

The election of new member to-night shows a very gratifying interest in the society by some of the present generation of young life in this historic valley. Thoroughly established in its free and permanent home, in its financial support, and its reputation through its literature here and throughout the United States, this society appeals most strongly to the public spirit and local enthusiasm of the young men of this Wyoming section. Three of the new members lately elected, one living in New York City, one in Brooklyn, and one in California, became members of the society because they thought it was due to the memory of their ancestors who were important factors in the early history of Wyoming.

During the past twelve months 6,300 visitors have been registered in the rooms.

Our neighboring and daughter city, Scranton, has no other historical society than this which covers the full area of old Luzerne County. But Scranton has a Dr. Everhard, who is about to erect an extensive Museum of Natural History costing, it is said, \$600,000, well endowed. Montrose, whose Historical Society has just been born, has received as a gift from Mrs.

Cope of Philadelphia, of Montrose descent, the sum of \$60,000 to endow it with a building and an income.

The Wyoming Historical and Geological Society, the only one of its kind in the United States, and next to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, the oldest and largest and best equipped in the State, has an endowment of only \$25,000, of which \$19,000 has been secured by the present librarian since he began to obtain life members in 1889. And this sum has been secured, not by large gifts, but, excepting the Hollenback and Stearns funds of \$1,000 each, not one individual gift has exceeded \$200.

The cataloging work of the society library has continued with very gratifying success under Miss Clara W. Bragg, who has now gone to the Worcester, Mass., Free Library to take charge of the cataloging department of that institution of 150,000 volumes, and at an advanced salary. She is succeeded by Miss Susan Cowan Foot, of Rome, N. Y., graduate of Pratt Library School. She entered upon her duties Jan. 16, with great acceptance to the librarian.

The financial situation of the cataloging work has not been so successful. It requires, as stated in 1904, the sum of \$1,600 to do the complete work of cataloging the 16,000 books and pamphlets in the library. Of this sum the librarian has collected from the members of the society gifts of from \$5 to \$50, amounting to \$1,200, leaving \$400 still needed. But the trustees have decided to utilize the annual dues of the members to meet this emergency, and they earnestly urge the members to unusual promptness in payment of their dues in order to relieve the treasury of this demand. Among the needs pressing without the necessary funds to meet them, is a case for the Wren collection of Wyoming Indian relics, numbering when presented to us 7,000 pieces, increased by the giver to 10,000 pieces.

During the past year \$150 worth of the published transactions have been sold and the money added to the Lacoe and Ingham funds. Thus the Lacoe Fund amounts now to \$700 and the Ingham Fund to \$530. The Zebulon Butler Fund, which is created by gifts from the descendants of that illustrious hero, has been increased by three contributions of \$50 each and amounts to \$710.

Among the valuable donations to the society, its library and collections, during the past year must be especially noticed a generous contribution of \$50 from the Wyoming Valley Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution to the cataloging fund, also thirty-five volumes of historic value from George B. Kulp, Esq. And what is of peculiar local interest, and of Revolutionary history, the remains of "Old Buntz," a 4-pound cannon, left in the valley by Sullivan in 1779, and which for many years, seventy-five or more, delighted the young men on various Independence days. A piece of this cannon has long been preserved in the Historical Society, but the main portion of the gun has been hidden for years until now, through the instrumentality of Mr. Abram Nesbitt, who has many a time fired it, and Mr. R. B. Reilay, it has been presented to the society by Mr. Guerdon Shook of Forty Fort, where it has been secreted. It will be mounted on a gun carriage and exhibited in the rooms. From Mr. Burton Voorhis we have received valuable local Indian relics; from the estate of the late Dr. Charles S. Beck many fine Indian relics, minerals, coal fossils and remains of the extinct mammoth. From Maj. Irving A. Stearns we have received a case of minerals, a part of the collection of the late Capt. L. Denison Stearns; and, as previously referred to, fully 3,000 additional Indian relics from the Susquehanna watershed, with some fine objects from the stone age in Denmark, have been presented by Mr. Christopher Wren.

The Librarian reports receiving during the year: Books, 542; pamphlets, 593; purchased books, 50; donated, 75.

EARLY WYOMING HISTORY.

[Daily Record, Jan. 16, 1906.]

The following reference to a paper read by one of Wilkes-Barre's best known citizens, now deceased, appeared in the New York Sunday Tribune:

Speaker Cannon, whose years and experience qualify him to speak with some degree of authority, and who spent the earlier years of his life in that part of the country where individualism had the fullest possible scope for development, recently stated that the opportunities of the present day far exceed those enjoyed by the grandfathers of the present generation three-quarters of a century ago, and that the present generation is better physically, mentally and morally than any of its predecessors have been. It is only because time has smoothed away the roughness of the past that the pessimists of the present day seem to find that those whose activities covered the first half of the former century were more favored than we now are, and that "the times are out of joint."

One must read of the struggles of the men of other years in order fully to appreciate what they experienced in order to gain a livelihood. "The Magazine of History" prints a part of the address of the late W. P. Ryman of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., before the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society, wherein he mentions some of the difficulties of settling the Wyoming Valley. He stated that when he was a small boy he heard Charles Harris, then an old man, tell of some of his earlier recollections, which ran back to about the time of the Wyoming massacre; of how his father worked all the first day of his arrival at what is still known as the "Harris Settlement" felling trees and building a cabin. Night came on before the cabin could be inclosed. With the darkness came a pack of wolves, and to protect his family Mr. Harris built a fire and sat up all night to keep it burning. The wolves were afraid of the flames and would not come near, and when daylight came they disappeared. To pass one night under such circumstances required bravery, but to stay, build a house, clear a farm and raise a family with such terrors constantly menacing required a courage that commands our highest esteem. Another settler, a Mr. Worthington, came from Connecticut as late as 1806, less than a hundred years ago, and was compelled to cut a way through the forest and build a house,

his nearest neighbors miles away and no clearing in sight anywhere. Wolves were then numerous and bold at night and the only way Mr. Worthington could protect his family from their assaults was for all to climb the ladder to the second floor and pull the ladder up after them. Mr. Worthington used to say that his life during those early days was most lonely and disheartening.

The best of the first stores in the nearest town would hardly be dignified by that name now. Only a few necessities were kept in any of them, and "necessaries" then had a much scantier meaning than now. A few of the commonest and cheapest cotton cloths were kept in stock; the woolen goods used for winter wear, for both men and women, were all homespun. It took many years for the storekeepers to convince the farmers that they could buy heavy clothes of part wool and part cotton that would be as durable as, and cheaper than, the all wool homespun. The time spent on the latter was counted as nothing and the argument failed. A few other kinds of goods in daily use, such as coffee, tea, tobacco, rum, sugar, molasses and, of course, powder, shot and flints, were sold. Lucifer matches had not yet been invented and the problem of keeping a fire was, in winter time, a serious one.

With no improved machinery the lot of the agriculturist was especially hard. There was no easy work on the farm as there is at the present time. The only plough in use then was made entirely of wood, except the point, and was little different from that used by the ancient Egyptians four thousand years ago. This plough was jabbed into the ground here and there between roots, stumps and stones, and with it a little dirt could be torn up now and then.

DEATH OF F. B. MYERS.

[Daily Record, Jan. 17, 1906.]

F. Benham Myers, for many years one of the best known residents of the West Side, fell to the sidewalk on North Main street, just above the Record office, shortly after noon Jan. 16, 1906, and died from heart failure within a few minutes.

His fall to the sidewalk was noticed by several bystanders and they hastened to his assistance at once. B. F. Maxey, Dr. Barney and others carried him into one of the stores near the

place in front of which he was standing when the attack occurred. Dr. Walter Davis was also called and arrived after Mr. Myers had been assisted inside, but all their efforts were of no avail and he died without regaining consciousness.

The body was identified as that of Mr. Myers and later he was removed to his home on Market street, Kingston, which he had left only a few hours previously, apparently in good health.

Frederick Benham Myers, a lifelong resident of the Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania, born June 10, 1845, in Kingston, Luzerne County, a son of Madison F. and Harriet (Myers) Myers, natives of Frederick County, Maryland, and Kingston Township, Pennsylvania, respectively, and grandson of Michael Myers of Frederick County, Maryland, who was one of four brothers—Lawrence, Philip, William and Michael—who emigrated to this country at an early date.

Madison F. Myers (father) came to the Wyoming Valley and settled on the old homestead near which Frederick Benham Myers lived, and which is in Kingston near the present Kingston depot. The patent for the homestead was issued May 20, 1805, and the farm represented here has never been out of the possession of the Myers family since. Madison F. Myers cultivated and improved this property, making it one of the highly productive farms of the locality, and resided thereon until his death, which occurred Aug. 2, 1859. His wife, whose maiden name was Harriet Myers, bore him the following children who lived to reach maturity: Miranda, deceased, who was the wife of Charles Steele of Pittston, later removing to Fall City, Richardson County, Nebraska. Philip Thomas, deceased, was a resident of Kingston. Martha A., married Archibald J. Weaver, now deceased, and they were the parents of four children who lived to maturity; they resided in Fall City, Nebraska, and Mr. Weaver served as district attorney of that city two terms, and also as judge and congressman for the district. Frederick Benham, whose name heads this sketch; William P., married Helen McCarty, issue, three children, reside in Fall City, Nebraska. Mrs. Madison F. Myers died Dec. 5, 1889, at the age of 83 years.

Frederick Benham Myers acquired a liberal education, having been a student in the public schools of Kingston,

Wyoming Seminary and Cazenovia Seminary, New York. He had always followed farming and gardening, commencing this line of work when in his teens and having charge of the farm before he was of age, after the death of his father and working during vacations while nursing his studies. Later his operations were conducted near Dallas, where he had a large truck farm, and in Westmore, where he had a large garden, the largest in that vicinity. On a portion is the old homestead. Another part is now being cut up into building lots and sold and constitutes the Myers Annex to Edwardsville. Through his own ability, and the exercise of energy and unconquerable determination Mr. Myers had made a success of this enterprise and had also gained a reputation as a progressive and practical agriculturist. He had borne a full share in the promotion of community interests and had been chosen to serve as director in the Commonwealth Telephone Co. of Scranton and in the Centremoreland Telephone Co., in both of which he discharged his duties with credit and efficiency. Prior to the Civil War, about 1859 or 1860, he was a member of the first fire company of Kingston. Mr. Myers was a Prohibitionist in principle, a Republican in national politics, but in local affairs cast his vote for the man who, in his opinion, was the best qualified for the office.

Mr. Myers is survived by his wife and the following children: Fred Philip; May and Jessie, attending Syracuse University; Mrs. Harriet Macomber of Port Dickinson, N. Y.; Lisle, and Miss Laura, a student at Wyoming Seminary.

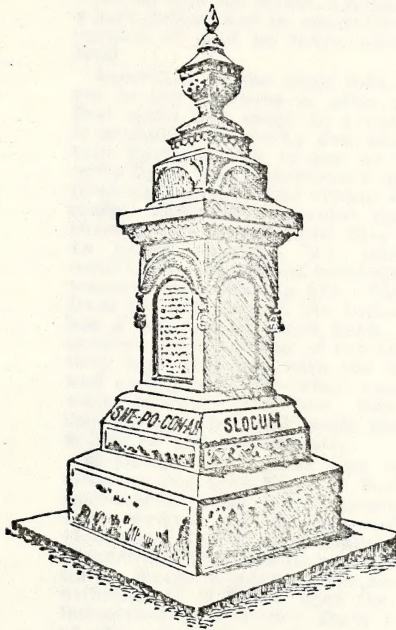
FRANCES SLOCUM.

[Daily Record, Jan. 20, 1906.]

Of all the incidents in the history of our Wyoming Valley the capture and captivity of little Frances Slocum in 1778 is probably the most widely known. Thousands have read of the snatching away of this little 5-year-old child by a band of lurking savages as she was playing about the cabin door. The world knows how the little girl grew to womanhood and became a swarthy squaw, who when discovered by her brothers nearly sixty years later refused to give up her rude Indian life and return to the comforts of civilization.

Well, the story has been often told and has furnished material for many a writer of fiction and poetry and history, but none has told it so charmingly as has Mrs. Martha Bennett Phelps of Wilkes-Barre, a grand-niece of the Wyoming captive, in a handsome book of 167 pages from the Knickerbocker press in New York, the title being "Frances Slocum, the Lost Sister of Wyoming."

The frontispiece gives a reproduction in colors of the original painting by George Winters showing Frances Slocum as she was when discovered by



MONUMENT TO FRANCES SLOCUM

her brothers, who had spent a lifetime in search of their lost sister. The original of this portrait, almost life size, is in the possession of Mrs. Mary Butler Ayres of Wilkes-Barre. The copy, in colors, was made by Miss Jennie Brownscombe, so well known in art circles. There are also other illustrations in colors of members of the family of the captive in Indian garb and these were executed by Mrs. Phelps's daughter, Mrs. Anna Phelps Burrows of London, England.

The Slocums were Quakers and emigrated from Rhode Island to Wyoming in 1777 and built a cabin about where Lee's planing mill now stands, corner of North street and Pennsylvania avenue. After the battle of July 3, 1778, nearly all the settlers fled, but the Slocums and a few others remained to gather the crops. They thought their Quaker proclivities would spare them from savage attack, but they were mistaken, for in the late autumn their cabin was attacked by a prowling band of Indians who shot and scalped one boy and carried off little 5-year-old Frances into the forest. A Kingsley child whose father was in captivity was also carried off and no trace was left behind.

According to the story told by Frances to her brothers in after years the first night was spent in a cave, which is probably the rocky den near Mountain Park, known to-day as the Hermit's Den. She remembered being very tired and hungry and crying herself to sleep. They then traveled many days through the woods until they came to an Indian village. At night they would sleep on beds of hemlock boughs, warmed by a blazing fire. They drank from the brooks and the Indians made her a cup out of birch bark. She described the treatment of the Indians as very kind—fed her with the best they had and carried her when too tired to walk further. The boy was subsequently released and made his way in safety to the settlements.

Evidently the winter was spent at Niagara and here Frances Slocum was registered in the list of captives, but the writing of Slocum looked like Hookam. Had it been plainly written Slocum the brothers in subsequent visits to Niagara might have found her, although it is likely that the Indians industriously kept her from the sight of the searching brothers, lest she be recognized and taken back to civilization. So the blunder of some careless clerk or soldier prevented her being restored in childhood to her family. In the meantime a later war party had killed her father and grandfather at Wilkes-Barre and completed the mother's desolation.

Some time was spent at Sandusky and the next winter at Niagara again. Then they went to Detroit where the Indians made many canoes in preparation for co-operating with the British forces. She remembered seeing the soldiers returning with scalps in their belts. She lived at Detroit three years,

and after the war the Indians lived by raising corn and hunting and fishing. Her next home was at Fort Wayne, Indiana, where she thought she lived twenty-five or thirty years. She married a chief named Little Turtle, who was killed in battle. Her adopted father talked English and taught it to Frances, but after his death she forgot it all. She then married a Miami chief and she took the Miami name Maconagua. She bore him four children, of whom two daughters grew to maturity.

Twenty-nine years after her captivity her broken hearted mother died, aged 71 years. Her brothers had spent many years in searching for Frances, and were at last rewarded. But instead of the laughing little child who had been carried away fifty years before, she was a tawny squaw. A chapter is devoted to the visits to her by the brothers and sisters in a day when there were no railroads and hardly any stages. The narrative tells how they identified her by means of a scar inflicted by a little brother with an ax and how she was able to describe her childhood home in a manner to demonstrate that she was indeed the long-lost Frances. She even remembered her first name.

The brothers begged in vain that she return with them to a home of comfort and ease, but their loving entreaties fell on deaf ears and she would not give up her Indian life—for she had become indeed an Indian herself. She died in the Christian faith at the age of 74 years.

Mrs. Phelps tells all these and many other things in a manner that makes her work as fascinating as a novel.

Frances Slocum sleeps in an Indian burying ground by the side of a beautiful stream in the West—the Mississinewa in Indiana. Her descendants in 1900 placed a monument over her grave, of which an illustration is given above. Members of the Slocum family and others from many States were present at the unveiling to do honor to the memory of the "White Rose of the Miamis." Among those present was George Slocum Bennett of Wilkes-Barre, whose grandfather sought out and identified his long-lost sister. Two thousand persons witnessed the unveiling, including 250 Indians and half-breeds. Among the speakers was Chief Gabriel Godfroy, the last lineal descendant of the Miami tribe, whose remarks were in the Miami language and in English.

It is interesting to remark that the Wilkes-Barre descendants are planning to erect a monument or tablet to mark the site of the Slocum cabin, from which little Frances was carried captive in 1778.

ELIZABETH STARK SHOEMAKER.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stark Shoemaker departed this life Jan. 21, 1906, in Plains, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. David Scott Stark, with whom she had made her home for many years. She died in the fullness of Christian faith and with entire resignation to the divine will, in the eighty-sixth year of her age.

Elizabeth Stark Shoemaker, daughter of James and Mary (Michael) Stark, was born at Plains in the old family homestead, Nov. 29, 1820, and was a great great grand-daughter of Christopher, and great grand-daughter of James and grand-daughter of Henry Stark, born in Connecticut 1762. The Starks were English. Mrs. Stark was a lineal descendant of an English baron, who was also son of a baron of Yorkshire. They were wealthy, owning a manor and vast estates and bearing their coat-of-arms in Great Britain.

They arrived in New England at a very early date. They came to the Wyoming Valley with the first settlers and with their energy and blood helped make it historic.

In 1845 Miner wrote: In upper Wilkes-Barre, nearly a mile from the Pittston line, northwesterly from the State road towards the river is an ancient family burying ground where repose, side by side, Christopher, James and Henry Stark. These three were father, son and grand son, and the patrimonial estate was occupied by James Stark, aged about 50, who at that time could point to the three generations of his ancestors. Miner thought at that time there was not another instance where there was a great grand-father buried in the county. Christopher and his son both died before the Wyoming battle.

In 1772 Aaron sold his land claim to James and settled in another part of the valley. Gen. John Stark—the hero of Bennington—was a descendant of one of the three brothers and a relative of those of the name in the Wyoming Valley. Nor was the patriotic spirit confined to the New Hampshire branch. On the enlistment of the independent companies of Durkee and Ransom, Writes Miner, James Stark, son of

James and brother of Henry, joined the army and marched to meet the enemy. Three of the name were in the Wyoming battle fought July 3, 1778—Daniel, Aaron and James Stark, the latter only escaping death. The first, and for many years, the best frame house in Upper Wilkes-Barre belonged to the Stark family. Says Miner in 1845: Painted red more than half a century ago, situated on the first rise of the river, commanding a pleasant prospect of the Susquehanna and large meadows, it was an object of admiration and attention. James Stark, the father of Mrs. Elizabeth Shoemaker, was a long time magistrate and the pioneer merchant of the Plains; he opened his store in 1812. He was one of three who founded the first Methodist Church in 1843, and one of the largest coal land owners in the Wyoming and Lackawanna valleys, and one of its first coal operators, and very wealthy at the time of his death, Feb. 3, 1856.

Mrs. Shoemaker spent the most of her life on the banks of the Delaware, in Monroe County. She was the widow of Charles Shoemaker, who came of an honored family. His ancestors came to America in the sixteenth century. He was a grandson of Capt. Henry Shoemaker of the Revolutionary War, and son of Capt. Jacob Shoemaker of the State Militia. He was a well read man, of fine ability; a stanch Republican, taking a great interest in politics at the time of our Civil War and the emancipation of the slaves. He established Shoemaker's postoffice, and was the postmaster for many years and dealt largely in the mercantile business and owned considerable real estate. James Shoemaker, one of the founders of Mankato, Minn., and the Hon. A. J. Shoemaker were brothers.

Mrs. Shoemaker resided at the Delaware Water Gap several years and was prominently associated with the Methodist Episcopal Church of that place, and was one of the few to contribute toward the erecting of the edifice, which now marks the site to which she gave most liberally. She also gave a part of the land on which the Moosic Methodist Church now stands, and was very generous to the poor. In 1876 she made West Pittston her home for ten years, coming back to the place of her birth in 1886, ending life where she began it so many years ago. She was a sister to the late John M. Stark and Mrs. B. D. Beyea; also sister to the late David Scott Stark of Wilkes-Barre, a cousin of Judge Searle

of Montrose and a relative of Gen. William Stark Rosecrans, "The hero of Stone River."

Five children survive—Mary, wife of G. W. Snyder of Wilkes-Barre, Georgiana, wife of D. Scott Stark of Plains, Alice, wife of W. Frank Ver-Beck of New York City, Miss Jennie Shoemaker and Charles J. Shoemaker. Two sons and a daughter are deceased. —James Stark Shoemaker, a graduate of Eastman's Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. and a prominent citizen and business man of Fort Wayne, Ind., Henrietta and David Scott Shoemaker.

THE NANTICOKE DAM.

[Daily Record, Mar. 1, 1906.]

Sixty-five years ago the writer, a boy of sixteen, made his first trip through the chute of Nanticoke down on a pine raft of sawed lumber ten platforms long, loaded with pine shingles, his father, Thomas Ingham, being the pilot. It was rather a high rafting freshet, the upper abutments could hardly be seen and the chute was very rough, but we ran it safely "without drawing a wedge, or breaking a coupler," as the raftsmen's phrase went. Not so fortunate were some rafts that had gone through the day before, for we saw several pieces of wrecked rafts in Hunlock's eddy, where the owners were repairing damages.

Nanticoke was dreaded by the North Branch raftsmen worse than any other dam from Towanda to Conestogo, and had they known as much about dynamite as is now known, they would have blown it out of the river.

In the first place, the chute was entirely too short for the height of the dam, and gave the raft such furious speed than in case either corner of the forward end raked the eddies on the right hand, or the left, the raft would be sure to dive to the bottom, tear the forward platform to pieces, swing around and break in two.

In the second place, the dam was built in a bend of the river, and the chute was parallel to the course of the river below (which was right), but this made it difficult to get a raft safely into it. It would not do to keep the raft out far enough from the eastern short so that the men could see through it, as a raft in that position would go over the dam in spite of the efforts of the crew to prevent it. The only safe way was to get the forward

end out into the chute and then hurry the stern out as fast as possible, but generally the raft would rub the shore abutment, and sometimes hard enough to crook the raft.

Another thing, the chute was only wide enough for a single raft, and as they generally ran in fleets of two, with only one pilot, it made a great hindrance in double tripping. I have been rafting down the river many times since that first trip, and sometimes stove the forward platform all to pieces, and lost the oar.

Now a few words about taking out the accursed old dam. I will say I believe the pine timber of which it is constructed is as sound as ever, and will pay all the cost of taking out the obstruction.

The Lehigh Valley Co. took out every stick of the Horse Race dam for the sake of the timber. They were not obliged to take it out, and had they not known the value of the pine timber it would have remained in the river till this day.

The Record speaks very cautiously about the removal of the dam in lessening the height of the great floods for miles above it. It says: "In the first place, the resolution shows a disposition to grant relief to the flood sufferers along the lowlands, if relief can be had." No doubt some of the editors have been at Nanticoke in flood time, and could not find any dam there—saw only some breaks and ripples. The water at the lower end of rifts, or falls, commences raising and leveling up first, and the falls are soon "drowned out." In the case of a flood (like we had a few weeks ago), there were no falls anywhere along the river. The current moved on swiftly, and as fast once place as another.

I had a dam on the Sugar Run Creek $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet high (more than half as high as the Nanticoke dam) and when there was a flood in the creek there was no fall there, and a stranger would have sworn there was no dam there. Taking out that dam could have made no difference in the height of the water above it, unless the bed of the creek had been lowered. Taking out the Nanticoke dam would not, in my opinion, make a particle of difference in time of great floods in the height of water above the dam, because at flood time the dam is no obstruction. The water moves as freely above it as if there were no dam there.

If the dam were taken out and \$20,000 spent in dredging out the bottom of the river to the depth of five feet, from Pittston down to Hunlock, it would help matters amazingly.

J. W. Ingham.

Sugar Run, Pa.

DEATH OF REV. C. J. COLLINS.

[Daily Record, March 20, 1906.]

On Monday, March 19, at his home, 301 West One Hundred and Seventh street, New York City, occurred the death of the Rev. Charles Jewett Collins in the eighty-first year of his age. He was formerly a resident of Wilkes-Barre, noted for his scholarly attainments and for a long period identified with the educational interests of this city. To him we are primarily indebted for our present efficient public school system.

Mr. Collins was born in Wilkes-Barre June 25, 1825, and was the son of Oristus Collins, a distinguished lawyer and at one time president judge of the Lancaster County courts. His mother was Anne, daughter of Dr. David H. and Patience Bulkeley Jewett of New London, Conn. Mrs. Jewett with three daughters, son and negro slave came to Wilkes-Barre in 1815, and the family resided on Franklin street for sixty years, about where the Grand Opera House now stands. Another daughter, Elizabeth, was the mother of the late Dr. David J. Waller of Bloomsburg.

Charles J. Collins was a descendant, through his maternal grandmother, of elder William Brewster, president Charles Chauncey of Harvard College and of the Denison, Prentice and Latimer families of Connecticut. He graduated from Williams College, Mass., in 1845, and remained there as tutor for two years. In 1854 he graduated from the Princeton Theological Seminary.

In 1855 he became second principal of the Wilkes-Barre Female Institute and resigned to become pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Danville, Pa. In November, 1866, he was appointed by the school board, "superintendent of the public schools of Wilkes-Barre," and entered into the work with enthusiasm, succeeding so well the first year that the board in their report said: "The board in the most emphatic manner desire to recognize their obligations to Rev. C. J. Collins. * * The amount of labor, time, well directed skill, energy and

conscience which he put into his work is best known to your board. Himself a mature scholar, and experienced educator, he quickly apprehended the wants of our locality. * * * His enthusiasm was at all times unabated; his interest in the cause of education was the result of a conviction of its utility, and he most conscientiously met every responsibility before him."

In August, 1874, he resigned owing to ill health, and became principal of the Princeton Preparatory School at Princeton, N. J., where he remained until 1881, when he removed to Rye, N. Y., and for several years conducted a successful school for boys. Since then he has resided in New York City.

Mr. Collins was twice married—first to Annie Rankin of Newburg, N. Y., and had three daughters, who survive him: Laura, who married William H. Parsons; Annie Wolcott, married Walter B. Howe, and Louise Huntington, who married G. Horace Tappau, all of New York City. Mr. Collins is also survived by his second wife, Ida V. Martin.

Mrs. A. R. Brundage, Levi Waller and C. E. Butler of this city are also cousins.

JOSEPH M. STODDART DEAD.

[Daily Record, March 26, 1906.]



Joseph Marshall Stoddart, an old-time merchant of Philadelphia, died yesterday at his home in Rydal, Montgomery Co., Pa., after an illness of several months' duration. Mr. Stoddart was 90 years old last November and was

the son of John Stoddart, founder of Stoddartsville. Mr. Stoddart was twice married, all of his five children being born him by his first wife. These were Curwan and Gideon of Rydal; Joseph M., Jr., of New York; Mrs. George F. Lasher of Rydal, and Mrs. George Butler of Dorranceton. For many years he was engaged in the dry goods business in Philadelphia, in the firm of Curwan Stoddart & Bro. Some years ago his health began to fail, since which time he has spent his summers at Stoddartsville, his cottage standing just over the falls of the Lehigh.

Nearly twenty years ago he was partially disabled by a stroke of paralysis, but he was a man of unbounded energy and by systematic exercise he not only passed the time pleasantly, but largely regained his powers. He obtained an outfit of woodworking tools and busied himself in making useful articles, which he either presented to his friends or gave to church fairs to be placed on sale. From a slightly bluff on his grounds could be had most picturesque views. The tract was kept in a state of nature, pines and rhonododendrons and other denizens of the forest having been left undisturbed.

The old mill at Stoddartsville, now in ruins, was built by his father in 1815, at which time Stoddartsville was founded.

Joseph M. Stoddart was a highly cultivated, genial, generous, patient man, and all who knew him will grieve to hear of his taking off.

WILKES-BARRE IN CONGRESS IN 1815-1906.

[Daily Record, March 28, 1906.]

(By Henry W. Palmer.)

The first name that appears on the rolls of the Congress of the United States from Wilkes-Barre is that of Thomas Burnside, who began his service in the Fourteenth Congress in December, 1815. He had achieved distinction as a member of the general assembly from Luzerne County before his election to Congress. He resigned his seat in 1816, and was afterwards a Judge of the Common Pleas and Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

From that time the town has had no reason to complain that her citizens have been slighted or that those sent have not achieved a full share of the honors of the earth while in Congress, or before or afterward.

George Denison, who had been recorder of the county and a member of the general assembly, was the next man to go from Wilkes-Barre. He served in the sixteenth and seventeenth Congresses, beginning in 1819, and died at Wilkes-Barre in 1831.

In the eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first and twenty-second Congresses, Wilkes-Barre had no representative.

In the twenty-third Congress, Andrew Beaumont was sent in the year 1823. He was a man of mark in his day and generation, and his sons,

Lieut. Com. John Beaumont of the navy, and Col. Eugene B. Beaumont of the army, have proved by distinguished services to their country, the quality of the blood they inherited from their ancestor. Some of the older inhabitants may be able to recall the fierce faction fight that was waged in Luzerne County, in which Col. H. B. Wright led a valiant band derisively named the Bobtails, and Andrew Beaumont a small but no less valorous army, named the Copperheads. Long years before this name was applied to those of the north who sympathized with the Confederate cause, it was in use in Luzerne County and applied to the Beaumont Democracy.

Among the distinguished citizens of Wilkes-Barre who sat in Congress, Charles Miner, who came to the town as early as 1797, at the age of 17, ought not to be omitted. Abeit he represented the district of which West Chester was a part when he edited the Village Record. To him we are indebted for the valuable History of Wyoming that bears his name. He lived to the ripe age of 85, and died in Wilkes-Barre, where his kindred have always been among the foremost of leading and honorable men.

Benjamin S. Bidlack represented the district in the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth Congresses. Eleven days after his term expired, in 1845, he was appointed by the President charge de affairs at Bogota, Columbia, where he died on the 6th of February, 1849.

Chester Butler, whose name is familiar to every old resident of the town, was sent to the thirtieth and thirty-first Congresses. His term commenced in 1847. He was a graduate of Princeton College, studied law at the law school in Litchfield, Connecticut, and was a member of the general assembly. He was among the highly educated and brilliant men of the day.

Henry M. Fuller, who was one of the best beloved of Wilkes-Barre's sons, entered the thirty-second Congress in 1851, aged 31 years. His distinguished services are not forgotten. He was re-elected to the thirty-fourth Congress; removed to Philadelphia, where he died in 1860, aged 40 years. He was a graduate of Princeton College, a member of the legislature, an able, eloquent and distinguished lawyer and advocate. Probably no man who had trod the paths that lead to political distinction ever was surrounded by a more devoted and zealous band of friends. Beyond question, if his life

had been spared, wealth and the highest honors of the State and nation would have been his for the asking, and perhaps without.

Col. Hendrick B. Wright defeated Henry M. Fuller for election to the thirty-third Congress, and was in turn defeated by him for the thirty-fourth. Col. Wright was a graduate of Dickinson College. His career as a public man began with his appointment by George M. Dallas, afterwards Vice President of the United States, as district attorney of Luzerne County, in 1843, and ended with his death in September, 1881. Nearly half a century he was a conspicuous figure in the political history of the State and nation. He was a member of the legislature, speaker of the House, a delegate to the national convention that nominated Polk and Dallas, and presided over it as temporary and permanent chairman; was a delegate to the conventions that nominated Pierce, Buchanan, Douglas, Seymour and Tilden. He served in the thirty-third, thirty-seventh, forty-fifth and forty-sixth Congresses, published a book entitled a "Practical Treatise of Labor," and another entitled "Plymouth Sketches." He was a man of might, potent before the juries, eloquent on the hustings, a good friend and a bitter foe. Everybody liked Col. Wright. If he had been less of a politician, the unique generosity begotten of a kind heart that led him in times of want to personally distribute loaves of bread, would not have been misconstrued. No needy man ever left his door unfed. No suitor who applied to him too poor to lay down a fee went away undefended. What better could be said of any man?

Charles Denison defeated Col. Wright for renomination to the thirty-eighth Congress, which met in December, 1863, in the midst of the Civil War. The convention that nominated Mr. Denison met in the court house in the fall of 1862. It was a battle of giants. The momentous issues growing out of the war were to be discussed and settled. They were not questions of commercial treaties, traffs or railroad rates. The life of the nation was in the balance. The excitement was intense when the old war horse of the Democracy was overthrown. His adversary was a keen, cool, able lawyer, who gathered under his banner the Democracy who resented the election of Col. Wright as a Union candidate voted for by Re-

publicans in 1860. Denison served until 1867, when he died during his term in the fortieth Congress.

George W. Woodward was elected to fill the unfinished term of Charles Denison, and was also re-elected to the forty-fifth Congress. He was one of the most distinguished of the long line of brilliant men that Wilkes-Barre has produced. His first public service was as delegate to the convention that framed the constitution of 1838, his last was in the constitutional convention of 1873. In both he was conspicuous for learning and ability. Between these dates he had been a judge of the Fourth Judicial district, Associate Justice and Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. In his record as a lawyer and judge, his distinguished sons and grandsons find personal satisfaction, and the great body of American lawyers and jurists the uncontradictable evidence of the fact that he was among the ablest and most fearless of American judges.

Lazarus D. Shoemaker, "Uncle Lassy," as he was familiarly called, succeeded to the forty-second Congress, and was re-elected to the forty-third Congress. He was a graduate of Yale College, lawyer and State senator. No man ever lived in Wilkes-Barre in whom greater confidence was reposed. The story was told of him that a Newport farmer who owned what has since turned out to be a most valuable coal tract, sold and conveyed it to "Uncle Lassy," refused to take the purchase money, but had a credit for the amount entered on Mr. Shoemaker's books, saying he could come in and get some money from time to time, as he might need it. He was for many years a director of the Wyoming Bank, and had the reputation of indorsing for everybody and never losing anything. Upon one occasion his attention was called to the fact that one of the names entered upon a note indorsed by him was a forgery. He said that was all right; in that case the note would be duly paid by the drawer, and it was.

Winthrop W. Ketcham followed Mr. Shoemaker in the forty-fourth Congress. He began life at the bottom of the ladder, but achieved notable success as a lawyer and politician. He served in both branches of the legislature, was solicitor of the Court of Claims of the United States, and Judge of the United States District Court for the Western district of Pennsylvania. He was a man of eloquence and power,

and withal genial and kindly to a degree. There was no pretense in the warmth of his greeting or the profession of friendship for his fellow man. His contemporaries were: Henry M. Hoyt, Governor of Pennsylvania, Garrick M. Harding, President Judge of Luzerne County, Edward P. Darling, an excellent lawyer, noted for unfailing courtesy and cultivated tastes, Lazarus D. Shoemaker, David S. Randall, George Byron Nicholson, Charles Parrish, and hosts of others who gave Wilkes-Barre a wide reputation as the home of men of ability and renown.

The next appearance of Wilkes-Barre in the national Congress was by Edwin S. Osborne, in the forty-ninth Congress. He was a young practicing lawyer when the "big war that made ambition a virtue" broke out, in 1861. With the active assistance of Hon. D. L. Rhone, who had been a fellow student in the office of Hon. Charles Denison, a company was recruited largely from the farmers' sons in Huntington Township, of which Osborne was chosen captain. He arose to the rank of major, was judge advocate at the trial of Wirz, who was charged with cruelty to Union prisoners at Andersonville, major general of the State militia, commander of the Grand Army of the Republic of the State, twice Congressman-at-large for Pennsylvania, and once representing the Wilkes-Barre district. His distinguishing characteristic was a remarkable faculty for attracting men to his person and fortunes. His friends were numerous and devoted.

The space allowed forbids more than a mere mention of the distinguished sons of Wilkes-Barre who have filled the office in later years.

William Henry Hines sat in the fifty-third Congress, representing the workingmen, from whose ranks he climbed by his unaided efforts to distinction in the State senate and at Washington.

In the fiftieth Congress Wilkes-Barre enjoyed the rare distinction of having two members, Hon. John Lynch, now President Judge of the Court of Luzerne County, represented the district, and Gen. Osborne the State at large. John Lynch won his way from the occupation of a slate picker to the high station he now adorns as President Judge, and exemplifies as well as any man in public life the possibilities afforded by this land of equal opportunities to any one who wills and who has the disposition and power to do.

Morgan B. Williams, the sturdy son of toil, who first saw the light of day among the many colored hills of beautiful Wales, achieved the ambition of his life by winning a seat to the fifty-fifth Congress,—the American Parliament.

The city has been represented in the fifty-seventh, fifty-eighth and fifty-ninth Congresses by the writer of this paper.

Of all whose names appear upon the rolls of the House representing Wilkes-Barre, but three have been spared to witness the anniversary of her birth. Surely the fair city has no occasion to be ashamed of any, the living or the dead. All have borne well the part, and all have reflected credit upon the place of their nativity or adoption.

WILKES AND BARRE.

[Daily Record, March 29, 1906.]

The township of Wilkes-Barre, one of the original seventeen townships laid out by the Connecticut settlers in Wyoming Valley, was surveyed in 1769 by Col. John Durkee, and was named in honor of Col. John Wilkes and Col. Isaac Barre. Col. Durkee, who also laid out the town plot of Wilkes-Barre, had served in the French and Indian War. He and Col. Barre were fellow officers in the Cape Breton and Quebec campaigns and were warm friends. The former originated the new name of Wilkes-Barre and first applied it to the settlement. The fact of his acquaintance and association with Barre are sufficient to explain his desire to commemorate his comrade's deeds in the name of a new town. His giving Wilkes a more prominent place in the combination—so much so that Barre's connection with it has been frequently lost sight of entirely, and the name been spelled Wilkesbury, Wilkesberry, and even Wilkesburg—is perhaps not so easily explained, unless we conclude it was done for the sake of euphony.

COL. JOHN WILKES.

John Wilkes was born in London on the 17th of October, 1727. His father, Israel, was a distiller. His mother was Sarah, daughter of John Heaton, a wealthy landowner. John Wilkes received his education at the University of Leyden, which he entered in 1744, his early years having been spent under the direction of a private tutor. He left the university in 1748, and, the

following year, married Mary, the daughter of John Mead, a London grocer. His wife was ten years older than himself. After the birth of a daughter they separated, and Wilkes removed to Westminster. In 1754 he was a candidate for Parliament from Berwick-upon-Tweed, but was defeated. In 1757 he was elected for Aylesbury, and again returned in 1761. Being incensed by his failure to receive any appointments from the ministry, he established a paper called "The North Briton," in which he attacked Bute, the prime minister, with great bitterness. Owing to an article in which he ridiculed Lord Talbot, he was obliged to fight a duel. After the resignation of Bute, in 1763, he published the celebrated "No. 45," in which he criticised the speech from the throne. A general warrant was issued. Wilkes was arrested and thrown into the tower.

A week later he was released by the court on the ground that, as a member of Parliament, he was not liable to arrest. He afterwards reprinted the obnoxious "No. 45," and an article which gave his enemies the opportunity they desired. He was expelled from the House of Commons and put on trial in the Court of King's Bench. He was found guilty of "reprinting an impious libel." In 1763 he was severely wounded in a duel with Samuel Martin, and went to Paris. As he did not return to England for sentence, he was declared an outlaw.

In 1768 he returned, and was again elected to Parliament from Middlesex. Failing in an attempt to get a reversal of his outlawry, he was sentenced to imprisonment for twenty-two months, to pay a fine of £1,000, and furnish security for good behavior.

He was again expelled from the House of Commons in 1769. He was promptly re-elected, and immediately pronounced incapable of sitting. Again he was returned, and again rejected. A fourth election having resulted in his receiving a large majority, the House declared his opponent, Luttrell, elected. The people were so aroused by these proceedings that they raised the cry of "Wilkes and liberty," which was taken up with enthusiasm in the colonies. Men like Pitt and Barre now took up his quarrel, and the latter is believed to have written the letters of Junius in defense of the rights of Wilkes and all Englishmen. Being again cast into prison, he was visited in his cell by prominent Whigs, while mobs gathered outside to cheer for him. Having been elected an alderman

in 1769, and sheriff in 1771, he was a candidate for the lord mayoralty in 1772, but was defeated. He was elected lord mayor of London in 1774, and returned to Parliament from Middlesex.

In 1779 Wilkes was elected chamberlain of the city of London, and held the office until his death. He died at his house in Grosvenor Square, Dec. 20, 1797. He got the title of "colonel" from having commanded a militia regiment.

It was because he was regarded as a martyr to the cause of liberty that he was so well known and popular in the colonies. He was a great uncle of the celebrated explorer, Admiral Charles Wilkes of the United States Navy.

COL. ISAAC BARRE.

Isaac Barre was born in Dublin, of French parents, in the latter end of 1726. Peter Barre, the father of Isaac, was a Huguenot from the small but celebrated French seaport town of La Rochelle. The name of Peter Barre's father is not known.

Early in the eighteenth century, a Protestant maiden of La Rochelle, named Raboteau, was confronted with a choice of two evils. Her hand was sought in marriage by a man of the Roman Catholic faith, for whom she did not care, and she was threatened with incarceration in a nunnery if she refused him. She had an uncle, a merchant living in Ireland, who was then in La Rochelle with his ship, getting a cargo. He took her aboard the ship in a cask and she escaped with him to Dublin. It was there that she is said to have married Peter Barre.

Little is known of Isaac's parents, but it is said of Peter Barre that he kept a small grocery store. He died in 1776. Isaac Barre entered Trinity College, Dublin, on the 19th of November, 1740, as a pensioner. He was 14 years old, and obtained a scholarship in the fourth year thereafter. In 1746, at the age of 20 years, he obtained a commission as ensign in the 32 Regt. of foot, stationed at Flanders. When, in 1756, Pitt determined upon the expedition against Rochefort, ensign Barre volunteered. Gen. Wolfe being placed in command of a brigade, under Gen. Amherst, in the campaign against Cape Breton, in 1758, obtained from Pitt the appointment of major of brigade for his friend Barre on the 12th of May of that year. In the expedition against Quebec, Barre accompanied the ex-

pedition, with the temporary rank of brigade major, and the substantive rank of a captain.

On the 13th of January, 1759, at the age of 33 years, he was promoted to be captain in the army at large and major in America only, and deputy adjutant general. At the capture of Quebec he was disfigured for life by a bullet, which struck him in the cheek and destroyed the sight of one eye, and ultimately that of the other also; but his life was spared. He was by the side of Wolfe when he breathed his last, and West painted him in his picture as one of the group surrounding the dying general. He remained with Gen. Amherst during his operations against Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and Montreal, and returned to England, as the emissary of the general, to report a successful termination of the campaign.

In October, 1761, Lord Shelbourne obtained for Barre a letter of service to raise, as "colonel proprietor," the 106th Regt. of foot. In November of the same year he represented the borough of Chipping Wycombe in Parliament. Five days after his election he made his memorable attack upon Pitt, his future friend and ally. A year later, the strength of the army was reduced and Barre's regiment disbanded. He had gained the friendship of the ministry, and in March, 1763, received the appointment of adjutant general of the British forces, and, two months later, that of Governor of Stirling Castle. Having incurred the disapproval of the ministry, he was removed from his offices of adjutant general and governor before he had enjoyed them a year. It was in the debate on the Stamp Act in the House of Commons, in 1765, that Barre most distinguished himself. In the course of his speech, he spoke of the colonists as the "Sons of Liberty," and the name was adopted by them with delight. In July, 1765, he declined a place in the Cabinet. He was included in the next ministry as Vice-Treasurer of Ireland and a member of the Privy Council, and held office until October, 1768. About this time he was also restored to his rank in the army. In a speech in Parliament, supposed to have been delivered in March, 1769, Col. Barre is said to have predicted the loss of the colonies, as in his speech on the Stamp Act he had predicted their revolt. Permission being granted him, he resigned his commission in the army on the 21st of February, 1773, and in

1782 he was appointed treasurer of the Navy.

The same year, on the death of the premier, he retired from the Cabinet. In 1784 he was made clerk of the pells. About this time he was afflicted with a total loss of sight owing to the wound received at Quebec. Nevertheless, he was returned to Parliament and remained until 1790, when he retired permanently. He lived in retirement and declining health some years longer, and died of paralysis on the 20th of July, 1802.

It is not inappropriate that a beautiful city like Wilkes-Barre should have been named after two such friends of liberty and America.

JUDGE WOODWARD DEAD.

[Daily Record, March 30, 1906.]

Judge Stanley Woodward, for long years prominently identified with professional and social life in Wilkes-Barre, peacefully breathed his last at his home, corner of Northampton and South River street, yesterday afternoon at 4:30, at the age of 72. The end had for some days been foreshadowed. Judge Woodward had at various times in the past few years suffered from cystitis and had undergone several operations. He rallied from all of them, with a wonderful vitality. The failure of vital force that presaged the end occurred last summer, though Judge Woodward remained at his office work until a few weeks ago. Another operation was undergone, and from this the patient failed to rally completely, though he failed very slowly, and fought the grim messenger with greatest heroism.

Judge Woodward was a remarkable man. He came of distinguished ancestry and was a conspicuous example of the ancient adage, "Blood will tell." He was, as one may say, one of nature's darlings—brilliant in intellect, graceful in personal attributes, a joy to his friends, and the pride of the general community. He was one of the ablest of the many who have adorned the legal profession; was a polished and scholarly and much sought orator and speaker, and was always keenly interested in all the matters that go to make up the life of the community. Judge Woodward had friends—their names are legion. He won them easily, without conscious effort, for he was himself friendly,

loyal and trusting to the heart's core. As a raconteur he was a rare entertainer, and his literary taste is attested by the splendid library acquired through the years—a very storehouse of the gleanings of the world's greatest minds. He was for many years president of the local Yale Alumni Association and toastmaster of the annual gatherings. His offerings, always so richly veined in humor and so gracefully contrived, represented a large part of the entertainment of these annual feasts. He was so much more than a scholar and student that it were vastly insufficient to call him that. Judge Woodward's personality was wonderful. He was a courteous "gentleman of the old school"—genial, kindly sympathetic—a very true knightly character, though not clothed in the armor of the days of joust and tournament. His generation is mostly passed away, but of none of the older generation can it be more sincerely said that "he will be remembered through the years by everybody who knew him." He had an enormous personal following to whom the name of "Judge Woodward" meant something very definite in ability and in charm. For though he could well claim a pride of distinguished ancestry, he was of all men, a democrat in the broadest and best sense of that term. Personal contact with him meant an inspiration to goodfellowship, to the exercise of mind and heart in worthy avenues of effort. As a lawyer he was gifted, learned, logical. As a judge he was able, courteous, kind and invariably considerate. Many of his legal papers will be treasured for sound learning and skillful adaptation. He lived in an age of restless industrial activity, and yet in his professional and social bearing he revealed much of the flavor of what is best in the old and the traditional. Any one who has read Whittier's wonderful tribute to Judge Sewell of two centuries ago, will recognize in Judge Woodward many of the same qualities of mind and heart that gave the old Puritan jurist an abiding place in the hearts of later generations. And yet, to the judge of the later day there came a larger horizon of view—a broader, healthier human sympathy and human understanding.

The end was peaceful and serene and came after an illness that revealed patience and calm resignation. The earth is far poorer in this loss, for spirits like this are too rare. And at-

tributes like his, of heart and mind, are too infrequently combined in the one person. His professional brethren will sincerely mourn him and as for those who knew and loved him in the closer relations of friendship—there are no words to express the new sense of poverty they feel. Firm without obstinacy; gentle without weakness; able and gifted and yet as frank and sincere as a child—he was the learned lawyer, the upright judge, the patriotic, high minded citizen, the friend whose loyalty was as the needle to the pole. Had he been spared until June, 1907, he would have celebrated the golden anniversary of his marriage.

SKETCH OF STANLEY WOODWARD.

Judge Woodward came from a hardy pioneer stock, tracing his American ancestry back to Richard Woodward, who emigrated to America from Ipswich, England, on April 10, 1634, nearly 272 years ago. This Richard Woodward brought with him his wife and two sons, George and John, and became one of the earliest "proprietors" of the town of Watertown, Mass. Enos Woodward, greatgrandfather of Judge Woodward, about a year before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, removed to Pike County, Pennsylvania, from his Connecticut home. During the Revolutionary War he was frequently driven from his home by the Indians, but as frequently he returned, and finally died and was buried there. Abishai Woodward, his son, was born at Canterbury, Conn., but removed to Pennsylvania with his father seven years later. A few years after his marriage in 1789 he lost his left hand by an accident, and being thereby unfitted for the life of a farmer, set himself to acquire the knowledge necessary for school teaching. This he did, and moved to Bethany, Wayne County, where he opened a school. Here he was elevated to various positions of honor, including that of sheriff and associate judge. His son, George Washington Woodward, father of Judge Woodward, was born in Bethany and was educated at Geneva Seminary and Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., being transferred later to the Wilkes-Barre Academy. He also practiced law and was elevated to many important offices. For a time he was president judge of the Fourth Judicial district of Pennsylvania and in 1853 was appointed by Governor Bigler a

judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, to which position he was elected in the fall of that year, for the full term of fifteen years. In 1863 he ran against and was defeated by Andrew G. Curtin for governor of Pennsylvania, although his high personal rating was attested by the handsome majority he received in Luzerne County. For four years prior to the expiration of his term on the Supreme bench he acted as chief justice, by virtue of the seniority of his commission. In 1867 and 1868 he was elected to represent the Twelfth district of Pennsylvania in the Fortieth and Forty-first Congress, and in 1873 was elected delegate-at-large to the last constitutional convention on the Democratic ticket. He died in Rome, Italy, in May, 1875, and a handsome memorial pulpit to his memory has been erected in the Protestant Episcopal Church in Rome.

Judge Stanley Woodward was the eldest son of Chief Justice Woodward. He was born in Wilkes-Barre on Aug. 29, 1833, on the property now owned by Dr. Matlack on Northampton street. He was educated at the Episcopal High School of Virginia, located near Alexandria, and at Wyoming Seminary, where the late Governor Hoyt was his instructor in Latin and Greek. He was one of a family of nine children. Ellen Woodward at 18 years of age was drowned while skating. Brig. Gen. George A. Woodward, U. S. A., of Washington, D. C., survives. He was a graduate of Trinity College. Elizabeth Woodward Scott, wife of Eben Greenough Scott, of this city, survives. Lydia, a sister long since deceased, was the wife of Col. E. A. Hancock of Philadelphia. A handsome bronze tablet to her memory is about to be unveiled in St. Stephen's Church. William Woodward, a brother, died at the age of 35. John K. Woodward, for many years identified with local musical circles, died in 1885. A lovely window in St. Stephen's Church is erected to his memory. Charles Francis Woodward, a brother, and graduate of Princeton, died many years ago. A sister, Mary Woodward, now deceased, was married to J. Pryor Williamson.

From Wyoming Seminary Judge Woodward went to Yale College, where he distinguished himself by winning several prizes for excellence in English composition, and he was honored by being elected editor of the Yale Literary Monthly, the oldest college maga-

zine in the United States. He was also a member of the famous Senior Society at Yale, known as the "Skull and Bones." He was graduated from Yale in 1855. He began the study of law while still at New Haven and after his graduation entered the law office of his cousin, Hon. Warren J. Woodward, afterward judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

On Aug. 4, 1856, he was admitted to the bar of Luzerne County, the motion for his admission being made by Hon. A. T. McClintock. Warren J. Woodward had just been appointed to the president judgeship of the district composed of the counties of Wyoming, Columbia and Sullivan, and Mr. Woodward succeeded at once to a large practice.

During the Civil War he served for some time as Capt. of Co. H, Third Pennsylvania Regiment of Militia, and later as captain of Co. A, Forty-first Regiment of Pennsylvania Militia.

In 1865 he was defeated by Hon. L. D. Shoemaker when running for the State Senate on the Democratic ticket and in 1870, when a candidate for Congress, was again defeated by Mr. Shoemaker. In 1879 he was appointed additional law judge of Luzerne County by Governor Hoyt, and in 1880 received the nomination for additional law judge from the Democratic party and was triumphantly elected. In 1890 he was re-elected, and served out that full term of ten years.

Judge Woodward at one time had an active interest in the affairs of the Wilkes-Barre fire department and helped to make it one of the most efficient in the State. He joined the Good Will Fire Co. in 1857 as a private, two years later was made assistant engineer, and upon the retirement of Walter G. Sterling was made chief engineer, in which capacity he continued until his resignation in 1879, the department in the meantime having been reorganized as a paid department. During his administration the department was classed by the board of underwriters as being among the most efficient in the country, being placed by them with six other cities, in the first class.

From 1860 to 1863 Judge Woodward represented the Second ward in the council of the borough of Wilkes-Barre and at one time edited the Luzerne Union, a newspaper then owned by Mr. Bosee. In 1876 Governor Hartranft appointed Mr. Woodward one of his

aides, with the rank of colonel, and in 1878 he was a member of the executive committee having charge of the Wyoming Centennial celebration.

On June 3, 1857, Judge Woodward married Sarah Richards Butler, daughter of Col. John Lord Butler, and great-granddaughter of Col. Zebulon Butler, of Revolutionary War and Wyoming Massacre fame. The first court held in Luzerne County was held at his home at the corner of River and Northampton streets, until his death occupied by Judge Woodward. Mrs. Woodward survives, and two children of this marriage survive: John Butler Woodward, one of the ablest lawyers of the Luzerne County bar, and Dr. George Woodward of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, who married Gertrude Houston. Ellen Woodward, a daughter, died in childhood. There are seven grandchildren.

Judge Woodward was the last living founder of the Wyoming Historical Society and has been its president for a number of years.

OLD CORNERSTONE.

[Daily Record, April 10, 1906.]

Yesterday afternoon the workmen who were engaged in tearing down the old Slocum house on Public Square, recently occupied by John Madden as a book store, unearthed the cornerstone of the building. It is a long block of stone, two feet ten inches long, four inches thick and nine inches wide. On the face of the stone was very crudely inscribed the outline of a hand and the initials, "J. I. S.," and the numerals, "1807." The initials it is thought are those of Joseph I. Slocum, who erected the building, and the numerals indicate that the building was constructed in 1807. It was the first brick building to be erected in northeastern Pennsylvania.

DEATH OF OLDEST RESIDENT.

[Daily Record, April 25, 1906.]

The death of Miss Eliza R. Covell occurred early on Tuesday morning at her home on South Main street after a brief illness of pneumonia. The deceased had enjoyed remarkably good health until a few days prior to her death. She contracted a severe cold,

which rapidly developed into pneumonia. Her advanced age had weakened her too much to withstand such severe illness and she rapidly sank.

At the time of her death the deceased was the oldest living resident of Wilkes-Barre. She was born on South Main street, where the Stafford & Trainor building is now in course of construction. She was a daughter of Dr. Edward Covell and a granddaughter of Gen. William Ross, who was one of Luzerne's most distinguished residents during his lifetime. She was a devout Christian, charitable and of a pleasant disposition, which endeared her to those who came in contact with her. She resided with her nephew, Senator Sterling Ross Catlin, on South Main street since the house was erected more than fifty years ago.

DEATH OF WILLIAM A. FRANKLIN.

[Daily Record, April 26, 1906.]

William A. Franklin, the oldest settler in Huntington Mills, died on Tuesday of general debility, aged 89 years. He met with an accident two years ago through his team running away and since that time his health failed him. He died surrounded by his family of several generations. He was an earnest Christian and an upright citizen.

Deceased descended from sturdy Connecticut stock. His grandfather, Samuel Franklin, settled on the farm where the deceased died, in 1798. There were three brothers—Samuel, Col. John and Amos Franklin, who lived in the same neighborhood. Samuel Franklin married the daughter of Capt. Samuel Ransom, who was killed at the massacre of Wyoming. Col. John Franklin was marching his company up through Plymouth to aid them at Wyoming when they learned of the massacre. William Franklin, father of the deceased, was a notary public in this city and was bookkeeper for the First Wilkes-Barre Bridge Co. when it was built in 1816, and the set of books with the time and name of the employees is at present in the possession of the Record.

Deceased was a member of the Methodist Church his whole life and one of its most earnest and faithful members. In politics he was a stalwart Republican from the inception of the party and was overseer of the poor at Huntington Mills for a long period of years. In

the early "forties" he taught school in Huntington Mills.

Mr. Franklin was married fifty-four years ago to Miss Elizabeth McDaniels of New Jersey. He is survived by his wife and three children—Mrs. S. H. Harrison of Huntington Mills, J. Ebert Franklin, janitor of the Wilkes-Barre high school and Howard H. Franklin, who resides in the homestead.

DEATH OF ELISHA A. HANCOCK.

[Daily Record, May 18, 1906.]

Telegrams from Philadelphia on May 17 brought the painful news to Wilkes-Barre that one of its honored sons, Elisha A. Hancock, was lying so critically ill that his death was only a matter of hours. Maj. Hancock was taken suddenly ill on Friday, May 4. His attack was immediately diagnosed as appendicitis, but on account of other complications the doctors in attendance decided an operation out of the question. Subsequently owing to the rapid formation of an abscess in the vicinity of the appendix an operation was performed, but his vitality was not sufficient to stand the shock.

Later—Maj. Hancock died May 18, 1906.

Maj. Hancock comes from a pioneer family of Wyoming Valley, his great-grandfather having been John Perkins, who was killed by the Indians in 1778. Maj. Hancock's father was James Hancock and his mother was Mary Perkins Hancock.

He was thrice married. His first wife was Julia, daughter of the late John Reichard, one of the early German citizens of Wilkes-Barre. She bore him a son, James, who survives. His second wife was Lydia Woodward, daughter of the late Chief Justice George W. Woodward, and sister of the late Judge Stanley Woodward. His third wife is Rose Grier Simonton, a daughter of Rev. William Simonton, and a niece of Judge Simonton of Philadelphia, she being a relative of Rev. Dr. E. Grier Fullerton of Wilkes-Barre and of Mrs. Dr. Mayer. Only on Easter Sunday there was unveiled at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church a costly tablet in memory of his second wife.

Of a large family of brothers and sisters only one survives, James Denton Hancock of Franklin, Pa. He is prominent in western Pennsylvania politics and law affairs. Other brothers were:

John Hancock, Peoria, Ill.; William Hancock of Wyoming; David and a sister Sallie, who married Dr. Miles of Peoria.

Maj. Hancock was a member of the Wilkes-Barre Westmoreland Club and the Historical Society.

He is survived by a son James, a popular Princeton man of '88, who married Miss Clara McKenna of Pittsburg.

Military and mercantile circles have few men more widely known than Elisha A. Hancock of Philadelphia, who, as a member of the firm of Hancock & Company, has long taken an active part in the commercial affairs of that city and, by untiring industry and honorable business methods, has built up an establishment probably pre-eminent in the grain shipping business in the United States.

Elisha Atherton Hancock was born in what was then Wilkes-Barre Township, but now known as Plains Township, a few miles from the city of Wilkes-Barre, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, in 1839. His father was a farmer and the early boyhood of the subject of this review was largely spent at farm work. His early education was obtained in the country schools during the winter months. When he was 15 years old the family removed to Wilkes-Barre, where, after two years spent in school, he entered a machine shop as an apprentice, and zealously labored the full time of his apprenticeship. After attaining his majority he commenced work as a journeyman, but his career as a machinist was abruptly terminated in 1861, when he enlisted in a military company at Wilkes-Barre. When this organization arrived at Harrisburg his services were declined because the State's quota of troops had been filled, but after the first battle of Bull Run President Lincoln issued a call for additional troops and Mr. Hancock again entered the service of the country as first lieutenant of Co. H, Ninth Pennsylvania (Lochiel) Volunteer Cavalry in 1863. For nearly four years and until the war was thoroughly over he remained in the army, rising in 1865 to the rank of major. He was many times commended by his superior officers both for personal gallantry and for able and efficient discharge of duties, being several times mentioned and commended in the dispatches to the War Department. During his army service Maj. Hancock participated in fifty battles and upwards,

principally while with the Department of the Cumberland, serving on the staffs of Generals R. B. Mitchell and E. M. McCook. He took an active part in operations against Morgan's forces in his several raids; in the battle of Perryville and the battle of Chickamauga. He was with Sherman and the Federal army in the historic march to the sea, and was wounded while in command of the Third Battalion at Averysborough, North Carolina, March 16, 1865, the wound resulting in the amputation of his left leg, just at the close of the war, in July, 1865. After the restoration of peace Maj. Hancock returned to his home in the Wyoming Valley, where he spent a year recovering from the effects of his wound. He then opened a mining supply store at Plains, Pa., in 1866. For nine years he continued in this business, removing to Wilkes-Barre in 1875 and forming a partnership with his brother John, a resident of Peoria, Ill. In 1878 the firm of Hancock & Company was merged into that of Hancock, Grier & Company. In 1884 it was again established as Hancock & Company with only the original partners, John and E. A. Hancock. By pursuing strictly legitimate business methods this firm raised up a mercantile and exporting house second to no grain shipping firm in the United States. Straightforwardness in every transaction, promptness in all engagements and instant payment of all just demands are the principles which have always governed its numerous transactions and won for it a high place in commercial circles.

Maj. Hancock had been in Philadelphia but four years when he was unanimously elected to the presidency of the Commercial Exchange. Governor Hoyt, on assuming the gubernatorial office, appointed Maj. Hancock as quartermaster general of the State of Pennsylvania with the rank of colonel, a position in which he served during the governor's term.

While a resident of Wilkes-Barre Col. Hancock assisted in the organization of the People's Bank and was a director of the institution. He was one of the founders and is now a director of the Fourth Street National Bank of Philadelphia. For several years he was a director of the Pennsylvania and New York Canal & Railroad Company, a part of the Lehigh Valley system. Governor Hastings appointed Col. Hancock as a representative of Pennsylvania on the staff of Maj. Gen. Dodge at

the inauguration of President McKinley.

Maj. Hancock's engaging personality and his high standing in social and mercantile circles have won for him many friends. He filled the office of director and vice president of the Union League of Philadelphia, of which organization he is still a member, and he is also a member of the Loyal Legion, the Grand Army of the Republic and of the Rittenhouse and Country clubs. During several summers Maj. Hancock has sought much needed rest, recruiting his health and finding delightful recreation in European travel. He was planning for a stay abroad during the coming summer.

It has been understood that Maj. Hancock contemplated providing for a handsome memorial in this, his native town.

Probably the first attempt to tell the story of the battle of Wyoming in verse is given in the following verses. John Gagon of this city sends a clipping from an old paper which he says was found between the rafters of an old log house in Danville. It can be found in Miner's History of Wyoming, where it is attributed to Uriah Terry and is said to have been written soon after the 1773 battle. As given below, eight stanzas of soliloquy are omitted and nine stanzas from another source are added in order to complete the tale as told in the old paper from Danville. It cannot be claimed that Uriah was much of a poet, but his verses are interesting nevertheless:

MASSACRE OF WYOMING.

"A tragical account of the Battle between the people of Wyoming and the Indians of Westmoreland, in the year 1778, in which two hundred of the Americans were unhappily sacrificed to the savage barbarity of some treacherous Americans and cruel savages, in a poem, by a person then a resident near the field of battle."

Kind heaven assist the trembling muse,

While she attempts to tell

Of poor Wyoming's overthrow,

By savage sons of hell.

One hundred whites, in painted hue,

Whom Butler there did lead;

Supported by a barb'rous crew

Of the fierce savage breed.

The last of June the siege began,

And several days it held;

While many a brave and valiant man

Lay slaughtered on the field.

Our troops march'd from the Forty-Fort
The third day of July;
Three hundred strong they march'd
along
The fate of war to try.

But O! alas, three hundred men
Is much too small a band,
To meet eight hundred men complete,
And make a glorious stand.

Four miles we marched from the fort
Our enemies to meet,
Too far indeed did Butler lead
To keep a safe retreat.

And now the fatal hour is come,
They bravely charge the foe;
And they with ire return the fire,
Which proved our overthrow.

Some minutes they sustained the fire,
But ere they were aware;
They were encompass'd all around
Which proved a fatal snare.

And now they did attempt to fly,
But now 'twas all in vain;
The little host by far the most,
Were by those Indians slain!

And as they fly, for quarters cry,
Oh! hear indulgent heaven;
Hard to relate the dreadful fate,
No quarters must be given!

With bitter cries and mournful sighs,
They seek for some retreat;
Run here and there, they know not
where,
Till awful death they meet!

Some men yet found were flying around,
Sagacious to get clear;
But vain to fly, the foe so nigh
The front, the flank, and rear.

And now the foe has won the day,
Methinks their words were these,
"Ye cursed rebel Yankee race,
Will this your Congress please!"

Your pardon's cause you then shall have,
We hold them in our hands;
We all agree to set them free,
By dashing out their brains.

And as for you enlisted crew,
We'll raise your honors higher;
Pray turn your eye where you must lie,
In yonder burning fire.

They naked in those flames were cast,
Too dreadful 'tis to tell,
Where they must fry, and burn and die
While cursed Indians yell.

No age nor life these tigers spare,
The youth and hoary head
Were by these monsters murder'd there
And numbered with the dead.

The Forty Fort was the resort
For mother and for child;
To save them from the cruel rage,
Of the fierce savage wile.

Now when the news of this defeat,
Had landed in our ears,
You well may know our dreadful woe,
And our foreboding fears.

A dreadful sound is whispered round,
The sun now hides his head;
This nightly gloom forebodes our doom,
We all shall soon be dead.

How can we bear the dreadful spear,
The tomahawk and knives?
And if we run the dreadful gun
Will rob us of our lives.

But heaven! kind heaven, propitious
power!

His hand we must adore;
He did assuage the savage rage,
That they should kill no more.

The gloomy night now gone and past,
The sun returns again,
The little birds from every bush
Seem to lament the slain.

With aching hearts and trembling hands
We walked here and there,
Till through the northern pines we saw,
A flag approaching near.

Some men were chose to meet this flag,
Our colonel was the chief,
Who soon returned and in his mouth
He brought an olive leaf.

This olive leaf has granted life,
But then we must no more
Pretend to fight with Britain's king
Until the wars are o'er.

And now poor Westmoreland is lost,
Our forts are all resigned,
Our buildings, they are all on fire,—
What shelter can we find?

They did agree in black and white,
If we'd lay down our arms,
That all who pleased might quietly
Remain upon their farms.

But, oh! they've robbed us of our all,
They've taken all but life,
And we'll rejoice and bless the Lord,
If this may end the strife.

And now I've told my mournful tale,
I hope you'll all agree
To help our cause and break the jaws
Of cruel tyranny.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

[Daily Record, May 28, 1906.]

Editor of the Record:

"I have had much pleasure in going through the first and second volumes of the Historical Record and find much to interest.

I note you are not very full on the church lottery and the fight between the Methodists and the Presbyterians. Mr. Ziba Bennett was secretary of the Board of Trustees of the M. E. Church. I think, at that time and I am told had a full record of the incident. I have always thought the printed statements I have seen were not reflected from Methodist sources.

I note on p. 211, Vol. I, as part of Captain Franklin's company, my great-uncles, Nathan and Benjamin Carey, and also my great grandfather, John Carey (who raised me from infancy until my 12th year), also another extract: "11th, Clear, hoed some and went to Nathan Carey's wedding." This was my great-uncle and gives me the date of his marriage, which was to Jane Mann of Hanover. He moved later to Arkport, New York, where he is buried. He was the first coroner of Luzerne County.

I see also your reference to early steamboats on the Susquehanna River, but so far I see no reference to the one I remember. I was born in 1833, left the Valley in 1846; one of my earliest memories is of a steamboat that I went with my mother to see, that came up the river and had met with some accident and was tied up at the river bank west of Careytown, either on the Miller Horton farm or my great-grandfather, John Carey's farm. It was near the line between them.

I note your reference to the old church on the Square. It was raised in 1801. All Careytown was up to the raising, including my great-grandfathers, John Carey and David Richards, and grandfather Marble. I am indebted to my uncle, David Thompson, for this date.

I remember Rev. Father Moister, and as a child shall never forget his singing of "Canaan, Bright Canaan, t h e r e i s a land of Canaan." I have forgotten most of the wording and have long wanted a copy, but of the many Canaans that I find there are none like Father Moister's.

On p. 79, Vol. II, I note "First Railroad to Wilkes-Barre." I was at the opening ceremony at South Wilkes-Barre. On p. 79, Vol II, you speak of

Rev. Baker and his singing of "Blow Ye the Trumpet Blow." It was one of the joys of my life to sit on the knee of my great-grandfather, John Carey of Careytown, and hear him sing that grand old hymn.

I am endeavoring to read the volumes quite carefully; among other things to learn more of my great-grandmother, whose maiden name was Susannah Mann. Her first husband was a Mr. Greene, who, I think, was killed in the Revolution or died from the effect of his service in the Revolution. Her second marriage was to my great-grandfather, John Carey of Careytown, and by her he had all his children. His son, my grandfather, died in 1808. His daughters, of whom there were three, married and moved to Illinois at an early date, and my great-grandmother died in 1815.

I am also looking up the records, hoping to learn more of my great-great-grandfather, Eleazer Carey, who came to Wyoming Valley with the First Forty Connecticut Pioneers, in February, 1769, and I am seeking to know the particulars of each of Col. Denison's marriages, he having been married twice. So you see I feel a good deal of interest in your publication, especially where it goes back to the 17th century and the early days of the 18th. Yours very truly,

John M. Marble.

Los Angeles, Cal.

DEATH OF JUDGE LOOP.

[Daily Record, May 28, 1906.]

Yesterday morning at 9:30 o'clock occurred the death, at his home on South River street, of Judge J. M. Loop, one of the oldest members of the Luzerne County bar. He was stricken with paralysis last Tuesday and his condition at once became so critical that the end was foreseen. At no time did he rally sufficiently to give his relatives any encouragement. Judge Loop was 83 years of age and he is survived by his invalid wife; a twin brother, Edward S. Loop of South Main street; a younger brother, Rev. DeWitt Clinton Loop of Baltimore; and a sister, Mrs. Sidney Roby of Rochester.

John Miller Loop—he was popularly known as D. J. M. Loop, although the first initial was not part of his name—was born in Elmira, N. Y., in 1823. He was educated at the old Wilkes-Barre

Academy and graduated from Dickinson College in 1844. After reading law with an Elmira preceptor he removed to Illinois and practiced his profession in that State for some months. In 1849 he removed to Fort Winnebago, Wisconsin, and in a few months was elected the first district attorney of Columbia County. He was also admitted to the Supreme Court of Wisconsin. In 1864 he came back to Pennsylvania and practiced his profession in Hazleton and Wilkes-Barre, as well as in Lancaster County. In 1870 he again went West, this time to Missouri. He located in Newton County and later went to Joplin, Jasper County, at which place he was elected judge. In 1879 he went to Kansas, in 1880 to Waverly, N. Y., and in 1882 he returned again to Pennsylvania and practiced in Nanticoke and in Wilkes-Barre.

Judge Loop was descended from Revolutionary stock. His mother was a daughter of Gen. William Ross, Sr., who came to the Wyoming Valley in 1775 and after the massacre, the rest of the family having been separated in that awful slaughter, he and his mother escaped by way of Nescopeck. After their return he joined the army and won his title of general. In 1812 he was elected to the Senate. During the troubles after the massacre Gen. (then Captain) Ross played a conspicuous part.

Judge Loop was an able lawyer and his knowledge of men and affairs was general and thorough. He was highly esteemed by the other members of the bar. As a connecting link between the old timers of the profession and the present generation he saw numerous changes in the membership of the legal fraternity and in the methods of practice, and had he written a volume of his observations it would have been a decidedly valuable contribution to local literature. He was remarkably active in his later years and his faculties were not dimmed. Up until his last days he was a prominent figure in the legal circle and was known to a great many of the citizens generally.

SITE OF BOWMAN TANNERY ON NORTH MAIN STREET.

Persons passing up Main street can see at the intersection of North, an old mill-stone and they wonder what its history is. The old stone lies in

the hedge and is an interesting landmark of nearly a hundred years ago. It was at this corner that Gen. Isaac Bowman established and for many years conducted a tannery. The old stone referred to, was used for grinding the hemlock bark and it was driven by horsepower. The site of the tan vats is still visible on the premises, which are now occupied by Gen. C. Bowman Dougherty.

Isaac Bowman was a Massachusetts man, born in 1773 and settled in Wilkes-Barre in 1795.

He took a great interest in military matters and this was natural for the reason that his father and grandfather were soldiers in the Revolutionary War.

DEATH OF ROBERT BAUR.

[Daily Record, June 1, 1906.]

Robert Baur, the veteran printer of this city, died yesterday morning at the home of his daughter, Mrs. T. A. Powell, of debility. He has been ailing for but two weeks and had gone to Hazleton hoping that the change might benefit him.

Mr. Baur was born Dec. 25, 1825, at Ettenschies, County Ulm, Kingdom of Wurtemberg, Germany, and was consequently in his 81st year. Mr. Baur enjoyed remarkably rugged health for a man of his age.

He was the son of Rev. Frederick Jacob Baur, who was a prominent Lutheran clergyman in Wurtemberg, and died at the advanced age of 84 years in 1876. His mother was Carolina Hahn of Wurtemberg, who died in 1862, aged 54.

During his early days in Wurtemberg Mr. Baur was educated in the high school of Ulm, then and now a prominent fortress of Germany. Concluding his education, Mr. Baur entered the apprenticeship of a book binder at the age of 14. After serving four years in the bindery Mr. Baur followed the custom—which was an unwritten law—of traveling abroad and learning of the methods used by concerns in foreign countries, where he spent three years. He then returned to Wurtemberg at the age of 21 and was subject to the conscription customs of the country for military service. Lots were drawn among the young men, whose names were returned to the government from that district, and fortune favored him to such an extent that he drew No. 171, which number gave him freedom from military service for all time, excepting

in the emergency of one of those men conscripted having died within four weeks from the date of the drawing. In that event Mr. Baur would have been compelled to enter the military service.

In those days the young man was not permitted to enter Switzerland until he had passed the conscription, as this little Alps republic would not give up the young German who had once crossed the frontier into that country. Mr. Baur was therefore eligible to visit Switzerland and was given a passport by the German authorities. He remained in Switzerland two years, principally at Zurich, Vevey, Lausanne and Geneva. He returned to Germany in 1848, in company with a large number of Germans, who left Switzerland to participate in the revolution of that year. The revolution was straightway suppressed by the regular army of Germany, but the movement was the entering wedge that resulted in popular suffrage.

It was Mr. Baur's connection with the revolution that resulted in his coming to America, as he realized that he would be deprived of his liberty had he remained. He took passage on a sailing vessel, and it required six weeks to cross the Atlantic and land in Philadelphia.

He remained at Philadelphia with relatives until 1851, following his trade. Accidentally he learned that a book binder was wanted in Wilkes-Barre, and without any knowledge concerning the city or valley came on at once.

JOURNEY TO WILKES-BARRE.

Leaving Philadelphia, Mr. Baur boarded the Reading Railroad train for Port Clinton. From this point the Little Schuylkill Railroad landed him at Tamaqua. A stage was in waiting, which ran from Tamaqua to this city via Hazleton. Mr. Baur had as companions in the stage Gen. William Ross and wife and George P. Steele, who was then sheriff of Luzerne County. He knew not where he was going and felt uncommonly blue. But a telegraph wire was noticed all along the route and he thought that if this marvel of communication had been carried into Wilkes-Barre it could not be such a terrible place.

Another circumstance gave him an exalted opinion of the place which was to be his home for over fifty years thereafter.

Just at this time P. T. Barnum had introduced the great songstress, Jenny

Lind, to the American public. She had appeared in Philadelphia and Gen. and Mrs. Ross and Sheriff Steele had been present at the concert. During the afternoon, as the stage was slowly passing through a section of woods, affording a moment's relief from the scorching rays of the sun, Gen. Ross suddenly asked:

"Did you hear Jenny Lind while in Philadelphia, sheriff?"

When he nodded that he had been present the general further inquired of Mr. Steele:

"How did you like her?"

"Ah!" said the sheriff. "We've got plenty of girls in Wilkes-Barre who can beat Jenny Lind all to pieces!" and then all was silent. Mr. Baur thought that if he was destined for a town where there were plenty of Jenny Linds it couldn't be a bad place in which to locate.

The party reached Wilkes-Barre at 10 o'clock in the evening and Mr. Baur stopped at the American House, the same building which was lately the Bristol House, then kept by Mr. Knapp. He had a recommendation to Capt. John Reichard and was well received by a number of prominent German citizens, among them being Charles Roth, Ernest Roth, Leonhart Hesse, Louis Hitchler, Major Waelder and Dr. Louis Hartman. Though not very favorably impressed with Wilkes-Barre at first sight, the Public Square then furnishing little evidence of public spirit on the part of its people, while the business houses were unassuming, he was kindly received and assisted.

STARTED A BINDERY.

He at once started in the bindery business on North Main street near Union. Robert Kilmer, a dealer in furniture, being his next door neighbor.

At that time the late Hendrick B. Wright, a friend of the Germans, was a rising man in politics who had succeeded in passing a law at Harrisburg compelling all of the sheriff's sales to be published in German. Maj. Waelder had founded the Democratic Wachter in 1842. The major had gone to the Mexican War as first lieutenant of the Wyoming Artillerists, selling the paper to Mader & Rullman. This paper was enjoying the privileges of the sheriff's sales. Mader & Rullman were compelled to give up the plant. It was then that Mr. Baur entered journalism under the direction of Maj. Waelder.

The office was then in a building on the site of the Weitzenkorn block and

Mr. Baur moved his bindery to this building and occupied the two floors. In 1862 Mr. Baur, in connection with Herz Lowenstein, Samuel Frauenthal and Seth Tuck, purchased from the Hollenback heirs the plot of ground from the Laning Building on Public Square down to the Raeder property, 9 South Main street, for \$125 per foot front, at that time considered an excessive price. He then erected the three story building occupied by him until his death and removed his business from the Wood building opposite.

Mr. Baur conducted the *Democrat-ischer Wachter* forty-six years, and with the exception of a six weeks' visit to his birthplace in Germany, in 1871, and two weeks of emergency service under Capt. Gustav Hahn at the time of the threatened invasion of Pennsylvania by the southern forces in 1863, when Lee crossed the Potomac, he edited and personally mailed every issue of the *Wachter* during that long period. He disposed of the paper in July, 1897, to Herman Barring, Louis Tisch and Fred Wagner. He started a semi-weekly German paper named the *Sams-tag Abend* in 1874 and conducted that in connection with the *Wachter*, which was included in the sale of the latter sheet. These publications as conducted by Mr. Baur were always on a high plane, ably edited and were a force among the community and constituency in which they circulated.

Mr. Baur lost a brother, Richard, in the Civil War, who was a member of the 11th Ohio Battery. He was killed in the Battle of Luca under Gen. Rosencrans. Another brother, Charles, enlisted in a Pennsylvania regiment from Philadelphia and died a short time after the war from the effects of exposure.

Mr. Baur was married in 1856 to Pauline Hassold of Philadelphia, and six children were born of their union, only two remaining, Adolph, the junior member of the firm of R. Baur & Son, and Mrs. Emma Baur Powell of Hazleton. Mrs. Baur is still living.

COUNTY POLITICS IN ANTE-BELLUM DAYS.

[Daily Record, June 9, 1903.]

Congressman Palmer says in a recent very interesting article contained in the *Record*, that Col. Wright was last elected to Congress in 1860. Mr. Palmer is mistaken in the year. Col. George W. Scranton was elected to Congress in 1858 and re-elected in

1860, died in May, 1861. A special election was called to fill the vacancy, which was held on June 30, 1861. The political parties did not have time to hold conventions for the selection of conferees, so the county executive committees of the several counties in the district, consisting of Luzerne, Columbia, Montour and Wyoming—what is now Lackawanna constituted part of Luzerne—assumed that responsibility. The Democratic conferees met first and nominated Col. Wright. The Republican conferees met at Wilkes-Barre in the arbitration room of the court house, some of whom were in favor of indorsing the nomination of Wright and some were opposed thereto. They adjourned for supper without effecting a nomination. Reconvened in the evening, meeting in my (clerk's) office. It was nearly midnight before a decision was reached. Col. Wright remained in his office on Franklin street, awaiting the result of the conference. Various questions were propounded to Wright, whose answers were entirely satisfactory, so it was thought best to indorse his nomination, and so eschew a partisan contest, thus encouraging a unification of sentiment in favor of the prosecution of the war for the suppression of the rebellion.

Wright declared himself as in favor of the abolition of slavery from the District of Columbia, in favor of issuing paper currency, in fact as being in favor of every and any measure that would tend to strengthen the administration of Abraham Lincoln in its efforts to maintain the union. After Wright's election he was found acting with the Vallandigham wing of the Democratic party. He voted against the issuing of paper currency, commonly called greenbacks, the issuing of which was an absolute necessity, whereby to enable the government to prosecute the war. He wanted "honest money." Regret to say that we have since heard the same cry from other sources.

I met Col. Wright shortly after his nomination by both parties and he remarked that he had just been informed that David Randall of Scranton was about to announce himself as an independent candidate in opposition to him. He made light of it—"For sake of a little opposition, would be willing to pay the cost of Randall's tickets; without opposition the canvass would be too tame and insipid."

A few days before the election I again met the colonel. Found him then in a very different mood. Was very solicitous as to what the result might prove to be. Randall's following was greater than he had anticipated it would be. The election resulted in giving Randall small majorities in all the counties of the district excepting Luzerne. Wright's majority was about 2,000 in the district. Had the Republicans nominated a straight out ticket, with W. W. Ketcham for Congress, he would have been elected by a decided majority. With Ketcham in the field Randall would not have been a candidate; his support would have been thrown to Ketcham.

Wright having voted for the Kansas-Nebraska bill, a pro-slavery measure, when in Congress in 1854, rendered him odious to the anti-slavery element in his own party and helped to encompass his defeat for re-election in that year, being defeated by Henry M. Fuller, who had the support of the Whigs, Know Nothings and Anti Slavery Democrats.

We attended a Democratic rally and pole raising at Dallas in the Scott-Pierce campaign of 1852. Col. Wright addressed the meeting, followed by A. R. Brundage, Esq. It was said that that was Asa's maiden speech--whether it was or not, it called forth favorable comment. Think Brundage at that time was a student in Wright's office. At that time the Democratic party in Luzerne was divided into two factions, one headed by Wright, the other by Andrew Beaumont. They were called "Bobtails" and "Switch-tails." Wright drove a bobtail horse and Beaumont a horse with a long, bushy tail; hence the derivation of the names as applied to the respective factions. Both factions were loyal to the Democratic State and national tickets, but were ever ready to knife each other locally.

At that Dallas meeting both factions had a liberal representation, but Almon Goss, the recognized local leader of the Beaumont faction, had passed the word all along the line to the faithful to turn out to the meeting, but to render no assistance in the erection of the pole. The orders were obeyed. The Bobtails nearly came short of being equal to the task of raising the pole, which was a large, heavy hickory. Although fifty-four years ago, we can distinctly see, in our mind's

eye, Almon Goss and his lieutenants standing with hands in pockets and smiles on their faces witnessing the struggle put forth by the Bobs in erecting their pole, hoping and expecting them to prove a failure. There were several "knockdowns" during the course of the meeting. In those days nearly every locality had its best man, then termed "bully," now athlete. At public gatherings several of these would sometimes meet, resulting in a test of championship. "Little Jakey" Frantz of Dallas wore the belt in that locality. His fame as a pugilist was not confined to his immediate neighborhood. What he lacked in size he made up in muscle and bravado. His antagonist usually came off second best.

After the demise of the Whig party, after its crushing defeat in 1852, Scott receiving only about sixty electoral votes, the Know Nothing party sprang into existence, reaching its zenith in '54, when they elected Pollock governor of Pennsylvania by a majority of 37,000, and Henry M. Fuller to Congress by 2,000. Was made a Know Nothing in the late Col. E. B. Harvey's law office on Franklin street. Was president of a chapter at Huntsville. Henry Hancock, son of the late Judge William Hancock, made almost a house to house canvass. Revolutionized the politics of the mountain townships, held meetings in vacant houses, barns and corn cribs. When they would not come out to our meetings, would administer the obligation of the oath at their homes. One man, Absalom Sekadden, we administered the oath to with one hand resting on the plow handle, the other on the American flag. J. Henry Hancock was a man of fine address, good business qualifications, but was unfortunate in some of his undertakings. It was he who built the Rhoades Hotel at Harvey's Lake. Was disappointed in political aspirations, feelings became embittered, was at Baltimore in time of war, expressed himself in sympathy with the southern cause, was sent across the lines by Burnside, made captain of a rebel company, taken prisoner, sent to Camp Chase, near Columbus, Ohio, died of chronic diarrhea, and was buried among the rebel dead.

C. J. Baldwin.

Norwalk, O., April 9, '06.

THE WYOMING MASSACRE.

[Scranton Truth, July 3, 1906.]

The Truth has long held that the Wyoming Valley never received its adequate place in the history of the American War of the Revolution. The desolation of the Connecticut settlement was directly due to the fact that the patriotic people had sent the two companies that were raised solely for the protection of the Pennsylvania frontier, to the assistance of Washington in the crisis of the Continental Army. In response to what seemed a despairing cry for help on the part of the Continental Congress on the eve of its precipitate adjournment from Philadelphia to meet in Baltimore, the Wyoming settlement sent its trained, equipped soldiers, the bone and sinew of the valley, to the front, and so left itself exposed to the assaults of its enemies, the Tories, British and Indians who had long been plotting its destruction.

When the defenseless people appealed to Congress for help their cries were disregarded. Even the Colony of Connecticut, whose quota was filled from the sturdy ranks of the Wyoming pioneers, was not entirely blameless. It should have seen to it that the settlement was not left without proper protection, even if the patriotic people had placed the cause of American Independence above their own safety. Both Congress and Connecticut were culpable in their cruel indifference toward Wyoming. It is true Indian and British raids were made on other settlements, but nowhere had the people so stripped themselves of their natural protection for the cause of country as in the Valley of the Susquehanna, and it should, therefore, have received the assistance which its condition called for and it had a right to expect.

At least the two companies that were raised for home protection and sent into the field, in response to the call of Congress at a time when Washington's plight seemed desperate, should have been permitted to return to the defense of fathers, mothers, wives and children when the menace of the invasion became acute: but even this was refused and the result was the devastation and slaughter of July 3, 1778—of which to-day is the anniversary—the flight through the Shades of Death, where hundreds of women and children perished, and the wanton and cruel destruction of homes and dear ones in one of the most barbarous saturnalias of savagery of which the world has any record.

The sacrifices which the people of Wyoming made 128 years ago to-day, were made as much for country as were those

of the most renowned heroes and martyrs whose names adorn history's pages. The brave four hundred, composed mostly of old men and boys who faced more than thrice their number in defense of homes and loved ones, deserve an eternity of fame no less great than that accorded to the noble Leonidas and his valiant Spartans in their defense of Thermopylae. Their names constitute a glory roll that should not be permitted to vanish from the lists of the world's heroes.

ANNIVERSARY OF WYOMING MASSACRE.

[Daily Record, July 4, 1906.]

Although the skies were threatening after the heavy downpour of rain of Monday night, there was a large attendance at Wyoming Monument yesterday to participate in the 128th anniversary of the memorable battle, when several hundred of the early settlers of this valley were destroyed by the combined forces of British, Indians and Tories. The big canvas had been torn down by the wind of the preceding night, but was promptly replaced in good shape. The grounds were well trimmed and the monument was hung with flags, and at its base were vases of roses and ferns. Alexander's band interspersed the exercises with stirring selections. There was a large representation of members of the Historical Society, the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution and other patriotic societies. The seating accommodations were fine. The temperature was most agreeable. During the meeting the sun broke through the clouds and furnished a perfect day. In the absence of the president, Benjamin Dorrance, who is on a trip to Labrador, the exercises were conducted by one of the vice presidents, William H. Richmond of Scranton. On the platform were three other vice presidents, J. W. Hollenback, Rev. H. E. Hayden and William A. Wilcox, also Rev. W. T. Blair of Wyoming, who pronounced the invocation. The assemblage sang "America," the band accompanying.

Dr. F. C. Johnson, secretary of the society, delivered a short address in which he dwelt upon the effective work of the association in perpetuating the memory of the historic battle. He spoke of the importance of continuing the work. Owing to the losses through death, he felt the membership should be added to so that a large represen-

tation of the patriotic residents of the valley would at all times be on the roll. He urged the children of former members to join and in this manner the society would have a large list of those interested in the movement to keep alive the observance of the historic event. After the exercises a number availed themselves of the invitation and applied and were elected to membership.

CHAIRMAN'S INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Chairman Richmond read the following and introduced the speaker:

In the absence from the State of the honored president of this association, Benjamin Dorrance, I am asked to preside, but feel a delicacy in doing so, as I do not find among the names of the first and early settlers of Wyoming, who came here from Connecticut, one with my name, as the ancestors of the Richmond family migrated from Ashton Keynes, Wiltshire County, England, to Massachusetts in 1336. John Richmond was one of the original proprietors of Taunton, Mass., and his descendants settled in that State, and north and west, and in the State of Rhode Island. My grandfather, John Richmond, strayed to Hartford, Conn., where he married Prudence Wadsworth, and settled in East Hampton, Conn., where he practiced medicine from about 1790 to 1821, when he died.

I was born in an adjoining town and migrated to this section in 1842, then a lad of 20 years old, thus cannot claim any direct history with the first settlers from Connecticut who made a claim to this territory. They claimed to the Great Lakes. In fact, I suppose, they might have claimed westward to the Pacific ocean, if they had not been driven from this section, after their wonderful struggles and sacrifices, from 1760 to 1781, had their title held good, but it proved that William Penn had more friends at court, and being favored by the king, at last gained full control and the territory has remained a part of Pennsylvania.

The Connecticut settlers here were organized into a town called Westmoreland, and from 1774 to 1781 it was a part of the county of Litchfield, Connecticut, and had Connecticut held the territory the people of that State might now be enjoying a very liberal income from royalties of 50 cents to a dollar a ton on some forty million

tons of anthracite coal per annum, which would be an inducement to remain at home. But the citizens of that State have gone to all the Western States to exert their energies to develop them.

EARLY COAL DEEDS.

[Daily Record, July 21, 1906.]

The recent decisions in the pillar robbing at both Centralia, in Schuylkill County, and the other at Duryea, in this county, have caused considerable of a flurry among property owners in this section, and many are hunting up their old deeds.

We fear that much of this alarm is unnecessary, and while the coal companies may own the judges as well as the coal lands, they cannot go ahead and wilfully destroy your property if you are in possession of an old deed, without making proper restitution.

We have before us a deed made by the Hazleton Coal Co. for lots Nos. 1 and 2 in square No. 20, on the nineteenth of July, 1852. At that time Hazleton was a small town, the lines only extending from Vine street on the west to Mill street on the east, and from Green street on the north to Juniper street on the south.

The deed is an important one and is one of the originals issued by the Hazleton Coal Co. It contains this clause:

"And it is hereby expressly covenanted and agreed, that the said Hazleton Coal Co., their successors and assigns, shall possess the exclusive privilege of mining under the lot of land herein conveyed, for coal and other minerals, and for that purpose may extend such tunnels, drifts or excavations, under the same, or any part thereof, as shall be necessary or convenient for the mining and removal of such coal or other minerals, subject to the condition that the earth covering such coal or other minerals shall not be in any manner cut, broken or displaced and that every damage which may be done to the said lot or the buildings erected thereon, by the exercise of the mining privileges herein reserved, shall be made good by said Hazleton Coal Co."

All deeds issued at that time were of this kind and wherever a property owner possesses one of them whether it be here, at Centralia, or Duryea, they are perfectly safe. In later years the companies, however, had many of these deeds changed, and wherever property owners parted with them they made a grievous error.

DEATH OF S. L. BROWN.

[Daily Record, Dec. 25, 1906.]

The news of the sudden death of S. L. Brown, one of Wilkes-Barre's leading and most influential citizens and business men, in the Hahnemann Hospital in Philadelphia on Sunday midnight, briefly referred to in Tuesday's Record, was a severe shock to his hosts of friends in this valley. He had not been in the best of health for some time but no serious result was anticipated. He had been given a leave of absence by the management of the Hazard Manufacturing Co. and therefore took a trip to Jamaica to recuperate. The trip proved highly beneficial to him and he felt in the best of health when he embarked on the steamer at Jamaica on Wednesday on the return trip. He was anxious to get back to Wilkes-Barre to spend Christmas among his many friends or else he would have remained in Jamaica for several more weeks. On Thursday, on the ocean voyage, he contracted a cold which rapidly developed into pneumonia. By the time the vessel reached Philadelphia, at 11 a. m. on Sunday, his condition was extremely critical and he was hurried to the Hahnemann Hospital, where he continued to sink until midnight, when he peacefully passed away in the seventy-fifth year of his age, surrounded by his three sons, Thomas W. Brown of this city, Carlton C. Brown of Plainfield, N. J., and Stanley W. Brown, a student of Lehigh University, who had accompanied him on the trip to Jamaica. Mrs. Carlton C. Brown was also present when the final summons came.

Samuel LeRoy Brown was born of good old New England stock on Feb. 5, 1832, at Pleasant Mount, Wayne County, Pa., where he spent his boyhood days. His ancestors were of English origin and his paternal grandmother was a cousin of John Hancock of Massachusetts, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He attended the public schools when he was between the ages of 3 and 13 and then secured a clerkship in a general store at Pleasant Mount, where his excellent business abilities developed at even that early age and at the end of three months he was given complete charge of the books of the extensive concern. At the end of four years he resigned to take a position as clerk in the largest store in Honesdale and in a few years he accepted a

similar position in the largest general store in Susquehanna County, located at Burroughs Hollow, and conducted by Judge Burroughs.

In 1853 he and his brother, H. W. Brown, embarked in the general merchandising business at Pleasant Mount and met with such success that they opened a branch store at Herrick Centre at the end of six years, the firm being S. L. Brown & Co. In 1863 he went into the tannery business at Pleasant Mount and met with marvelous success until 1866 or 1867, when his entire fortune and business, amounting to \$60,000, were swept away by a decline in business in general, and even his household goods were not saved from the wreck.

Such a blow would naturally mean a wrecked life to the majority of men, but Mr. Brown's indomitable will power and business energy spurred him on to try again, and that he met with even greater success the majority of the business men of this city and valley are well aware. He became traveling salesman for the wholesale grocery firm of Weed, Ayres & Co. of Binghamton, N. Y., and continued in the position for six months, when he came to Wilkes-Barre as general manager for the wholesale department of the firm of Conyngham & Paine and remained with the firm until it dissolved in 1879.

He had by this time through careful management amassed a snug sum of money with which he purchased a plot of ground on East Market street adjoining the Lehigh Valley Railroad tracks and embarked in the wholesale oil business, in which he met with marvelous success from the start, and on the site later erected the large brick block on Market street that bears his name. Prior to the above purchase he had in 1876 bought the property on the south side of Public Square, adjoining the First National Bank, where he in later years established his book store and where now the new building of the above bank is being erected. He also embarked in the book and stationery business early in the eighties on the north side of Public Square, next door to the old Rockafellow bank, the site now being occupied by a portion of the Jonas Long's Sons' department store. His stationery business was removed to his building next to the First National Bank in the late eighties, where he conducted it until he sold it to John C. Madden several years ago.

Mr. Brown became interested in the coal business in Plains Township with other investors and they organized the Keystone Coal Co., with a capital stock of \$300,000. He was chosen president. This venture proved a failure and again his entire fortune was swept away while at the same time his oil business was also encroached upon by the Standard Oil Co. Mr. Brown was conscientious and honest in all his dealings throughout his entire life and when he lost his fortune through the coal investment he even sacrificed his other valuable real estate holdings, including his fine residence at the corner of West Northampton and South River streets in order to protect his creditors and to endeavor to liquidate all his obligations, even though it would take every cent he had in the world. His losses amounted close to \$250,000 and he sacrificed everything excepting a portion of the extensive East Market street block, where now is located the Wilkes-Barre Beef Co. In order to save this small part of his former belongings he was compelled to heavily mortgage the same.

He never lost courage, or energy, or integrity even at this second misfortune but made every sacrifice possible and curtailed his expenses in every way, removed to more modest quarters on West Northampton street and again took up the struggle to endeavor to pay every cent that he owed. That he succeeded in accomplishing this object was fully manifested on Thanksgiving Day, when he gave a dinner to his sons, and during the occasion he made the announcement that he had succeeded, after a most strenuous and herculean struggle of eight years, in paying almost every cent he owed. This task accomplished satisfied his life's desire and at the dinner he was more than elated over the result.

Mr. Brown was also a director of the Langcliffe Coal Co. at Avoca. In 1886 he was elected as a director of the First National Bank, a position he retained up to the time of his death. He was also a director of the Hazard Manufacturing Co., of which he had been secretary and treasurer since 1899. He was a director of the Wilkes-Barre Electric Light Co. which later sold out to the Wilkes-Barre Gas Co. He was one of the organizers of the Board of Trade and for a period of twenty years held the position of trustee and first vice president. He was a life member of the Wyoming Historical Society, one of the incorporated trustees of the

Protestant Episcopal diocese of Central Pennsylvania; a member of the Board of Missions and warden for upwards of twenty years of St. Stephen's Church and superintendent of Calvary Episcopal Sunday school for twenty-five years. For the past forty years he was a total abstainer from liquors and a supporter of temperance movements. He was a Democrat in politics. He was also a member of the Masonic order, having joined Lodge No. 218 in Honesdale fifty years ago, a member of the Odd Fellows and of the Westmoreland Club.

The deceased had been twice married and both wives preceded him to the grave. His first wife was Miss Almira Gritman, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Gritman of Carbondale, to whom he was married in February, 1855. Seven children were born to this union, but of this number only two children survive: Thomas W. and Russell S., both of this city. The former being the manager of the oil firm in this city since its establishment. Mrs. Brown died in 1871.

His second wife was Miss Ellen May Woodward Chapman, daughter of Judge James W. Chapman of Montrose, Pa., whose father was associate judge of the Thirty-fourth Judicial district for many years. This marriage occurred in 1877 and three children blessed this union, all of them surviving, Carlton C., of Plainfield, Robert C., a reporter on the Wilkes-Barre News and Stanley W., of this city, a student in Lehigh University. The second Mrs. Brown died on May 3, 1905. Both of Mr. Brown's fathers-in-law were interested in the newspaper business and published newspapers for many years in Carbondale and Montrose, respectively.

Mr. Brown was ever conscientious and thoughtful, honest and upright in all dealings and was possessed of extremely democratic principles that endeared him to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance and consequently he had the esteem and respect of the entire community. In church circles especially he was among the leaders and was every untiring in his efforts for the betterment of all concerned. He never complained of his ill luck but always lived for the future and hoped for sunshine after the dark clouds had passed by. He was fond of his family and was happiest when in his own home. He was never too busy to aid friends or give friendly advice when asked for the same and if his

plans were followed out much pleasure and good would result. His energy and business hustle was best illustrated during the cyclone of August, 1890, when the greater portion of his valuable East Market street block was destroyed by the storm. He never stopped to bewail his ill luck but pluckily made arrangements to rebuild the same which was accomplished in about three months at a cost of over \$20,000. Had he lived a few years longer he would have been able to enjoy his third fortune that he was slowly amassing from local investments which will pay dividends in the near future. Mr. Brown was active his entire life in the business world and he virtually died in the harness.

Some time ago he suffered a slight stroke of paralysis that affected his right hand somewhat, but he was rapidly recovering from this and the end was entirely unexpected.

The body of the deceased was brought to Wilkes-Barre last evening and removed to his home at 72 West Northampton street, from where the funeral will take place on Wednesday. Interment will be made in Hollenback Cemetery.

WILKES-BARRE'S FIRST CON- STABLE.

In connection with the centennial celebration, it might be interesting to note that the first man to be elected high constable of the borough after its incorporation, moved from the city because of his election and made his home in New York City, where he afterward became one of the most learned members of the New York City Bar and attained a high position.

This was George Griffin, who graduated from Yale in 1797, was admitted to the bar in 1799 and came to this city in 1800. Here he remained until 1806, when as a practical joke he was elected high constable of the village and left in indignation.

He was in full practice at the New York City Bar for fifty-two years and was renowned for his eloquence and ability. He received the degree of LL. D. from Columbia University in 1837. He died in 1860 and upon his death all the courts of New York City and the Supreme Court adjourned out of respect to his memory and eulogies remarkable for their sincerity and beauty were uttered concerning him.

1806—1906.

Chronological History of Wilkes-Barre.

During the past century the changes in Wilkes-Barre and Luzerne County have been just as great and just as marvelous as has been the development of the State and nation as a whole, and the history of the county and city during the period from 1806 to 1906 is interesting in the extreme.

In 1806 the city of Wilkes-Barre and the county of Luzerne had outgrown their troubles of the earlier days, when the settlers were compelled to fight for their existence and even with one another for the possession of the land. The county at that time comprised an immense territory, including all of that portion of the State hitherto known as Westmoreland and was but sparsely settled, the population in 1800 being 12,839. Wilkes-Barre contained the only postoffice in the county and there was a mail route from it to Owego, N. Y. Before this time the first forge in the valley has been established on Nanticoke Creek, the first Masonic lodge had been organized, a regular court was established in the county, the valley had experienced three great floods, including the memorable "pumpkin flood." The first settlement was made at "Deep Hollow," afterwards called "Slocum Hollow," "Harrison," "Scranton," and lastly Scranton; the first forge was established in the Hollow by the Slocums, and they also established the first grist mill in what is now Lackawanna County; the court house and jail had been erected on Public Square, used for a number of years and substituted by a new court house in the form of a cross; the contract for the church, "Old Ship Zion," had been let, the first finished church in the county had been erected at Forty Fort, which is still in existence; the first newspaper of the county, "The Herald of the Times," had been established; a coal mining company had been organized, but the product when tried at Philadelphia was pronounced useless; the Wilkes-Barre and Easton turnpike had been built; the first animal show had made its appearance in Wilkes-Barre; Carbondale had been settled, and the old original "log" court house had been converted into a school, which afterwards became famous as an institution of learning.

All of these events were prior to 1806, when the little town, with its

population of about 500 souls, was incorporated, with Judge Jesse Fell as its burgess. This year, also, the Wilkes-Barre library was first instituted, but it did not exist long. In this year, also, a two horse stage commenced running between Wilkes-Barre and Easton, taking a day and a half for the trip.

In 1807 the Wilkes-Barre Bridge Co. was organized, but the bridge was not completed until eleven years later. About this time, also, the old jail on East Market street was completed at a cost of about \$6,000. This was also the home of the sheriff.

In 1808 anthracite coal was first burned in an open grate at the tavern conducted by Judge Jesse Fell on what was then the Easton turnpike, now Northampton street. This old fireplace and grate are still preserved intact in the new hotel recently erected upon the site of the Old Fell House, at the corner of Washington and Northampton streets. In this year, also, a portion of Northumberland County was added to Luzerne County to perfect the boundary lines.

In 1809 the first Methodist camp meeting in the valley was held by the Methodists at a point near what was then known as New Troy, now Wyoming. The old campground is still in existence and the camp meetings are still continued.



In 1810 the first banking house in the county, a branch of the Philadelphia Bank, was opened in Wilkes-Barre; the Luzerne County Agricultural Association was formed; postoffices were established at Plymouth, Kingston and Pittston; a strip was taken from Luzerne County and added to Bradford and Susquehanna Counties. Population of county, 18,109.

In 1811 a nail factory was erected in Wilkes-Barre.

In 1812 "Old Ship Zion," in Public Square, was completed. A paper mill was erected on Toby's Creek. A company, known as the "Wyoming Matross," Capt. S. Thomas, the first military company in the county, tendered their services to the government for the war which had been declared against England, and served with distinction.

In 1813 two large wagon loads of coal were sent to Philadelphia.

In 1817 a company was organized to make the Lackawanna River navigable. It did not succeed.

In 1818 a bridge across the river was completed at a cost of \$44,000.

In 1820 the population of the county had increased to 20,027. This year, also, 800 tons of coal were mined in the Wyoming Valley.

In 1822 St. Stephen's Episcopal Church was completed.

In 1823 the first organ in the county was installed in the church. The first tune played was "Yankee Doodle."

In 1824 a terrific hurricane carried the bridge off its piers and a considerable distance up the river. This year also, the first river boat operated by horse power came up the river from Nescopeck, and the first brewery was erected in Wilkes-Barre by a Mr. Ingham, for brewing ale.



In 1826 the first steamboat came up the river from York Haven.

In 1828 the first railway in the county was established between Carbondale and Archbald, connecting the mines at those places. This year, also, the first railway locomotive ever operated in the county, erected in England, was experimented with by the D. & H. Co.

In 1829 the Baltimore Coal Co. was organized and the first county bank, the "Wyoming Bank," commenced business.

In 1830 the population of the county was 27,399. This year, also, the first canal boat, named the "Wyoming," was launched at Wilkes-Barre.

In 1832 the Wyoming Republican, the first newspaper in Kingston, was published, and the Anti-Masonic Advocate, the parent of the Wilkes-Barre Record, was first published.



In 1833 the bones of the slain at the Wyoming Massacre were collected and interred in the monument grounds, and the cornerstone of the Monument was laid with impressive ceremonies. The first steam engine ever manufactured in the county was made by Richard Jones of Wilkes-Barre. It was in miniature, but propelled a paddle wheel boat, six and one-half feet long, on the canal at a rapid rate of speed.

In 1834 the North Branch Canal was completed to the Lackawanna River at an enormous expense.

In 1835, Frances Slocum, who had been carried away by the Indians after the Wyoming Massacre, was found among the Miami Indians at Logansport, Ind. She had married a wealthy

chief, had two daughters, and preferred remaining with the Indians to returning to her brothers and her old home in Wilkes-Barre.

In 1836 the first serviceable engine, of fifteen horse power, was manufactured in Wilkes-Barre for a grist mill.

In 1840 the population of the county was 44,006. This year an immense rolling mill and nail factory were erected in South Wilkes-Barre at a cost of \$300,000. It remained here but a short time, when it was moved to Danville. During the brief time it was in operation here the city increased rapidly in population.

In 1842 another strip was taken from Luzerne County to form Wyoming County. An anthracite furnace, operated by steam power, was erected in Wilkes-Barre by New York capitalists. White Haven Borough was incorporated.

In 1843 a terrible disaster occurred in the mines at Carbondale by a cave; the L. C. & N. Co. railroad was completed by way of Solomon's Gap, from White Haven to Wilkes-Barre, and the first train of cars rolled into the valley on May 1.

In 1844, on Sept. 24, Wyoming Semi-

In 1846 a big flood occurred, carrying away many river bridges; on Dec. 7 the Wyoming Artillerists, under command of Capt. E. L. Dana, left Wilkes-Barre for the seat of war in Mexico; R. Nelson, A. M., as principal.

nary was formally opened, with Rev. the Luzerne Monumental Association completed the Wyoming Monument.

In 1848 the first Jewish Synagog was erected in Wilkes-Barre.

In 1850 the population of the county was 56,070; a heavy flood caused great loss of life along the Wapwallopen and Nescopeck Creeks; the first person was executed in this county under Pennsylvania law.

In 1851 the first shipment of coal was made by the D., L. & W. R. R. Co., aggregating 6,000 tons; the plank road from Wilkes-Barre to Pittston was constructed at a cost of \$45,000; Carbondale was incorporated as a city.

In 1853 breaking coal by machinery was first inaugurated by the D., L. & W. at Scranton; the Wyoming House was built at Scranton.

In 1854 the first gas works in the county was erected in Wilkes-Barre.

In 1855 Hollenback Cemetery was laid out.



In 1856 Wilkes-Barre was first lighted by gas; the first Roman Catholic Church was erected on Canal street; Scranton was incorporated; the cornerstone of the present court house was laid by Lodge No. 64, A. Y. M.

On Feb. 11, 1858, several gentlemen met in the Old Fell Tavern to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the burning of anthracite coal in an open grate, and it was determined to establish an historical society, which was done in the following May, and is now known as the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society.

In 1860 the population of the county was 90,244; water first turned on for the use of the inhabitants by the Wilkes-Barre Water Co.

In 1861 the first military company from Wilkes-Barre left for the front in what was to develop into the Civil War, companies soon following from other towns in the county; a great ice flood did much damage.

In March, 1864, black fever, which had broken out in Carbondale in January, appeared at Kingston Seminary. Several students died, among them being the son of Dr. Nelson.

In 1865 there was a disastrous flood in the Susquehanna; Lehigh & Susquehanna Railroad extended from Wilkes-Barre to Nanticoke; close of war and return of soldiers brought great joy to inhabitants.

In 1866 the L. & S. Railroad was opened from Wilkes-Barre to Scranton, and thence to Green Ridge, connecting with D. & H. Road to Carbondale; city of Scranton and Borough of Plymouth incorporated.

In 1867 big fire on West Market street, nineteen stores and three dwellings burned; daily issue of the Scranton Republican started; L. V. R. R. opened to Pittston Junction, there connecting with the L. & B.

In 1869 terrible disaster at Avondale mine at Plymouth; over 100 lives lost.



In 1870 population of county was 160,915; the county prison completed at a cost of \$300,000.

In 1871 the Music Hall Block was completed at a cost of \$120,000. Louise Kellogg opened it with a concert on

Feb. 2; city of Wilkes-Barre was incorporated on May 4, with a population of about 15,000 and an area of about 3,000 acres. I. M. Kirkendall, father of present mayor and still living, was elected first mayor; two bad mine accidents in West Pittston colliery and Eagle colliery at Pittston.

In 1873 the first issue of the Wilkes-Barre Daily Record appeared.

In 1874 the steamboat Hendrick B. Wright was built to ply between Wilkes-Barre and Nanticoke.



In 1875 big ice freshet tore away three bridges at Pittston; Music Hall, Pittston, was completed at a cost of about \$40,000; depot bridge and L. & B. bridge were rebuilt; estimated production of coal in the county about 12,000,000 tons, about half the total production; 30,000 men and boys employed in coal mines of county.

In 1876 the Wilkes-Barre City Hospital was built; many people from this county visit the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia.

In 1877 Gen. Osborne ordered the Third Division, National Guard, under arms because of a great railroad strike; much violence throughout the county; a general strike of miners from August to October; United States troops located at Scranton and Wilkes-Barre; volunteers and regulars left for their homes in October and November.



In 1878, on Jan. 21, general cessation of coal mining throughout Wyoming region; on July 3, centennial celebration of the Wyoming Massacre held at Wyoming. President Hayes, Governor Hartman and other notables present; on July 4, celebration continued at Wilkes-Barre, with a monster parade, witnessed by the President and governor, and about 100,000 persons; Lackawanna County separated from Luzerne; estimated population of Luzerne, 220,000; Gen. H. M. Hoyt of Wilkes-Barre elected governor of Pennsylvania.

In 1879 the electric light was exhibited for the first time in Wilkes-Barre.

In 1880, population of Luzerne was 133,066, of Lackawanna, 89,268, a total for "old" Luzerne of 222,334; an appropriation of \$15,000 was made by Congress to make the Susquehanna navigable from Wilkes-Barre to Pittston, and later two other appropriations of a like amount were made; electric lights were introduced at the Dickson Works, and later at other places in the county.

In May, 1882 the cornerstone of the new court house at Scranton was laid, and in August the present Lehigh Valley depot in this city was erected; ground was also selected for the site of the Glen Summit Hotel.

In 1884 an earthquake shock was felt; the Pennsylvania Railroad commenced running trains to Wilkes-Barre by way of North and West branch.

In 1885 the old river bridge toll house was demolished. First M. E. Church was dedicated; the Wilkes-Barre Lace Manufacturing Co. was organized; the Mallinckrodt convent dedicated by Bishop O'Hara; the 9th Regt. participated in the Cleveland inaugural ceremonies at Washington; typhoid fever epidemic at Plymouth; steamer Wilkes-Barre was launched; Sheldon Axle Co. organized; President Cleveland made a short stop at Wilkes-Barre; twenty-six miners entombed in No. 1 slope of Susquehanna Coal Co. at Nanticoke; opinion was submitted to city attorney McLean that city could not dispose of river common and that right of eminent domain prevented P. & N. Y. C. & R. R. from taking the common for railway purposes.

In 1886, two steamboats, the Plymouth and the Magnolia, were launched and plied between Wilkes-Barre, Nanticoke and Plymouth; 9th Regt., Infantry, held a fair in Metropolitan Rink for the purpose of raising funds to build an armory; closed with profits of \$30,-513.



In January, 1887, a proposition to annex Wilkes-Barre Township to the city failed; communication between Wilkes-Barre and Kingston cut off for eight days by high water; population of Wilkes-Barre estimated at 35,060; new armory opened on Oct. 26, with the governor and two ex-governors present.



In September, 1888, North street bridge was opened; Mud Run disaster occurred on Oct. 10, fifty-five killed outright, deaths afterward increasing number to sixty-three.

In 1889, the Osterhout Free Library was opened; new steamer Mayflower on river; steamer Glen Mary arrived from Owego; contract awarded for new Y. M. C. A. Building.



In 1890 a terrible cyclone visited Wilkes-Barre, killing twenty persons

and destroying property valued at a half million dollars; Record moved into its present home on North Main street; population of county 201,120; of city, 27,718.

In 1892 the valuation of Wilkes-Barre's taxable property, one-fourth full valuation, was \$5,490,944, and registered voters, 8,169; big Columbus Day celebration held.

In 1893 Rockafellow Bank failure occurred, causing heavy losses; effort to form new county opposed by Board of Trade; greatest freshet since 1865 occurred on March 10; State convention of Y. M. C. A. held here; big strike on Lehigh Valley Railroad; taxable valuation of city property, \$5,666,058.

In 1904 Eddie Brotherton of Ashley disappeared and no trace of him has ever been found; Gaylord mine disaster occurred; State Library Association met in Wilkes-Barre; Calvary Church consecrated; valuation of taxable property, \$5,749,591; two grand juries recommend that a new court house be erected.

In 1895 Wilkes-Barre's taxable valuation was \$6,759,886; another protest made by Board of Trade against new county; Quay County bill is passed, but afterwards vetoed; water famine causes distress, especially on the heights.



In 1896 the valuation of Wilkes-Barre's taxable property was \$6,877,869; the great Twin shaft disaster occurred at Pittston, in which fifty-eight men were entombed; failure of O. B. MacKnight at Plains; decision was made that court house might be erected on Public Square; St. Stephen's Church burned.

In 1897 a loan of \$100,000 was authorized for general improvements; St. Stephen's Church rebuilt; West End Wheelmen and Westmoreland Clubs built new club houses; Sterling Hotel erected; agitation for third class city charter started; strike in Hazleton region resulted in Lattimer shooting; architect Myers's suit for \$10,000 for plans for court house pending; valuation of taxable property, \$6,985,758.

In 1898 Wilkes-Barre became a third city voted favorably upon another \$100,000 loan ordinance; Osterhout Building, corner East Market street and Public Square, destroyed by fire; large industrial advances; bill appropriating \$125,000 for public building in Wilkes-Barre

passed by Congress; erection of new Central M. E. Church begun; cornerstone of B. I. A. Building laid.



In 1900, population of county, 257,121; population of city, 51,721; valuation of city property for taxable purposes, \$17,897,897, being half of real value; several minor strikes at mines in early part of year and concerted strike of six weeks' duration in September and October; many municipal improvements and enlargements of industrial plants; several large fires, including destruction of Morgan & Menzies' hosiery mill in Newtown; \$200,000 raised for cotton mill, but project was postponed and has never been carried out; Central Church completed, First Baptist Church started; new addition to City Hospital opened; Concordia chorus, Dr. Mason Glee Club and Wilkes-Barre Choral Union captured big musical prizes.



1901, strikes among various industries, uneasiness among the miners; President Judge Stanley Woodward retired; siege of smallpox on West Side and in Wilkes-Barre; Free Bridge Association active, but without material result; pond hole bridges erected at instigation of Board of Trade; opinion rendered permitting county commissioners to build court house on river common site; proposition to establish municipal light plant voted down; site purchased for government building at corner of South Main and South streets; Globe dry goods store, South Main street, burned, damaging Weitzenkorns' and Simon Long's Sons' stocks; manual training introduced in public schools; bids for sale of river common coal advertised for; valuation of taxable property, \$18,173,152.



1902, most destructive flood in history of valley occurred in March, and great coal miners' strike started on May 12, and continued until Oct. 23; free bridge act declared unconstitutional by Judge Wheaton and affirmed by Supreme Court; bids twice received for river common coal were rejected; Rev. F. B. Hodge, D. D., resigned pastorate of First Presbyterian Church; work on government building begun; work on Laurel Line and Wilkes-Barre & Hazleton railways carried on; on May 10, first shovelful of earth was removed from court house site on river common; on July 24 contract was awarded

to Joseph Hendler Construction Co., who afterwards refused to sign it, and it was then let to Wilson J. Smith, the next lowest bidder; preliminary injunction asked to restrain commissioners from going on with construction of court house.

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1903, pure food prosecutions caused commotion; Laurel Line and Wilkes-Barre and Hazleton third rail systems opened; minor strikes in building trades and mines; architect Myers instituted suit for \$25,000 on his court house plans and was paid \$14,750; excavations were begun by contractor Smith for court house foundations, which were completed in December, after contractor had gone to a depth of fifty-one feet in some places; great demand for coal and advance in price; other bids received for river common coal, but not accepted; curfew ordinance passed; Concordia Society won first honors at Baltimore; Ross and Hazle street sewer completed at a cost of \$60,000; government building completed.

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1904, most damaging flood ever yet experienced occurred in March, depositing ice, in some places remaining until July; pure food crusade continued; few disturbances at mines owing to operation of Board of Conciliation; free delivery first established on West Side; Miner-Hillard mill destroyed; master builders declared for "open shop;" twenty-seven drownings in Susquehanna, from Bloomsburg, north; contract with Wilson J. Smith declared legal; architect Osterling cut down bill of contractor; contractor and county commissioners started an action against controller; breach between contractor and county commissioners; meeting of citizens denounced delays; commissioners decided not to take contract from Mr. Smith; action brought by Mr. Smith to compel controller to sign orders for extra work; no work done on building during year; city ordinance authorizing a bond issue of \$408,000 for municipal improvements carried at city election; Doran Lacey Manufacturing Co. organized; Board of Trade reorganized; Father Murgas's wireless telegraphy scheme taken up by capitalists; valuation of city property for purposes of taxation, \$18,466,361.

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1905, violent epidemic of typhoid fever at Nanticoke; Taxpayers' Assn-

ciation caused the arrest of several township officials; ten men killed at Conyngham and seven at Clear Spring shafts by breaking of rope; commissioners passed resolutions taking contract away from Wilson J. Smith, afterward rescinding their action; stone cutters at court house went on strike; trouble with fireproofing company caused further delay, defective iron being alleged; grand jury and mass meeting of citizens ask for Osterling's discharge; new commissioners elected upon platform promising reforms; Market street flats paved; uneasiness over probability of mine strike in 1906; W. A.; work on city improvements begun; Simon Longs' Sons' store, South Main street, and Isaac Long store, Public Square, gutted by separate fires; Adder Machine Co. factory and Matheson Motor Car Co. factory secured through efforts of Board of Trade; notable array of visitors to city on Aug. 10, including President Roosevelt, Cardinal Gibbons, Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia, and many others, the occasion being the C. T. A. U. convention.

1906, city councils and Board of Trade join in movement to celebrate centennial of city; new county commissioners discharge architect Osterling, work on new court house now being carried on with large force; Matheson Motor Car Co. and Adder Machine Co., together with several smaller plants, commence operations; progress of negotiations between operators and miners watched with intense interest; suspension of work in anthracite collieries ordered on April 1 at expiration of three year agreement; big additions being made to Wyoming Valley Lace Mills, Vulcan Works, Hazard Manufacturing Co. plant and other industrial concerns; contracts for two new bank buildings have been let, one an eleven story building; building permits for April largest in history of city for any one month; miners vote to continue award of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission.

LETTER ACKNOWLEDGED AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

[Daily Record, May 3.]

The following interesting letter recently appeared in the New York Times from a Scranton correspondent, whose initials are C. E. S.:

It is well known that by what may be termed the etiquette of judicial de-

cisions the judges of all our courts may permit themselves exceeding deliberation in rendering decrees in cases submitted to them, a dilatoriness extending often over a weary term of years. But that once a Chief Justice—"the great Chief Justice"—of the United States so construed the etiquette of polite correspondence that he permitted himself a lapse of twenty-five years in making reply to the friendly letter of a really valued correspondent on a subject of real interest to himself, and then acknowledged its receipt with an absence of excuse for delay that he would have accorded a missive received by that morning's mail, is an occurrence of sufficient interest to put on record. It is recalled in connection with a centennial celebration now afoot in Wilkes-Barre, Pa. The name of Wilkes-Barre, it may be said, is a combination of the names of John Wilkes and Col. Isaac Barre, defenders of colonial rights in the British Parliament. The town was founded in 1772 and incorporated as a borough in 1806—hence the centenary.

It was also just 100 years ago—in April of that same year—that the Hon. Charles Miner, a resident of Wilkes-Barre, and afterward the author of the "History of Wyoming," (1845,) wrote a letter to Chief Justice John Marshall, at Washington, D. C., which he received no intimation had ever reached its destination until the quarter of a century later. The way of it was this:

Charles Miner came to Pennsylvania in 1799, a settler under the Connecticut claim. The grounds of that claim, connected, as they were, with his early hopes, were then examined with care. He was the editor of a newspaper at Wilkes-Barre for thirteen years, including the period of the sharp conflicts under the intrusion law. The claim of Connecticut was discussed, the services and sufferings of the early settlers were inquired into, until the whole subject became one of absorbing concern to the future historian. Accordingly, when Judge Marshall published his first edition of the "Life of Washington," in 1806, Mr. Miner felt impelled to write to him stating that the account of the Wyoming Massacre was exceedingly erroneous, and giving him a version of the affair derived from the best sources. Then followed the long silence, broken at last by the following letter from the Chief Justice, commented upon at the time by its astounded recipient in a letter to his son, William Penn Miner, Esq., in these words:

The letter of Judge Marshall, dated Feb. 15, 1831, is curious in this respect. It acknowledges in simple style the receipt of a letter written twenty-five years before as if it had been a thing of day before yesterday. It may well be doubted whether the records of correspondence from remotest time exhibit a similar instance.

This is Judge Marshall's letter:

Washington, Feb. 15, 1831.

Sir: I am much indebted to you for a letter received in April, 1806, correcting some errors into which our history has fallen in its relation to the destruction of the Wyoming Settlement during the war of our Revolution. The readiness you express in that letter to give a true statement of that memorable tragedy encourages me to make some further inquiries on the subject.

Your account of the battle is full, and I understand it perfectly; but of subsequent events I am not sure whether you contradict or agree with Gordon and Ramsay respecting those events. They say that after the defeat the women and children were collected in the two principal forts, Kingston and Wilkes-Barre, and after their surrender were consumed by fire in their houses. Is this representation correct? * * *

May I tax your goodness so far as to ask a statement of the occurrences which followed the battle, unless that made by Gordon and Ramsay may be considered as perfectly correct?

I shall remain at this place until the middle of March, when I purpose to return to Richmond. With great respect, I am, your obliged and obedient servant,

J. Marshall.

WORN BY FRANCES SLOCUM.

Chief Gabriel Godfrey, the last of the Miami Indians, has just become a member of the Horse Thief Detective Association. He is 74 years old. While in Kokomo, Ind., recently, he undertook to locate the grave of the Miami chief Kokomo in order that the residents of the city might erect a monument in memory of the noted chief for whom the town was named. Godfrey had a number of relics, including a dress 125 years old, that was worn by Frances Slocum, who was stolen when a child from Wyoming, Pa., and was known as "The White Kese of the Miamis."—New York Tribune.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

Delivered by Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart,
at Wyoming Commemorative
Exercises, July 3, 1906.

The address of the day was by Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, professor of history in Harvard University. His subject was "Benjamin Franklin as a founder of the republic," a subject that was particularly appropriate during this year when the country honors the 200th anniversary of Franklin's birthday. Dr. Hart was a Harvard graduate of 1880, the class which furnished Theodore Roosevelt. Col. W. C. Price of Wilkes-Barre was in the same class. Dr. Hart is also a Pennsylvanian by birth, his native county being Mercer. The attendance included several old settlers, who had some interesting reminiscence or other to relate to those about them. The speaker possesses a good voice and his address was not the routine recounting of historical facts, but it told much about the great Pennsylvanian in a manner that furnished frequent opportunities for smiles and applause. One could not but be stimulated in patriotic sentiment by the picture of Franklin's robust Americanism. The theme was handled under the following heads and the address occupied an hour:

- 1st. Franklin and Boston.
- 2nd. As a Pennsylvanian.
- 3rd. As an American.
- 4th. As an Englishman.
- 5th. Franklin and the Confederation.
- 6th. Franklin as a diplomat.
- 7th. Franklin and the Federal Confederation.
- 8th. His character summarized.

Lack of space prevents the Record giving more than three of these subdivisions, Franklin as an American, Franklin as a Pennsylvanian, and the lecturer's summary of the great man's character, as follows:

AS A PENNSYLVANIAN.

When Franklin ran away from his Boston home in 1723 at 17 years old, he was already a well educated youth. Besides his persistent reading he had had that experience as a typesetter on a newspaper which has proved so useful to many journalists, and he had had the satisfaction of setting up some of his own awkward verse and uncertain prose. It was this sort of youth that Emerson had in mind when he said:

"A sturdy lady from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who teams it, farms it, peddles, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days, and feels no shame in not 'studying a profession,' for he does not postpone his life, but lives already." Certainly from his arrival in Philadelphia in October, 1723, Franklin began to make himself one of the motor forces of that community.

As Pennamite by birth, I have some inborn objections to Boston reformers who come down to show the people of that State how to manage their own politics. I am willing to own, however, that Franklin was by nature rather a Philadelphian than a Bostonian; a certain love of comfort, of good dinners, of pleasant associates, a contact with a variety of people, an acquiescence in the social forces were from the first agreeable to a man not too well disposed to self denial. On the other hand, no sooner was Franklin settled down in the city which became his home than he showed a Yankee spirit of unrest by beginning that habit of founding things which never left him till he had helped to found a State, a national government, and that combination of States and nation which we call the federal republic. First of all, he showed the unusual enterprise of going abroad, a practice then commonly reserved for wealthy young men, after an education, and Colonials who had made money and wished to spend it like gentlemen. In many ways, his London experience was a graceless escapade, but he learned how large the world was and also how much better off he could be in a growing part of the world like Pennsylvania. In 1727 then he started a junto or intellectual club in Philadelphia, which was a large part of his intellectual training, and among other questions discussed by this gathering of eager young men were questions of government.

In 1729, then only 23 years old, he started a newspaper for himself. It was before the days of editorials, but this printer-publisher soon discovered that the public liked squibs and satires on political subjects, and thus as a member of the third estate, Franklin entered public life, for he was speedily chosen to be printer to the Colonial

Legislature, and thereafter for fifty-nine years was never out of public employment except for a brief interval of a few months.

FRANKLIN AS A PUBLISHER.

By this time the young printer had become a political force. He printed a pamphlet on the "Nature and Necessity of Paper Currency." Alert and vigorous as Franklin was, still he was not always right, but his arguments on this question were so plausibly long headed that it resulted in the passing of a paper money act which had very ill effects for the colonies. As time went on the publisher extended his ventures more and more widely. He even started a "General Magazine" in 1741 and was one of the first persons to discover how much money you can sink in a literary periodical. He was more fortunate in planting printing offices in other colonies carried on by representatives who remitted a part of the profits. In 1732 began the most educative of all Franklin's publications, the "Poor Richard's Almanac," a publication which sold the incredible number of 10,000 a year, and which combined the sagacity and humor of Franklin into a form which impressed the minds of thousands of people. His newspaper had a very limited circulation and no influence outside of Pennsylvania. His almanac set before the people a standard of morals utilitarian in spirit, yet good for a crude and intelligent people. With the exception of a few theological publications, such as Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom" and our good old friend, the "New England Primer," "Poor Richard" is the only national literature of the half century just preceding the Revolution.

HIS PUBLIC SERVICES.

It was in his public services at this time that Franklin did most to raise the standard of government and help to found a new commonwealth. In 1736 he obtained the office of clerk to the General Assembly, in which he continued many years. This brought him directly into contact with the legislators and parties of the time. The next year he was made the postmaster of Philadelphia, an office in which he surprised his principal, Alexander Spotswood, then Postmaster General for the colonies, by his prompt and accurate accounts. From colonial affairs, or rather alongside colonial affairs, he organized himself into the

first good government club on record by stirring up the sluggish and unprogressive city government of Philadelphia. Just why the councils of Philadelphia have been so many times waked out of their slumbers in the last two centuries is not the purpose of this paper to inquire, but it is worth while to notice that Benjamin Franklin, backed by at least half the press of the city; there being only two newspapers and one of them his own; and unanimously supported by the clerk of the General Assembly and the postmaster, demanded a regeneration of the police force and eventually secured such a force, not made up of old constables in rotation, but paid for their special service, and he also organized a fire company, which not only had a hand engine to put out the flames, but also materials for covering and saving goods. From that day to this the police and fire departments of Philadelphia have been an active part of the city government. A little later Franklin was for a time himself a member of the common council and then an alderman, and also a justice of the peace, within the city.

Nevertheless, Franklin was never specially interested in Philadelphia politics, but he became distinctly a leader in his colonial affairs when war broke out with France and Spain in 1744. The Quakers were then the great problem in the Pennsylvania government, since their principles forbade them to fight, or even to vote money for military purposes. So far did this go that in this crisis the Assembly absolutely refused to vote money for organizing forces. Franklin, therefore, wrote a pamphlet, "Plain Truth," and thus began an agitation which resulted in 10,000 people signing an agreement to subscribe money for the purpose of raising men, and Franklin relates that by a judicious application of Madeira wine to the gullet of Governor Clinton of New York, he borrowed eighteen excellent cannon for the defense of Philadelphia. He did more. He appeared so to have aroused the Quakers that when importuned to authorize the purchase of powder for the army they refused to grant it, "because that was an ingredient of war," but they voted an aid to New England of £3,000, to be put into the hands of the governor, and appropriated it for the purchase of bread, flour, wheat, or other grain. The governor replied: "I shall take the money, for I understand very well their

meaning; other grain is gunpowder." Franklin himself suggested that the Quakers be importuned to permit the purchase of a fire engine and then, said he, "we will buy a great gun, which is certainly a fire engine."

FRANKLIN AS AN AMERICAN.

Already honored by his Commonwealth with appointments which were not unwelcome, for Franklin said of himself: "I shall never ask, never refuse, nor ever resign an office," he was now to enter upon the larger field of colonial politics and public service. In 1754 he was appointed by the governor of Pennsylvania a commission to a joint congress of the colonies in Albany, and here what may be called his national reputation begins. A citizen of Massachusetts, then of Pennsylvania, a visitor in other colonies, no man of his time understood and personified the character of all his countrymen as did Benjamin Franklin.

And the time had come when America needed Americans. The Congress of Albany was summoned by the British colonial government, to meet in June, 1754, in order to renew the "ancient friendship with the Indian Five Nations" and also "to determine whether the colonies would enter into articles of union and confederation with each other for the mutual defense of his majesty's subjects and interests in North America as well in time of peace as war. The immediate question was war, inasmuch as hostilities had already broken out with the French. Seven colonies were represented, reaching from New Hampshire to Maryland, but the principal person from beginning to end was Benjamin Franklin, delegate from Pennsylvania, who brought with him in his pocket a suggestion for a sort of Federal Constitution. The commissioners to the congress unanimously voted "that a union of the colonies is absolutely necessary for their preservation," and they then proceeded to adopt with very little alteration the plan drawn up by Franklin. This was in effect that there be a president general appointed by the crown and a grand council of forty-eight members, the delegations varying from two to seven, according to the population of the colony, the members to be paid for their services and to meet annually. The legislative powers of this council were to extend to Indian trade, the purchase of Indian lands, the planting of new settlements, the raising of

armies and navies and the power to "lay and levy such general duties imposed, or taxes, as to them shall appear most equal and just," the president general to have a veto and the British government to have a farther veto of laws accepted by the governor.

COLONIAL UNION.

There had been various plans for colonial union in the preceding half century, and a hundred years before the New England colonies had joined in a confederation which, however, does not seem to have been in Franklin's mind when he drew up his plan. In many ways, the scheme meant that the Americans should enjoy more control over their own affairs than had ever been their experience. It meant, on the other hand, that the existing colonial charters must give way to the superior authority of the new union. It is, therefore, not wonderful that as Franklin records, "the assemblies did not adopt it, as they all thought there was too much prerogative in it; and in England it was judged to have too much of the democratic." The real trouble was that there was not a Franklin in every colony to officer such a government had it been formed. It was too strong and vigorous for the times and twenty-one years of hard experience was necessary before the country would listen to Franklin's plea for confederation.

The French and Indian War was now in progress and Franklin had an opportunity to show at least what could be done by resolution and force of character. When Braddock's army was ready to march on Fort Duquesne, the general found himself without wagons for his stores, whereupon Franklin cheerfully appeared like a divinity out of a basket and offered to provide the necessary wagons; did provide them and was almost the only civilian in that year of woe who helped to keep the war going. The Pennsylvania government put him in charge of building forts to protect the frontiers from the Indians, and he was even chosen colonel of a militia regiment. By what seemed like a miracle he induced the governor and the Assembly to stop their interminable quarrels over taxing the proprietors' lands long enough to vote the swinging sum of £60,000 for military purposes. In 1757 he was designated by the Assembly as its agent to England and entered upon a new and significant career.

FRANKLIN'S CHARACTER SUM-
MARIZED.

The striking character which we have attempted to unfold in its relations to the upbuilding of the American Commonwealth did not long survive. In 1790, then 84 years of age, Franklin breathed his last; and no man of his time, not even Washington, has so impressed himself upon his contemporaries and on posterity.

The first reason for Franklin's greatness was his power of original statement of familiar things. He might well have said of himself, as Pascal did: "Don't tell me that I have said nothing new. The arrangement of materials is new. When you play handball, you all use the same ball; but one of you plays it best." Certainly in the process of Constitution building, Franklin was more suggestive than any other American statesman of his time.

Franklin was further a man who always had it in mind to make the best use of his own powers. As a boy he bought and read so many books as to astound Governor Burnett; as a young man he devised an extraordinary virtue table, ruled for the days of the week, with cross ruling for the different respects in which he hoped to improve, and little black dots to show where he had failed. Nor was he in the least discouraged to find out that he could not make himself completely virtuous by a system. He was like the Chinese sage whose disciple retorted, "my master is anxious to make his faults few, but he has not yet succeeded." He kept at this process of self-improvement all his life, reading, sharpening his wits against men, and reflecting. It might be said of him as Confucius said of his elegant and accomplished prince: "As we cut and then file; as we chisel and then grind; so has he cultivated himself. How grave is he and dignified! How majestic and distinguished."

Yet this gravity, which so much impressed the frivolous Court of France, was conjoined with a love of fun such as no American man except Abraham Lincoln has ever enjoyed. This is revealed in his autobiography, composed in the very last years of his life, and indubitably the best American literary work of the eighteenth century. It is here we find the delightful pictures of the gawky youth eating his rolls on the street; of the dear bargain for the whistle; and it is to Poor Richard that we look for sententious wisdom such

as "He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals."

Not the least merit of Franklin is that though assured by so many hundreds of people that he was surpassingly wise, he avoided dictation. One of his recognized principles of public life was never to contradict; always to put forward his opinions moderately and good humoredly. The world needs men of a more absolute temper, Washingtons and Hamiltons; but it also needs the easier tempers and the more conciliatory methods of a Franklin.

One of Franklin's chief virtues was his interest in education, and he was the most broadly educated American of his time. He read many books, he visited many lands, he knew many languages, he was a profound student of human nature, but though he picked up this culture as incident to a very busy life, he meant that succeeding generations should have a better opportunity than his, hence he founded the school in Philadelphia which eventually developed into a university and his descendants have ever been forward in education.

In his mind, however, education was a means to an end; the power to do was educative and education meant renewed powers to do. He himself was astonishingly efficient. For him, life meant opportunity.

Finally, Franklin's was a singularly harmonious and complete life, illustrating in patriotism, in public activity and in private character Walt Whitman's "Youth, Day, Old Age and Night."

"Youth, large, lusty, loving—youth full of grace, force, fascination,
Do you know that old age may come after you with equal grace, force, fascination?
Day, full-blown and splendid—day of the immense sun, action, ambition, laughter
The night follows close with millions of suns and sleep and restoring darkness."

DEATH OF SARAH S. GARDNER.

Sarah S. Gardner, whose death occurred at Dalton, Pa., 15th of April, 1906, was born at Claremont, N. H., 14th of October, 1817. On both the paternal and maternal sides she came of good New England stock. Her father was Elisha Hitchcock and her mother Ruth Slocum Hitchcock, both early settlers of Slocum Hollow, now the City of Scranton. Her Hitchcock ancestry is traced back seven generations to Matthias Hitchcock, who came from London to Boston on the vessel "Susan and Ellen" in 1623, when he

was 25 years old. In 1639 he was among the first settlers of New Haven, Conn., where his descendants, Nathaniel², John³, John⁴ and John⁵ were born, and reared their families. John³ Hitchcock was born the 10th of June, 1747; married at Wallingford, Conn., Phoebe Tyler, 2d of May, 1774. He settled at Claremont, N. H., 16th of May, 1763. The oldest child of John³ Hitchcock that survived infancy was Elisha⁶ Hitchcock, who was born at Claremont, N. H., 21st of January, 1778. He was a wheelwright by trade and moved to Slocum Hollow, Luzerne County, Pa., in 1809. He married 24th of July, 1811, Ruth Slocum, the oldest child of Ebenezer Slocum, the founder of Slocum Hollow. He moved with his wife back to Claremont, N. H., where most of his children were born, but returned with his family to Slocum Hollow 5th of July, 1826, where he purchased a large farm, which is now the best residential part of the City of Scranton.

On the maternal side, Mrs. Gardner traces her lineage to Anthony¹ Slocum, who settled in Taunton, Mass., in 1637. He became a member of the Society of Friends, as did others of his descendants who settled in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The line of descent was as follows: Anthony¹, Giles², Samuel³, Giles⁴, Joseph⁵, Jonathan⁶, Ebenezer⁷, Ruth⁸, the mother of Mrs. Gardner, who was of the ninth generation. Joseph⁵ came to the Wyoming Valley in 1763 to 1769, and his son Jonathan followed about 1771. Jonathan⁶ Slocum was born at East Greenwich, Kent County, R. I., 1st of May, 1733. He married 23 of February, 1757, Ruth Tripp, daughter of Isaac Tripp, Esq. He was a blacksmith by trade. He bought a farm near the old fort, where now is the City of Wilkes-Barre. On 2d of November, 1778, his little daughter, Frances, between 5 and 6 years of age, was carried off by the Indians and kept a captive until she became like one of the tribe, refusing in old age, when discovered by friends, to return to her family and civilization. On 16th of December, 1773, Jonathan Slocum and his father-in-law, Isaac Tripp, Esq., were killed by the Indians while feeding cattle from a stack on the farm, and a son, William, was wounded. His widow survived until 6th of May, 1807.

Ebenezer⁷ Slocum was born in Warwick, R. I., 10th of January, 1766, and moved to Wilkes-Barre when about 8 years old. On 3d of December, 1790, he married Sarah, daughter of Dr. Joseph and Obedience (Sperry) Davis. In 1798 he purchased, with Joseph Duwain, a grist

mill at Deep Hollow, which soon became known as Slocum Hollow. He built a distillery in 1798 and 1799, and a saw mill in 1799. The latter year his brother Benjamin bought the interest of Joseph Duwain, and the Slocum brothers built an iron forge in 1800 and another distillery in 1811. In 1805 Ebenezer Slocum built the first frame house in Scranton. It was long known as the "old red house," which stood till 1875, when it was taken down to give room for the new steel mills. The partnership was dissolved in 1826, and Benjamin removed to Tunkhannock. Ebenezer Slocum died 25th of July, 1832. His widow died 1st of November, 1842. They were the parents of thirteen children:—Ruth, Sidney, Ebenezer, Benjamin, Joseph, Samuel, Thomas, Sarah, Charles Miner, William, Mary, Esther and Giles.

Elisha⁶ Hitchcock and Ruth Slocum married 24th of July, 1811, and had the following children:—Elisha, born 29th of June, 1813; Ebenezer, born 27th of April, 1815; Sarah, born 14th of October, 1817; Ruth A., born 29th of January, 1820; Zenas, born 25th of March, 1822; Mary, born 11th of May, 1827; Eliza, born 13th of July, 1831.

Elisha⁷ Hitchcock married Caroline Larabee and died in Maysville, Ind., 28th of April, 1855, leaving one child, Anna, who married Julius Shannon of Pittston, Pa.

Ebenezer⁷ Hitchcock married first Marion Budd, who died 5th of February, 1857. He married second Amanda Swackhammer, who died in 1880. He died 4th of December, 1882, leaving to survive him one daughter, Marion, born 16th of March, 1867, now the wife of Dr. Burdett O'Connor of Mackay, Idaho.

Ruth Ann⁷ Hitchcock married David Clemons and had two children, Frank H. Clemons and Eva Clemons, widow of the late Dr. Lewis S. Barnes of Scranton, who died 19th of June, 1902.

Zenas⁷ Hitchcock married Ruth Bloom. He moved to the west, where he left three children.

Mary⁷ Hitchcock married Dr. William H. Heath and had one child, Lea M. Heath, now teacher of literature in the Scranton high school. Dr. and Mrs. Heath lived many years in Hyde Park (Scranton), and both died in 1905 at an advanced age.

Sarah⁷ Hitchcock married Abel Gardner 10th of February, 1845. He was a son of George and Abigail (Dean) Gardner, who were married in Exeter, R. I., 20th of February, 1800, and soon after came to Abington, Luzerne County, where he bought a farm adjoining that of his

brother-in-law, James Dean. Abigail died 21st of January, 1842, and her husband died 18th of April, 1855. On this Abington farm Abel and Sarah Gardner spent the early part of their married life. Later on he sold this farm to his cousins, Myron and Amasa Dean, and purchased another in the village of Dalton, then called Bailey Hollow. Here he built a substantial storehouse and conducted a mercantile business in connection with his farm. His death occurred 12th of March, 1882. He was a thrifty, industrious man and with a prudent, energetic wife they accumulated an estate ample for their modest needs. Of four daughters born to Mrs. Gardner, two survive her; the eldest, Helen, died in infancy. Ruth, born 13th of August, 1847, died 3d of September, 1877, the result of an accident while driving from her home to Scranton, accompanied by a younger sister. Sarah Adalaide resides in Scranton, the wife of Dr. H. D. Gardner, a prominent physician. Mary, who resided with her mother in Dalton, Pa., now occupies the old substantial home erected by her father.

Mrs. Sarah S. Gardner, through the Hitchcock and Slocum connections, was related to many of the most prominent families of the Wyoming and Lackawanna Valleys. She was a woman of wonderful memory and marked individuality of character. She was the embodiment of truth and sincerity. Her long acquaintance with the early history of Lackawanna County and the prominent people who contributed to its progress made her conversation at once interesting and instructive. An active Christian worker in the Methodist Episcopal Church, she was broader than any denomination in her sympathies and active support of good works. In her death her family has lost a loving mother, her neighbors and intimates a sincere friend, and the community in which she lived a trusted adviser and well wisher, whose cheerful countenance will be sadly missed by old and young.

WILKES-BARRE'S FIRST BRICK HOUSE.

In the year 1807, nearly 100 years ago, the first three-story brick building in Wilkes-Barre and the county of Luzerne, which then comprised, in addition to the present county, Lackawanna and Wyoming Counties, and portions of Bradford and Susquehanna, was built for Joseph Slocum. It stood on the south side of the Square, and with some alterations which were afterward

made in it, occupied the site until a few days ago, when it was torn down to make way for the new First National Bank Building.

The erection of the building was a great achievement for the time and many and often were the predictions that it could not be made to stand, because of its excessive height, although the first story walls were made very substantial, three or four times thicker than they are now built, showing that the builders themselves were not quite sure that so high a building would keep its upright position. Of course, at the time it was the wonder and admiration of the valley and from many miles around people came to see the lofty structure.

The materials and workmen were brought from great distances. Thomas R. Connor says that his father, John M. Connor, came to Wilkes-Barre in 1806 with others from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., with the carpenters who were to build the house for Joseph Slocum. He was an apprentice to the carpenters and was 18 years old. They traveled on foot and carried with them such tools as they needed. When they reached here they found that there were no laborers here to carry the brick and mortar, so they carried the necessary materials and did the carpenter work and finished the building in 1807. Mr. Connor says that his father told him that most of the materials came from Easton.

There was a large ball room on the third floor of the building, which was frescoed and decorated in an attractive manner, and the floors of the house would delight a modern housekeeper, as they were all white oak, and for many years guiltless of carpets or rugs, but were diligently scrubbed and sanded in geometric designs.

At the rear of the house, in a separate building, was located the forge, where most of the iron and nails used in the building were made. Later on, when some changes were made in the partitions, the workmen had great difficulty in tearing out the woodwork, as every nail was of wrought iron and every one was clinched. At what is now known as Scranton, Ebenezer Slocum, a brother of Joseph, had quite a large forge. This was the first in what is now Lackawanna County. Ebenezer Slocum had large land holdings there and the place came to be known as Slocum or Slocum's Hollow. The coal which he used in his forge he transported a long distance,

not knowing that there were millions of tons of coal beneath the land which he owned.

Joseph Slocum, who was a brother of the famous Frances Slocum, soon handed his forge over to John Fell (who later lived and died at Abington), his large land interests demanding his entire attention.

For many years after its completion in 1807, the brick building was used as a residence, although some minor changes were made, including the erection of a little building adjoining it, which was, until recently, occupied by the Leavenworth coal office.

The last occupant of the place as a dwelling was Lord Butler, who occupied it with his family until February, 1870, when the property was leased to William P. Miner, the proprietor of the Record of the Times, and it was in this building in 1873 that the present daily Record was born and published for several years.

A part of the lower floor was utilized for a time as a grocery store by John Rhone, now deceased, and later it was used as a cigar and novelty store by Smith & Teets. About 1881 S. L. Brown purchased the building and by him it was remodeled and has been devoted to store and office uses ever since, J. C. Madden occupying it a large part of the time. About a year ago it was sold to the First National Bank, and within the last few days the once famous building has been razed to the ground, exemplifying the onward march of progress, which in this instance will assume the shape of a beautiful new bank building, which is expected to be the pride of the city as the old building was the pride of the town.

THE OLD RIVER BRIDGE.

It is not so long ago that the old bridge across the river at Market street was torn down. It was a picturesque structure, and the old toll house at the entrance and the big willow tree represent it as it appeared in 1850, when the above picture was taken. Many years later the old toll house was torn down and a brick two story building erected on the South River street side, with a small toll office on the opposite side of the bridge.

The earliest record of the conveniences for the passing of the stream dates back to the year 1811, when the

following advertisement appeared in one of the local papers of the day:

"FERRY TO LET."

By order of the town council of the borough of Wilkes-Barre the ferry across the Susquehanna River, opposite the said borough, will be rented to the highest and best bidder for the term of one year from the first day of April next by public vendue to be held at the court house in said borough on Saturday, the 16th, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

March 5, 1811.

Geo. Calhoun,
Enoch Ogden.

This primitive communication between the two villages on the banks of the river proved sufficient for the travel until about 1816. The "Wilkes-Barre Bridge Co.," which was incorporated in 1807, commenced operations looking to erecting a bridge which was not completed until about 1818. The contractors, Messrs. Wemwag & Powell, were some two years in finishing their contract, building what was then considered a model structure at a cost of about \$50,000.

About one year prior to its completion much surprise was manifested by the bridge company at the gradual sinking of the pier next to Wilkes-Barre, caused by a "quick sand" or silt. This compelled the sawing of the bridge in two and the loss of two of the arches or spans of the bridge.

This, however, was remedied by the building of two new spans upon a better foundation, though at a very heavy outlay—which was paid by the State.

Misfortune seemed to follow the operations of the building, for after having repaired and reconstructed the bridge, some time in the winter of 1824, this valley was visited by a terrible hurricane, carrying ruin and desolation in its tracks. Houses, barns and trees were blown down, the bridge was lifted from its moorings and swept several feet up stream, landing on the ice. Communication between the two villages was for a time very imperfect, the ice in winter and the ferry in summer offering the only means of transit.

The legislature was appealed to and appropriated (the State then being a large stockholder) about \$15,000 or \$20,000, appointing commissioners to carry out the provisions of the act. Andrew Beaumont of Wilkes-Barre was selected by the commissioners to make contracts, collect money and to employ a builder, etc.

WILKES-BARRE IN 1844.

[Daily Record, Jan. 2, 1907.]

The following entertaining historical sketch was written by the late Rev. N. G. Parke, D. D., and was published in the Pittston Gazette in June, 1869:

Some little girls who are not too old to listen to stories, whose mother lived in Wilkes-Barre when the cows found good pasture in the upper part of Franklin street, wish me to tell them something about Wilkes-Barre, the capital of Luzerne County, as it was twenty-five years ago and I feel like gratifying them as far as I can do so without examining records. As there are other children who would possibly relish what I have to say, I will write it down.

Twenty-five years ago, on Saturday preceding the first Sabbath of June, I reached Wilkes-Barre for the first time, not in a railroad car, nor in a stage coach, but on "horse-back," having traveled during the week in this good old fashioned way over two hundred miles. Of Wilkes-Barre I only knew it was situated on the Susquehanna River, and was not far from the scene of the ever memorable "Wyoming Massacre."—From Rev. J. W. Sterling, then a tutor in Princeton College, I had letters to Rev. John Dorrance, Mrs. Chester Butler, Mrs. George Hollenback and Mr. John L. Butler, all of whom now rest in Hollenback Cemetery. Mr. Kutz, a shrewd, honest German, who understood his business thoroughly, as travelers learned who attempted to dispute with him, kept the toll gate at the bridge. Like many others he could not "see the minister" in me, and collected of me the usual toll, but subsequently with the remark, "ministers go free on this bridge, but I did not know you were a minister," returned it. I was tempted to put on the "white cravat" but never did.

The Presbyterians worshiped in a very plain wooden building that was erected during the ministry of the Rev. Nicholas Murray, D. D., and that stood where their present elegant edifice stands. The Rev. John Dorrance, to whom the people of Wilkes-Barre are largely indebted for their flourishing Seminary, under the care of Rev. W. S. Parsons, was their pastor, and to him they paid a salary of \$500 and he found his own house. As he had a wife and six children to provide for, this cannot be regarded as "large pay." They do no better now. "Old Michael," the terror of bad boys and the kind

friend to all good children, was their sexton, and had charge of burying the dead generally. Every evening at 9 o'clock he was in the habit of ringing the bell that hung in the tower of the old church on "the Green"—the only one in town at that time. This ringing of the bell by "Old Michael," which was probably practiced before his day, if there was such a day in Wilkes-Barre, was occasionally an annoyance to some young men who were fond of visiting in our "well regulated families," as it was an intimation that the time had come for young people to be at home.

The Methodists worshiped in the old church on the Green, which was ornamented by a more beautiful spire than is now to be seen in the valley. There is no house of worship in Wilkes-Barre that was standing twenty-five years ago. The Episcopal Church was served by the Rev. R. B. Claxton, D. D., now of Philadelphia. He was married about this time to a daughter of Judge Scott, a lady of great excellence of character. The Rev. Mr. Lescher of the German Reformed Church ministered to the Germans from Exeter to Nanticoke. In Wilkes-Barre he had no house of worship until he erected one—the church on South Main street, now occupied by the Lutheran congregation. Mr. Samuel Strong, a graduate of Yale College, had charge of the Academy which stood on the Public Square, and Deacon Dana taught an academy in South Wilkes-Barre. My impression is, that there were more young men preparing for college at that time than there are now although the population then was not a tithe of what it is now.

The leading physicians of the town were Dr. Thomas W. Miner, Dr. Boyd, Dr. Smith and Dr. Day—all men of culture and ability in their profession. Harrison Wright, Edmond Dana, Andrew T. McClintock, Warren J. Woodward and Henry M. Fuller were among the young and rapidly rising members of the Wilkes-Barre bar. The old court house which has given place to the immense pile of brick and mortar now on Public Square, was of wood and before its removal was very much dilapidated, having been used freely for almost everything except anti-slavery lectures. The Record of the Times, now a leading journal in northeastern Pennsylvania, was conducted by S. C. Lewis, Esq., whose tender regard for the reputation of every one interfered sometimes with judicious and wholesome criticism of men in public life

who were derelict in duty. Charles Miner, Esq., was collecting the material for his History of Wyoming, a book that will be prized more highly fifty years from this time than it is now.

The leading coal men of the town were J. L. and Lord Butler, whose mines were in Pittston, and Alexander Gray, who superintended the coal works of the Baltimore Coal Co. The Butlers sent to market in 1844 about 18,000 tons of coal and the Baltimore company probably three times as much; and these mines furnished a large proportion of the coal that was sent to market from the coal basin lying between Carbondale and Nanticoke from which millions of tons are sent annually.

Wilkes-Barre in 1844 was a quiet beautiful and comparatively isolated agricultural town, nothing like the stately, citified Wilkes-Barre of 1869. There were not to exceed half a dozen brick houses in the town, and property rents for as much as it would have sold for then. The most of the people were "to the manor born," and had at least a "speaking acquaintance" with their neighbors; and their reputation for intelligence and hospitality and general uprightness of deportment was well deserved. Until within a few years the old Butler house was standing on River street, the residence of J. L. Butler and his father before him, neat, unpretending and substantial, with "the string always out," it was a type of what Wilkes-Barre once was. The costly and magnificent mansion of Stanley Woodward, Esq., to which it has given place, is a type of what Wilkes-Barre now is. There may be more conveniences in the modern house for entertaining friends handsomely than there were in the old house, but there cannot be more generous hospitality.

There were stages from Wilkes-Barre going out every morning for New York and Philadelphia by the way of Easton and by Hazleton and Tamaqua under the direction of Col. Horton. A tri-weekly stage carried the mail between Pittston and Wilkes-Barre, and passengers, when there were any. Father Hunt was then comparatively a new man in the valley and was gently stirring up the people of Wilkes-Barre on the subject of temperance, a subject on which they have been conservative, as they have been on the subject of slavery. To temperance lecturers, abolition lecturers and fugitive slaves Wilkes-Barre has never been a paradise.

N. G. P.

WYOMING VALLEY IN 1847.

The following interesting article appeared in the Record ten years ago. It is from the pen of E. Merrifield of Scranton and describes a trip on a stage coach through the Lackawanna and Wyoming Valleys about sixty years ago. The article is delightfully reminiscent and mentions the names of many early Wilkes-Barreans, who are now numbered with the great majority. The following is the article:

To sit down occasionally and muse over bygone days, especially those that are fraught with pleasant memories, is a pastime that is always agreeable. Particularly is it so when thinking of old Wilkes-Barre,—the happy homes of those with whom I was familiar—its grand men and women—the boys who were companions of my youth, and the girls, God bless them, whose frolicsome glee, so often made life a bright and beautiful reality; and I never think but with feelings akin to love for the old town. There should be no patience with those who would speak disparagingly of Wilkes-Barre. Though our lines may run differently in some directions, it should beget nothing but a generous spirit of rivalry. Anything more is wholly uncalled for. We were children of the same mother county—Old Luzerne's great men and their achievements were ours, and though separated now by a legal line, social ties need not be severed, and we should rejoice that the old borough has ripened into a substantial and prosperous city, dominated by a conservative, cultured and hospitable people.

The time of which I write is between forty and fifty years ago. There was no railroad to get there, hence I will take a seat on top of the old four-horse coach and with my visiting friend once more live over again, a trip down through the beautiful Lackawanna and Wyoming Valleys. The home of old Uncle Jo Griffin is soon passed, presently coming to Capt. Albert Felts, who lived on the brow of the steep hill which the drivers always dreaded. On we go through the Atherton neighborhood, down past the Knapps, John Stewart and Erastus Smith, finally reining up in front of the well known tavern of Charles Drake. Here a stop for a few minutes to give the horses a slight rest, and some water. "All aboard" is heard, the driver cracks his whip and away we go down by Babb's store, the Marcys, Browns and on top of the hill to the left the farm house of that

well known citizen, Zenas Barnum. Soon the head of the North Branch is reached, where Tom Benedict has been making quite extensive improvements. Dr. Curtis's stone house is passed and presently we are stopping by the Sax tavern in Pittston. The mail bag is left at the postoffice to be overhauled; nevertheless the stay is quite limited and the driver hurries on. Acting in that capacity was either Harvey Nash or John Kennedy, than who no two men were better known or more respected between Carbondale and Wilkes-Barre. Pittston was a straggling village. The Butler colliery was in operation; but whoever left at this time, and perchance should return in 1896, would scarcely find a landmark in the flourishing and go-ahead city. We probably take the river road, pass Blanchard's, Courtright's, the Searles's, Starks, all noted families; then stop at Sperring's tavern to refresh the horses. Again under way, the old Hollenback mill is passed, and the big hill climbed, and in a short distance we are on the streets of Wilkes-Barre. We have been on the coach between three and four hours and gladly alight at the Phoenix Hotel, kept by that prince of landlords, P. McC. Gilchrist. Here was always a welcome for the traveler. If one wanted a good bed to sleep on, or good things to eat, here they were. Even the thirsty soul should slake its thirst with old rye or cognac, and Schnapps of the very best quality. How well I recall that wooden structure standing there on the banks of the Susquehanna, and from whose porches there was such an extended and beautiful view of Wyoming Valley. Here frequently congregated some of the ablest men of the town, my friend notices one now, whose fine appearance and address evidences no ordinary man. He is entertaining a coterie of congenial spirits. That is the popular and whole souled Henry M. Fuller, an able man and good lawyer, whose residence and office is just below the hotel. But we must go out and take a stroll about the town. A short distance on the river and we turn to go up Market street. Here on the corner is the Hollenback store, old fashioned, but chuck full of merchandise. Do you see that short, heavy set man coming down the street? That's George M. Hollenback, by far the wealthiest man of the town. On this very spot his ancestors traded with the Indians and laid the foundation for the immense wealth which his son has so wisely

managed. With it all he is good, universally respected, and one of the most affable of men. On either side of the street we notice little else than low wooden buildings. Now my friend's attention is arrested by a large, remarkable looking man who is walking down on the other side. There is a man whose big proportions are not confined to the physical development. His intellect is massive. It is George W. Woodward, one of Wilkes-Barre's oldest lawyers and now president judge of one of the interior districts. He is undoubtedly returning to his home, so cosily situated on the side of the hill below Kingston. That young man who is waving a salutation to me is his son Stanley. He must be home on a vacation from college where he stands among the first of his class. And here comes another fine looking gentleman, leisurely waiking down towards his office, which we have just passed. This is the eloquent and aggressive Col. Hendrick B. Wright, one of the best of jury lawyers. He is paying a great deal of attention to politics and will no doubt be heard from in the national legislature. There, do you see coming towards us that small, black eyed man? It is William C. Gildersleeve, one of the successful merchants, notorious as a great abolitionist, and who, not a long time ago, was visited with attempted personal violence on that account. Here we are at the Public Square, and on which, directly facing Market street, is the old market house. Close by is the Academy. That large wooden building with the tall spire is the Methodist Church. Opposite, on the southerly side, stands the court house; a very ordinary structure you say for a rich county. On the easterly side is the stone house where the county records and offices are kept. Around this square are most of the shops and business places, and we will walk on the northerly side up as far as Main street and step into Steeles' new brick hotel. There is sheriff George P. Steele, one of the most indefatigable and shrewdest of Luzerne's Democratic politicians. His amiability and kindness of heart are proverbial. Just above the hotel is the hardware store of Ziba Bennett, another of the rich merchants, one of the most reliable and estimable men of the town. There he stands in the door and that young man who is talking with him is his confidential clerk, Charles Parrish. Over on the other corner is the residence of Lord Butler, one of the first

citizens of the place. Down about half way on the easterly side of the Square and we come to Maj. S. H. Puterbaugh's hotel. He is a very jolly and popular landlord. Below the Square on East Market street stands the jail. Such an institution is never an inviting place, and this one in particular we will give a wide berth. Do you see that three story brick on the south side of the Square? We notice it because such buildings are scarce. It is the residence of Joseph Slocum, one of the oldest and most respected residents. He was a boy when the Indians invaded the town and carried off his little sister Frances, about whom there is such a romantic history. We pass along and see just turning the corner down South Main an old man bent with the weight of ninety years. This is the old lawyer, Thomas Dwyer, whose opinions on questions of law are universally repeated by the attorneys. He carries us away back into the past. Born before the revolution, he recollects distinctly the birth of our Republican government. What a world of memories cluster about that old man. Who is that coming towards him and taking his hand with a friendly grasp? That is Senator William S. Ross, just coming up from his well cultivated fields but little more than a quarter of a mile below where he lives like a prince.

Court seems to be in session and we will step in. Not a very imposing room you say; nevertheless it has been the scene of many an intellectual contest that would have done honor to any court room on earth. Presiding there is that loved and eminent jurist, John N. Conyngham. Evidently there is an important case on, for sitting at one of the tables you see Harrison Wright, Warren J. Woodward and Andrew T. McClintock. At the other, Judge O. B. Collins, Lyman Hakes and Edmund L. Dana. You can scarcely get together a greater array of legal giants. Undoubtedly McClintock on the one side, and Judge Collins on the other, are there for the wise and conservative counsel. Now watch Hakes; he has made an objection and is urging it with all the argumentative ability of which he is so complete a master. The judge is evidently inclined to assent to his proposition. But wait, Harrison Wright is to reply, and if there is any best lawyer at this bar this is the man. You can see that he feels that he is right. Those black eyes peering out from under his gold glasses are flash-

ing fire as he flails away at the position of his antagonist and the seeming judicial acquiescence, until an array of facts and authorities are presented that are irresistible. Now you will see the action of a great judge. Never influenced by preconceived notions or by vehement language addressed, he calmly sees the error and is man enough to acknowledge it. However interesting, we cannot tarry here; but before leaving will take a peep into the bar office, where wit, hilarity and law very frequently hold high carnival. Sure enough we are lucky, for there sit among others Garrick M. Harding, Henry M. Hoyt and Byron Nicholson, a galaxy of brilliant young lawyers. Garrick, I call him that because everybody else does. He is named after that great lawyer, Garrick Mallory, and has set out to add fame to the reputation of his distinguished prototype. He is telling a story, at which he is a great adept. It must be a good one, for it has provoked a ghostly smile on the face of Nicholson, and Hoyt laughs immoderately. That oldish gentleman sitting back there is Volney P. Maxwell, one of our most reliable office lawyers. Not a muscle of his face moves, but if you should perchance see him on the street to-morrow, more than likely he would break out into a hearty laugh; and it would all be over the story to which he has just been listening. This would be a good place to stay, but time forbids. Out upon the street again the first man we meet is a gentleman whose long gray locks bespeak that he has for many years passed the meridian. That is the venerable and respected Charles Miner, the eloquent historian of Wyoming. His name will live so long as the valorous deeds of her noble men and women shall be read by the student of history. You ask who those two men are so earnestly engaged in conversation. The tall man, who has just taken a pinch of snuff, is Samuel Collings, editor of the Democratic paper, and one of the most incisive and able political writers of the State. They are evidently trying to settle some question of party politics, for the other gentleman is Andrew Beaumont, who has made a national reputation in Congress, and a man of undoubted integrity and ability. Dr. Miner comes along; a very able physician and withal an orator of the best type. Fortunately we shall be able to get a look at another celebrity. Watch that humped back man as he approaches. He lives about four

miles out, but is frequently seen on the streets of Wilkes-Barre. It is the Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, who has electrified audiences from one end of the country to the other, on the subject of temperance. They call him "Pappy" Hunt for short, and he can tell an anecdote equal to the best of them. John Butler, a descendant of the revolutionary patriots and one of our honored representative men, is crossing over on purpose to meet him. If we were near enough we could hear some first class joking. There are other noted people whom it would be a pleasure to point out—in fact, there, across the Square, are Judge Kidder, H. W. Nicholson and in another direction Revs. John Dorrance, Pearne and Nelson, all distinguished in their different callings—but the stage horn is blowing and we must haste to take our departure.

Thus ends these musings—they are suggestive of many and conflicting emotions—pleasure to look upon the faces of those who in the long ago were helping to manage and move the destinies of our adored country,—sorrow to think that of all the number herein mentioned, but three are left with us. Though gathered to their fathers, it is gratifying that there are still many left who delight to cherish and honor their memory.

E. Merrifield,

Scranton, Feb. 2, 1896.

A PIONEER PHYSICIAN.

One of the early practitioners of medicine in Wilkes-Barre was Dr. Maçon Crary, whose biography has been given in a paper by Dr. F. C. Johnson on the Pioneer Physicians of Wyoming Valley, published in the last volume of the Transactions of the Historical Society and of the Luzerne County Medical Society.

The following additional matter has been received at the Record office:

Dr. Maçon Crary first studied for the Presbyterian ministry, then decided on medicine.

His ancestor, Peter Crary, the first of the name in America, was one of the grantees of the patent of New London, Conn., granted April 23, 1663.

Dr. Crary was descended from the New England families of Gallup, Wheeler, Stanton, Lord, Denison, Mason, etc.

In 1806 he married Desire Beach, daughter of Nathan Beach, Esq., of Beach Grove, Salem Township, one of

the pioneers of Wilkes-Barre, he, with his father and family, coming with the Connecticut settlers in 1769, living near Fort Durkee previous to the Wyoming Massacre. Nathan Beach's mother, Desire Herrick Beach, has the distinction of being the first white woman to have crossed the Blue Mountains into this valley.

In 1807-08 Dr. Crary's father-in-law, Nathan Beach, and Charles Miner represented the county of Luzerne in the Assembly then sitting at Lancaster, Pa.

The children of Dr. Crary and Desire Beach were as follows:

Darwin, who studied medicine and settled in Hazleton.

Beach and Mason, who settled in Illinois.

Nathan Beach, who settled in Shick-shinny and was one of the incorporators of that borough.

Ellen, Susan and Hannah, unmarried.

About the molding of the pills by the small boy. We know that Dr. Crary had a device of his own invention, still in the possession of the family, which cut off and molded the proper amount without any contact with the hands to speak of. The pills were entirely vegetable, containing no calomel.

Dr. Longshore of Hazleton was not a nephew, although I believe there was a remote relationship by marriage with the Longshore family.

The following letter, appearing in the *Susquehanna Democrat*, Wilkes-Barre, April 9, 1813, was addressed by Dr. Crary to Dr. Erastus Williams of Albany on the subject of a prevailing fever. It may interest medical men of to-day:

Salem, Luzerne County Pa.,

April 6, 1813.

Dr. Erastus Williams, Albany, N. Y.

Dear Sir,—Having had an opportunity of observing the prevailing disorders in the western part of the State of New York, and in many parts of Pennsylvania, I think proper to communicate to you my observations on the subject. The remote cause may be an uncommon state of the atmosphere; but the proximate cause of the disorder appears to be an unusual state of the blood of almost every person, which may predispose the system to inflammation in various parts,

but most commonly in the lungs, or parts exposed to the air. Many feel symptoms of the disorder that are not confined by it, and many are afflicted with inflamed swellings, which commonly discharge acrimonious blood, with very little pus. It appears to me, that the blood contains a less proportion of serum than in other seasons, and the crassamentum of a thick glutinous quality that stagnates in the extreme vessels and causes inflammations. The greatest number of cases appear to be nearly like Cullen's description of peripneumonia notha, and a blood letting is certainly proper when pneumonic symptoms are immediately considerable; but ought to be regulated with judgment. If the patient is too copiously bled extreme debility and putrid symptoms ensue. In some cases it appears like the cynanche maligna, or putrid sore throat; others are taken with wandering pains, extreme debility, cold extremities, and no evident symptoms of inflammation. In such cases stimulating and sweating may be proper. The disease requires strict attention, without strictly adhering to one systematic rule, but varying as the disorder changes its symptoms.

Emetics, cathartics, diuretics, tonics and antiseptics may be all proper to be given in a few days. Blisters are useful in most cases. If they expectorate freely, they commonly recover. My antiseptic family physic in pills has been found to prevent the disorder in all cases where they have been frequently taken, and many have been relieved by a single potion.

I have met with a few physicians, who have had almost universal success, men of judgment who have varied their practice according to the prevailing symptoms, not carrying any favorite principle to an extreme, nor reducing the patient as much as usual under the same symptoms.

Others, by beautiful theory, and extreme partiality for Dr. Ruth's copious blood letting, without the advantage of judgment or experience, have been unfortunate. Many others have studied physic, but their reading has been chiefly confined to Dr. Brown (of Edinburg), and him only, because he advocated the sthenic or stimulating system. Of this system they have become more partial by long experiencing the salutary effects of ardent spirits on their own constitutions. Many such have staggered to their patients and ordered boldly the patient to drink one quart of brandy during

the day, as a remedy for a burning fever, but death has commonly soon closed the scene, and frequently laid his wry hand on the doctor, for it has been most mortal with the intemperate. I am, Sir, your friend and Humble Servant,
MASON CRARY.

GENEALOGICAL HISTORY OF LUZERNE AND LACKAWANNA COUNTIES.

After about two and one-half years in preparation the Genealogical and Family History of Wyoming and Lackawanna Valleys has made its appearance. It comprises two handsome volumes of about 600 quarto pages each and is the most elaborate contribution to local biography which we have. Fully 500 sketches of notable families or individuals appear in each volume. It is elaborately illustrated with portraits, many of them being steel engravings, though some are half tone reproductions of photographs. The steel plates are full page and are handsomely executed. The work is dedicated to the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society, the statement being made that without the aid of its librarian, library and members the work would not have been undertaken. The title page indicates that the work was prepared under the editorial supervision of Rev. Horace Edwin Hayden, M. A., librarian of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society, Honorable Alfred Hand, M. A., of the Scranton bench, and John W. Jordan, LL. D., the librarian of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Rev. Mr. Hayden desires it stated that although a great many of the articles bear his initials, they were not prepared by him, but that the initials indicate that the articles had his editorial supervision. It is also fair to say that this use of his initials does not make him responsible for the mere diction of the personnel portion of these narratives, his responsibility terminating with the approval of the genealogical matter. In the preparation of the work the publishers have observed the utmost care. If in instances a narrative is incomplete or faulty, the shortcoming is ascribable to the paucity of data furnished, many families being without exact records of their family line. In all cases the sketch has been submitted to the subject or his representatives for correction and upon him rests

the ultimate responsibility. No eulogies of the living are given.

The work is distinctly biographical, but Volume I opens with a page or two explanatory of the purpose of the history, including a portrait of Wyoming Monument. Then comes a sketch of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society, together with a portrait of its building and a picture of Forty Fort as it appeared in Pearce's Annals of Luzerne County. After this brief preliminary the authors have plunged at once into genealogy and biography, and the same is gone into with great care and as far as one can see the sketches are admirably prepared.

The publishers pay the following tribute to Mr. Hayden: "Of first interest and importance are the labors of Mr. Hayden, widely known for his long and active identification with some of the first historical and patriotic societies of the country, his unflagging industry in the pursuit of information drawn at first hand from court and church archives and family records, and that ample experience in their digestion for practical use, which has afforded him wide pre-eminence. His work has been performed with conscientious thoroughness and the first volume is in large degree his own, comprising the writing or laborious revision of a great mass of genealogical matter after the methodical arrangement which has ever characterized his efforts along genealogical lines. It must be especially noticed that Mr. Hayden has declined to receive any compensation from the publishers for his labors."

Volume I is devoted to Luzerne County biographies and Volume II is devoted to Lackawanna County. A few Luzerne County biographies, however, appear in Volume II, probably by way of overflow. The discriminating taste of Judge Hand is shown all through the book. The volume is issued by the Lewis Publishing Company of New York and Chicago, a firm that has been engaged in this kind of publishing for upwards of thirty years. A comparison shows that this is the equal of any of them, if not the superior.

The price of the work is \$18 for the two volumes.

The Cardiff Mail of July 17 states: Councillor J. R. James of Llandoverly has in his possession the original copy of the bishop's license dated 1740, appointing William Williams, Pantycelyn, the hymn-ist of Wales, to the curacy of Llanwrtyd

and Abergwessyn, at a salary of £10 per annum.

Rev. William Williams, the noted hymnologist, has a monumental church erected to his memory at Llandovery and a monument in the old Llanbrynmair Church yard has also been erected to his memory. One of his noted hymns found in hymnals of all denominations is "Guide me, oh, thou great Jehovah."

Trenton, N. J., July 16.—Judge Cross in the United States Court to-day sentenced Luigi Zembino, an Italian counterfeiter, to six years in State prison. Zembino was one of a number of counterfeiters operating in and about New York and Hoboken. The spurious money was made in Italy and brought over here by Zembino and disposed of.

THE OLD ACADEMY.

The following verses on the Old Academy, a noted institution of learning, that stood on the Public Square, nearly a century ago, were written by Samuel H. Lynch, and were published in the Leader about ten years ago, and are herewith reprinted as a contribution to the early history of the city:

"As down the stream of time I swiftly go,
Oft do I find me in an eddy's flow,
Which bears me back along youth's
sunny shore,
And makes the stream seem swifter than
before."

Once on a time in Eighteen-thirty-two
When joys were plenty and when cares
were few,

When Hope's bright pinions swept all
clouds away,

And life to me was one unclouded day,
I found myself, a youth both small and
spare,

Seated in school upon the Public Square.
How clear fond mem'ry brings the scene
to view,

The desks, the scholars, and the master,
too,

Seated on high upon his splint-backed
chair

Behind his desk, he heard the classes
there.

Sometimes a culprit was compelled to
stand

Close to his majesty, hold out his hand
To meet his doom, and on his palm to
bear

That punishment e'en mercy could not
spare.

But oft the sentence would the rather be,
"Go to, your seat and learn your 'jogra-
phy."

He ruled by love, made every duty plain,
Was kind to all, his name was "Chamber-
lain."

The ten plate stove with oven large and
wide

Extending through the stove from side to
 side,
 As well adapted for a roast of pork
 As thawing inkstands that were made of
 cork,
 Which, when they burst, as they would
 often do,
 Would make a most delicious, fragrant
 stew:
 Not quite so fragrant as the new mown
 hay,
 But much more pungent on a winter's
 day.
 The very books in use remembered well:
 From "Webster's Spelling Book" we
 learned to spell,
 And e'en to read, for there were fables,
 too,
 Which to our mental vision always true.
 Had each a moral, and a picture crude
 To illustrate the truth in ev'ry attitude.
 Then "Murray," with the "English Reader"
 came,
 Goldsmith and Blair and other men of
 fame
 Here reproduced in purest English prose
 And poetry, to test the skill of those
 Who, when in parsing would the lines
 transpose
 To find the verb most active of the three,
 Or passive, neuter, as the case might be.
 The parts of speech, the nouns and pro-
 nouns, lest
 They might not always stand the final
 test
 The application of Old Murray's rule.
 And not agree, in that distinguished
 school
 In number, person, as he says they must,
 We boys agreed the study dry as dust.
 Within those ancient walls imparting
 knowledge
 From A, B, C to fitting boys for college,
 No pens of steel were known, or then in
 use,
 But simply quills from out some farmer's
 goose,
 Which, cut and fashioned by the master's
 skill,
 Did all the writing for both "Jack and
 Jill"
 From copies set to guide the pupil's hand
 Long ere we heard or knew of "Master
 Rand."
 And I remember how intensely then
 We bowed ourselves and struggled with
 that pen,
 With tongue protruding and each pupil's
 face,
 Writhing in concert with a broad grimace,
 As if the writer using pen and ink
 To follow copy would the moral drink,
 And ne'er forget, believing every word
 "The pen is mightier, mightier than the
 sword."
 Thus did our teachers sentiments instill,
 Or try to, through the medium of that
 quill,
 And we had "Daboll" for our mathe-
 matics
 And "Blake's Philosophy" for Hydrosta-
 tics;
 The former taught us figures never lie,
 As we would add, subtract, and multiply;
 The latter, conversational the while,

Gave us our "physics" in a pleasing style.
And we had "Woodbridge" then, with "Atlas," too,
Descriptive of the earth, our interest grew
As this we studied, for it gave us all
At that time known of this terrestrial ball.
And then for History we studied "Hale,"
That is the history within the pale
Of our United States. For ancient lore
And higher branches, we must go next door.
And climb for fame up second story stairs
Where we all thought the pupils put on airs,
But when in course of time we got there, too,
We wondered how we ever thought it true.
The "Upper School," as it was called those days,
Was somewhat better in its means and ways,
For there the boys and girls were older, and the floor
Extended to the rostrum from the door.
The desks along each window lighted side,
Leaving the centre quite unoccupied.
Save for the old wood stoves, in number, two,
Which in the winter, fed with wood which grew
On the surrounding hills, gave grateful heat
Diffusing comfort to the farthest seat.
But what with Greek, and Latin, and renowned
The school considered best in this old town
Was occupied with Females on the right,
And Males upon the left, so it was quite
A trial of our courage, when the day came round
That all the orators by law were bound
To mount the stage and make their bow,
And "speak a piece" the best that they knew how.
Facing the school, and worst of all, the girls
With eyes of black or blue, entrancing curls,
All staring at you, and your blushing face
And trembling limbs to add to your disgrace,
And voice so weak, and memory wandering far
As you proclaimed "My voice is still for war,"
Or "My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks," while the cold chills
Are running down your spine enough to freeze
Your blood, and your weak knees
Are knocking 'gainst each other
Until you really do not know the one from tother,
And growing desperate with shame and rage,
You scrape your foot and stumble from the stage.

On Saturday another trial came,
 To read a composition weak and lame;
 'Twas easy work to write a lot of stuff
 Reflecting on the master, who was rough
 At times, and we boys didn't like him.
 And this was all the way we had to strike
 him.
 On one occasion, the boys were well
 aware
 That one among us had composed with
 care
 A composition, which when it was read,
 Would bring down vengeance on his guilty
 head,
 But conning the result, in fear and doubt
 When time was called, his courage all
 froze out.
 "I'm not prepared," he said, with guilty
 look,
 And hid his manuscript within his book.
 But expectation was on tip toe now,
 And disappointed of a coming row,
 The boys proclaimed his falsehood to the
 school
 And our poor author looked e'en like a
 fool.
 No mercy did they show, no not a bit,
 "We know he has a composition writ,
 "For we have seen it with our very eyes,
 "And when he says he hasn't then he
 lies."
 The master bade him read it, then and
 there,
 But "Charley,"* with a wild and vacant
 stare,
 Sat silent as a victim of despair.
 "Will you obey me, sir?" the master
 cries,
 And from his old armchair we see him
 rise
 While anger to subdue he vainly tries,
 And rushing down with eager, hasty
 stride,
 He seized the poker which lay just beside
 The ten plate stove, 'twas long and stout,
 A blow from that would lay the culprit
 out,
 And springing up upon the bench above,
 He looked the picture of avenging Jove,
 When raising high the weapon o'er his
 head
 As though determined he would strike him
 dead.
 The school transfixed with terror turned
 In sawing off the steeple posts at night,
 A deed that was too evil in the light,
 And pulled it down to let the people know
 How far malicious mischief then could go.
 What pleasure they could find 'twas hard
 to see,
 Save vent their spite on the Academy.
 Now in our school days, holidays were
 rare,
 So few, that to our minds 'twas hardly
 fair.
 But half a day on Saturday each week
 Whether we studied A, B, C, or Greek,
 "Old Michael" kept us up to time quite,
 well,
 At nine o'clock and two he rang the bell
 On the Old Church that stood across the
 way,
 And made us scurry when we were at
 play.

We might be playing mumblypeg or ball,
He had no sympathy with us at all,
And so we ran for school with hardly
breath
To cry out "Give me Liberty or Give me
Death!"
To sit in school upon a summer day
And watch the flies above our heads at
play,
Darting athwart a sunbeam back and
forth,
Playing at tag for all that they were
worth,
As if to tantalize our being there
And sitting still, while they were free as
air
Would cause what little minds we young-
sters had
To wander o'er the meadows, flower clad,
And listen to the birds, the cheerful clink
Of one we always loved, the Bobolink,
And see him raise in varied colored coat
From out the grass, and in the air to
float,
Then settle down upon some slender reed
And swing himself, was liberty indeed.
But who in summer, when the air was
hot,
Does like the school house, or does like
it not?
But loves sweet liberty in which to roam
Along the river margin near his home,
And listen to the birds in sweetest song,
And have some boon companion go along
To chase the rabbits, or to fight the bees,
To steal a boat and sail on inland seas,
Mayhew to fish or else a swimming go,
That wouldn't do it I should like to know.
So playing "hookey" often was our will,
Though knowing well the penalty, yet still
When weighed and balanced with fun that
led it,
We always found a margin to our credit.
The punishment ne'er thought of while
we roam,
But the reminder came when we got
home,
And then again, when we got back to
school,
So twice we got a licking as a rule,
Yet notwithstanding all, we still would
do it
Time and again, though well we knew
we'd rue it.
Some from this school went forth to
carve a name
High on the Temple of their Country's
fame:
Still others, ere they left to enter life,
Had carved their name with an old "Bar-
low knife"
Upon the desk or bench, without a
thought or care
Of youthful folly who had placed it there.
As others, too, we must not overlook
Inscribed their name in some old dog-
eared book.
Leaving a guide-board on the title page
To point a moral for the coming age,
In this sententious warning, terse and
brief,
Inscribed in crabbed hand on the fly-leaf:
"Steal not this book, my honest friend,
"For fear the 'gallus' be your end,
"And if my name you wish to see

'Look at page sixty-three."
 Then closed the book and left it to its
 fate,
 Shut out from sight and mem'ry from that
 date.
 Like some old friend of whom I set great
 stoore,
 Returned to greet me from a foreign
 shore,
 So does the past come back; again I see
 The Public Square as then it used to be,
 With Church and Court House and Acad-
 emy;
 The market house with rows of hooks and
 stall,
 away
 And hid their eyes upon that fearful fray
 Until they hear a voice as thunder-like
 Cry out quite tragic, "Strike, Silvester,
 strike!"
 This brought the house down, and the
 master, too,
 And our respect for "Charley" quickly
 grew
 As we acknowledged he had won the day,
 Though after school the master bade him
 stay.
 The ways of boys and girls in school to-
 gether,
 While Human Nature, just the same as
 ever,
 Revealed itself in many curious ways.
 One of which was that in those halcyon
 days
 A Postoffice, which, as we now recall,
 Was simply carried on within the wall
 Of the old Meeting House across the way
 By working hard when they were out at
 play
 In digging out a stone, thus leaving
 space
 For notes and letters—'twas a secret
 place
 Known to but few, but that they knew it
 well,
 Both boys and girls, it was not hard to
 tell
 And many a love note, not left long alone,
 Was thus conveyed from out that wall of
 stone.
 The boys were full of mischief then, as
 now,
 And many a trick they played, and many
 a row.
 Some teachers were so heartily disliked
 That had they been a cannon, they'd
 been spiked,
 But being only made of common clay,
 The boys devised to annoy them every
 way
 That deviltry suggested, one of which
 To hide the ruler or to burn the switch.
 Encouraged by success, they farther went
 And to blockade the door much time was
 spent
 To keep him out, but this was not enough.
 They filled the oven of the stove with
 snuff,
 Which, when the fires were lighted, drove
 us out
 And put the whole school in a noisy rout.
 Again they filled the stove pipe up with
 wood,
 And then upon the Public Square they
 stood

To see the ending of their reckless joke
 And thus their "alma mater" end in
 smoke.
 But while they waited, and all stood aloof,
 One, "Daniel Collings," mounted on the
 roof,
 While others pased up water in their
 pails,
 And single handed, he the fire assails,
 And put it out, else that had been the last
 Of the old school, and memories of the
 past
 All that was left of this old house of
 fame
 Once "Court House," "Jail," "Academy"
 by name.
 Again did mischief, which they thought
 was fun,
 Assert itself until the deed was done,
 The old Town Pump, its handle, spout
 and all,
 And never can forget the taste or smell
 Of the foul water from that ancient well.
 The school is gone from off the Public
 Square,
 And of the boys and girls once gathered
 there,
 How few are left to reminisce with me
 The glories of the old Academy.

THE TEACHERS FROM 1830.

First Noah Webster's son began his rule,
 Then "Chamberlin" succeeded to the
 school.
 The next in order to assume the part
 Was one, the father of Professor Hart,
 The next that I remember, too anon,
 Was one who ruled by might, his name,
 St. John;
 And many will remember one e'en now,
 That faithful teacher, Jeremiah Dow.
 Within the higher school, imparting
 knowledge,
 Was, Dr. Orton, fitting boys for college;
 And Daniel Ullman, whom I often saw,
 Was afterwards distinguished in the law.
 Then followed Siewers, Dickinson went
 past,
 Then Dana, who not least, at least was
 last.
 For my own pleasure, in this way I've
 tried
 To see the Old Academy diversified,
 And hope the others, as I have expected,
 Be also pleased to see it resurrected.
 *The late Judge Waller of Honesdale,
 Pa.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEETING.

[Daily Record, Feb. 12, 1907.]

The annual meeting of the Wyoming
 Historical and Geological Society was
 held last evening. Rev. Dr. Jones, vice
 president, presiding and offering prayer.
 The annual election of officers re-
 sulted as follows:

President—Major Irving A. Stearns.
 Vice presidents—Rev. Henry L.
 Jones, Dr. Lewis H. Taylor, *Dr. Levi
 I. Shoemaker, *Dorrance Reynolds.

Corresponding secretary and librarian—Rev. Horace E. Hayden.

Recording secretary—Sidney R. Miner.

Treasurer—*Charles W. Bixby.

Trustees—A. F. Derr, Edward Welles, Richard Sharpe, H. H. Ashley, *Andrew Hunlock.

Curator of archaeology—Christopher Wren.

Curator of numismatics—Rev. H. E. Hayden.

Curator of minerology—William R. Ricketts.

Curator of paleontology—Joshua L. Welter.

Curator of paleobotany—William Griffith.

Historiographer—*Dr. F. C. Johnson.

The * indicates new officers.

Messrs. George S. Bennett and H. H. Ashley were appointed a committee to prepare a minute on the death of S. L. Brown.

Frank Sturdevant Stone of Philadelphia and Miss Ernestine Kachlin, assistant librarians, were elected to membership, and Mrs. Sarah Covell (Maffet) Stevens to life membership.

The treasurer, Dr. F. C. Johnson, reported dues collected \$1,195; received from county commissioners, \$200; from interest on investments, \$1,150; life memberships, \$400.

Expenditures: Salaries, \$1,523; books, \$100; telephone, \$30; shelves, \$25; printing, \$260; cataloging, \$390; postage, \$26; binding, \$75; stationery, \$46; insurance, \$50; interest \$50.

Rev. H. E. Hayden submitted his report as librarian and corresponding secretary as follows:

Mr. President:

I have the honor of presenting to you the forty-ninth annual report of this society for the year 1906.

During that period the work of the society has steadily grown in all directions. Its prosperity is manifest, but this growth begins to outstrip the means in hand to systemize and utilize it.

During the year from Jan. 1, 1906, to Jan. 1, 1907, seven meetings were held in the rooms for purposes connected with our work. At the meeting of Jan. 12, 1906, I. W. Ingham of Sugar Run, Pa., read an interesting paper on "Olden times in Bradford County, Pennsylvania," which we will publish in the next annual volume. On Feb. 21 a meeting of the trustees was held to postpone the annual meeting to March 9, owing to the illness of our president, Judge Stanley Woodward. At the meeting of March 9 the postponed annual meeting of the society, the annual reports were made, the annual elec-

tion of officers took place, and resolutions of sympathy with our dying president were passed. The trustees were called together again on March 30 to take action relative to the death of our president, the last of our founders, who died on March 23, 1906.

In April a large meeting was held in the rooms under the auspices of the society for the superintendents, inspectors and foremen of the Lehigh Valley Coal Co. mines, with an attendance of 100, when J. Bennett Smith gave an instructive address on "Coal lands and mining."

NEW PRESIDENT ELECTED.

The October meeting, held on the 26th of that month, adopted the resolutions passed by the trustees in the spring in memory of our late president, Judge Woodward, and elected Maj. Irving Ariel Stearns to fill the vacant presidency, and Dorrance Reynolds, Esq., to be fourth vice president in the place of Rev. Francis Hodge, D. D., deceased. At this meeting Dr. Frederick Corss read a paper on "The Ashley-Wren glacier rock of Plymouth Mountain," a fine piece of which rock was on exhibition. We expect to place in front of the building in the spring a large block of this stone three feet square. This paper will also appear in the annual volume.

The quarterly meeting was held on Dec. 7, when, after the election of members and other routine work, the meeting was adjourned and an illustrated address by E. B. Wilson of the Scranton Correspondence School on "The drainage of coal mines in Great Britain and Mexico" was listened to by fully 100 inspectors, superintendents and foremen of the Lehigh Valley Coal Co. mines. You will notice that two such meetings were held this past year in the rooms under the direction of the society for lectures to those interested in the mining of coal and other geological subjects. To these the public was invited. This was the third lecture of this kind in fifteen months. Others are projected for the present year. E. B. Wilson generously honored us with his stereoptican lecture in place of H. H. Stock, who was prevented from being present by illness, and who will deliver his lecture on coal mining in April.

LACK OF HISTORICAL PAPERS.

I call your attention, Mr. President, to the fact that at the various regular meetings of this society just reported, only two were held to listen to addresses or papers on the subjects which this society represents. It is largely on historical and geo-

logical papers read before us that the publishing committee must depend for the issue of our annual volume. This, taken with a statement that the publishing committee did not issue a volume of proceedings in the past year, is a marked indication of the fact that this society is growing beyond its means. That the financial condition and the clerical force of the society are not adequate to its proper work as a public institution.

It is very difficult, without seeing it, to appreciate the actual work of this society, simply in its library, open as it is, to the public every day in the week from 10 a. m. to 5 and 6 p. m. The splendid Osterhout Free Library, with 36,000 books, has a staff of nine persons, skilled workers, all fully occupied. The Historical Society, with nearly 18,600 volumes in its library, 45,000 specimens in its cabinets, and 6,000 visitors annually, has a working staff of two persons only, all fully occupied, viz., the librarian and the assistant librarian.

GREAT VOLUME OF WORK.

The work of the librarian alone, if properly attended to, is sufficient to keep that officer constantly busy throughout the day. His additional work as corresponding secretary is equally extensive. His correspondence could be easily and most profitably doubled to the great enrichment of the library by soliciting gifts and exchanges of books as is done in most successful libraries, but the duties of the two offices, filled, as they are, by one person, must be greatly circumscribed, especially when other offices, namely, historiographer, editor and general curator also demand his time, and thus the progress of the society is also hindered.

Much relief was given to the corresponding secretary and librarian during the past two years by the employment of a trained cataloger, whose salary was met largely by special gifts from members of the society. For a period of twenty-two months, from September, 1904, to February, 1906, Miss Clare W. Bragg, a graduate of the Pratt Library School, filled successfully that position, resigning in January, 1906, only to accept a call to a larger field as chief cataloger of the Worcester, Mass., Free Library. Miss Susan C. Foot, another Pratt graduate, was then engaged for the remaining six months of Miss Bragg's time, whose work was equally as well and faithfully done, was necessarily suspended by the exhaustion of the funds given for that purpose, on July 31, 1906. Indeed, the donations of the members of the society fell short of the

adequate cost by \$400, which was necessarily taken from the current funds of the society.

The work of these catalogers covers the accession of 10,000 books and 1,000 pamphlets, and making a card catalog of the entire historical and geological library, excepting the United States public depository books of 5,000 volumes. The accessioning of the library, requiring the recording of each volume singly by name, author, size, date and origin, covers the basis of our insurance valuation, and in case of fire becomes the voucher for any loss to the library.

RAPID GROWTH OF LIBRARY.

This is a work that must be continuous, as the library grows by annual additions of 1,000 or more books and pamphlets. During the past six months this accessioning has fallen on the librarian in addition to his other duties, because the income of the society is not sufficient to cover the engagement of a skilled cataloger for the purpose, it being trained port that he has received during the past the librarian may be obtained by the re-year 2,000 volumes and pamphlets, of service.

Some idea of this work thus laid on which 1,300 are additions to the library; he has himself accessioned during the past six months 700 volumes; he has received during the year ending to-day 552 letters and communications; he has written 470 letters, mailed 750 notices of meetings, 500 bills for dues, expressed 100 packages for books, and in the enforced absence of the treasurer seeking restoration to health, he has called on 100 members to collect their dues.

ENDOWMENT NEEDED.

This brings us to the question of finance. The invested funds of the society now amount to \$25,000, of which 23,000 are in bonds at 5 per cent., and \$2,000 in mortgages at 6 per cent. The annual income of the society from its endowment and its membership is \$2,200, including the \$200 annually given by the county commissioners, as per act of legislature, while the growing demands of the society cannot be properly and fully met by less than \$4,000 annually. The society needs at this time a publication fund of \$10,000, the interest of which will secure the members an annual volume of proceedings; \$10,000 for a catalog fund, which will secure the employment of a card cataloger, and a binding fund of \$5,000, to secure the binding of books of which we have had less than twenty-five bound in five

years. We have 500 volumes awaiting the binder! These funds will leave us membership dues sufficient to secure the presentation to the society of two or more historical papers annually. The librarian has himself, with the approval of the trustees, projected a fund, to be called, "The geological lecture fund," to be secured without the aid of any member of the society, which, when it reaches \$1,000, will enable us to secure an annual lecture from some scientific source on some geological subject pertaining to our section. This fund is now nearly \$500, invested, with the balance guaranteed. Some day we may have similar funds to assure us of historical papers worthy of being printed.

I would remind you that when the centennial of Wilkes-Barre took definite form in 1905, an historical committee of seven was appointed from the members of the society, whose duty was to secure a speaker for the centennial. That committee, of which the librarian was chairman, induced our honored member and congressman, Henry W. Palmer, to fill that important part of the program. His address at the opening of the centennial, May 10, 1906, is well remembered. Following in the wake of this centennial movement, this society, at its last annual meeting, determined to celebrate the centennial of the experiment by Judge Fell of burning Wyoming anthracite coal as a domestic fuel and the semi-centennial of the founding of this society, which falls on Tuesday, Feb. 8, 1908. This society appointed as a committee to arrange for this event, the president of the society, the trustees, the treasurer, and the corresponding and financial secretaries, a committee of nine.

CENTENNIAL URGED.

Mr. President and members of the society, what better or more appropriate time can come to us for adding \$25,000 to our endowment, making it \$50,000, than the fiftieth anniversary of this society and the 100th anniversary of Judge Fell's experiment? This one last fact is the main purpose for which this society is organized and now exists. The first minutes of the society show that it was organized on Feb. 11, 1858, "to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the first successful experiment of burning anthracite coal in an open grate in Wyoming by Judge Jesse Fell." It is proper, therefore, that this society should promptly take steps to make the celebration of the centennial of this event a successful fact.

STATE APPROPRIATION.

When the present legislature of Pennsylvania assembled in January, I sent, with the approval of our president and trustees, to our senator and representatives, both members of this society, an appeal for State aid, in the shape of an appropriation of \$20,000 for the maintenance of this society for the future. The State has thus in former years most liberally aided all the similar societies in Philadelphia. In a letter dated Jan. 27, 1907, addressed to the corresponding secretary, regretting his absence in California, our president says: 'I note that a committee was appointed by the society at the last annual meeting to take up the question of celebrating a semi-centennial on Feb. 11, 1908. I certainly trust that they have taken hold of this matter in earnest and will make the anniversary the success that the society deserves. I have realized that in order to place the society on a proper footing and to insure its future success, quite a large amount of money will be required. While personally I am willing to do everything in my power to accomplish this object, I feel that it is not only incumbent upon you and me to work for that end, but for every officer of the society, and every member of the board of trustees to use every effort in their power to accomplish the same. Irving A. Stearns.'

MEMBERSHIPS.

During the past year we have lost a number of our valued members by death, viz: Our honored president, Hon. Stanley Woodward; our trustee, Samuel L. Brown; two life members, Col. Elisha A. Hancock and Lieut. Joseph Wright Graeme, U. S. N., and two resident members, Robert Baur and Albert H. Kipp.

The last annual report showed a membership in the society of 332, viz: Life members, 129; resident members, 203. The life membership list has been augmented by sixteen names, of these six were transferred from the resident list, six were placed there by the trustees, namely our four-founders, Capt. James P. Dennis, Hon. Henry M. Hoyt, Col. John B. Conyngham and Hon. Stanley Woodward, all deceased, and our two benefactors, Gen. William Sterling Ross and Isaac S. Osterhout. Four others have been added as new members. The present life membership list, including five subscriptions due at the close of the present year, numbers 140.

The number of resident members living is	203
Added by election	8
	<hr/> 211
Loss by resignation	3
Loss by removal	3
Loss by deaths	6
Transferred to life list	6 18
	<hr/> 193
Life members, paid in full	141
	<hr/> 334

TABLETS PLACED.

One year ago the trustees invited Mrs. John C. Phelps and George S. Bennett to erect on the front of the building under the window a tablet to the memory of Francis Slocum the "lost sister of Wyoming." The trustees reserved the place at the front door opposite the Butler tablet for a military hero. The Slocum tablet, a beautiful piece of art made by Paul Tabaret & Co. of New York City, was placed on the wall during the summer.

The trustees again in October, 1906, invited the Dorrance family to erect a tablet on the front of the building opposite the Butler tablet to the memory of Lieut. Col. George Dorrance, who commanded the right wing under Col. Nathan Dennison of the American forces at Wyoming, July 3, 1778, was wounded and captured, and the next day slain by the Indians. This invitation has been promptly accepted by his great grandson, Benjamin Dorrance of Dorranceton and the tablet will soon completed and placed.

ADDITIONS TO EXHIBITS.

The art gallery of the society had been enriched by the addition of a large sepia drawing of the town of Wilkes-Barre in 1839 by G. W. Leach, Jr., which had been bought by the trustees and especial by a fine old oil portrait of Nathan Beach, esquire, one of the early settlers of Wyoming, a Wyoming Revolutionary soldier and one of the largest property holders in the valley. This was presented by his great granddaughter, Mrs. William Murray Alexander.

Some interesting additions have been made to the cabinets, among them fourteen domestic pieces, such as an old iron griddle and an old Dutch oven with cover, scales, candle sticks, snuffers drinking cup, etc., belonging to Lieut. Elisha Blackman, one of the survivors of the massacre, presented by Hon. H. B. Plumb, his descendant. Among the additions are also a barong or steel sword used by

the Morros of the Philippines, a large and fine linen napkin from the Cristobal Colon, one of the Spanish ships destroyed at Santiago. It is marked with the monogram of the ship. Also four pieces of Abyssinian manufacture, a fine steel sword and sheath, a rhinoceros horn drinking cup and two iron lances from the Dongllas tribe of Africans.

over 6,000. This includes children and adults. Fully 16 per cent. of these came here for study from the valley and all parts of the northeastern section of the State. Frequently entire classes, sometimes schools, from Wyoming, Forty Fort, Duryea, etc., come for an afternoon. The trustees have recommended setting apart Friday and Saturday every week as children's day, closing the museum to children on the other days of the week.

This would only require an attendant in the ethnological room all day for these two days. In the spring, when the industrial schools are dismissed, the crowd is not so great, but some Saturdays we have from 100 to 250 children. Sometimes on the other days the number is so great as to require the librarian and assistant to drop their work to care for the children.

The curators of geology and paleontology report progress and the curator of orthonology reports about fifty additions to our cabinets. He also reports that the Heilman collection of 300 or 400 pieces deposited by the widow of Dr. Heilman of Pittston, under certain conditions, will be returned to Mrs. Helman in March or April, owing to a complication in the conditions of deposit. All the departments of the society are active and progressing as far as the limited means will allow. Vol. X of our proceedings will be issued in 1907 if our funds will permit.

The various historical societies of the State, some thirty in number, have formed themselves into a society, called, "The Pennsylvania Federation of Historical Societies," with Dr. John W. Jordan, LL.D., as president, its purpose being to stimulate the work throughout the State of all associations organized for the preservation of our State and local history.

The federation and the Act of Assembly, authorizing an appropriation by the commissioners of each county of a sum not exceeding \$200 annually to the oldest historical society in that county, under careful restrictions, have resulted in developing a greater interest in historical research. A number of such societies which had no recognized existence beyond their county limits, have shown real, aggressive life. The Tioga County Historical Society, the Schuylkill County Historical Society,

the Lancaster, Lebanon, Dauphin, York and Lehigh societies, have begun the issue of their literature in annual reports, pamphlets, etc., the surest sign of life. The Wyoming Historical and Geological Society is represented in the federation and your librarian has twice had the honor of being elected vice president.

I have now to beg that you will take some immediate action relating to active preparation for our centennial and the needed increase in our endowment fund.

JESSE FELL'S GRATE.

The paper prepared and read by Rev. Horace E. Hayden, the librarian of the association, will appear in full in to-morrow's issue of the Record. In this paper Mr. Hayden describes in full the claims for the six different grates which all claim to be the original grate used by Judge Jesse Fell when he first burned coal in an open grate.

The first of these was the grate known as "the hickory grate." The second is known as "the marble grate," the third as "the Jesse Fell grate," the fourth as "the Josiah Lewis grate," the fifth as "the Kiernan or Eick grate," and sixth, "the present Fell House grate."

In his paper Mr. Hayden declares that the only well authenticated grate belonging to Judge Fell is now in the possession of the Historical Society and is the one known as the "Kiernan or Eick grate."

THE OLD FELL GRATE.

"Where is the grate on which Jesse Fell made his successful experiment of burning anthracite coal?" was the topic of an entertaining paper by Rev. H. E. Hayden at the Historical Society meeting on Monday evening. It was as follows:

This question is very pertinent coming from the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society, not only because it relates to an historical fact, but also because it touches the "raison d'être" of this society, which was organized and is perpetuated to commemorate the successful experiment of Judge Jesse Fell of burning Wyoming anthracite coal in a domestic grate,—an event which occurred just forty-nine years ago to-day.

FIRST MEETING OF SOCIETY.

The minutes of the first meeting of this society on record were copied into

the minute book from the Record of the Times of July 17, 1838, the late William Penn Miner being the editor of the paper and the secretary of the society.

"A number of our citizens assembled on Thursday afternoon (Feb. 11, 1858), at 3 o'clock in the tavern at the corner of Washington and Northampton streets to commemorate the first successful experiment of burning our anthracite coal in an open grate. The meeting was held in the same old room, with the same grate glowing with a bright anthracite fire, in the same old fireplace used by Judge Fell in his experiment." Capt. J. P. Dennis, grandson of Judge Jesse Fell, was elected chairman of this meeting, and William Penn Miner, secretary, retaining the office for two years.

HON. STANLEY WOODWARD'S ACCOUNT.

In Vol. IV of the proceedings and collections of this society, Hon. Stanley Woodward, in 1892, thus narrates the circumstances of the organization of the society:

"By a coincidence which may be regarded as noteworthy, on the 11th day of February, 1858, exactly fifty years after Judge Fell's successful experiment, four men were riding together in a carriage on a road leading to this city. One of them, a grandson of Jesse Fell, had that day by accident taken up a well known copy of the Masonic Book, now in the Historical Society, in which Fell recorded the result of his experiment, and examined its contents. Being interrupted, he had put the book in his pocket, and while driving produced it and called attention to the entry.

"While this was being examined it suddenly occurred to one man of the party that it was the exact fiftieth anniversary day of the event. It was at once resolved that something should be done to commemorate the occasion. A meeting of a number of the prominent gentlemen of the town was called for that evening at the old Fell Tavern. An old grate was procured, said to have been the original one, but for this I do not vouch, and set up in the ancient fireplace. A fire was built and around it gathered a number of young antiquarians, all inspired with the thought that they were assembled in the very room and about the very hearthstone where the anthracite coal had been first burned as fuel."

I will add that the four young men referred to were James Plater Dennis, Henry Martyn Hoyt, John Butler Conyngham and Stanley Woodward, the founders of this society.

In this statement you will notice the words of your late president Woodward that "an old grate was procured, said to have been the original one, but for this I do not vouch." These words he repeated to me with emphasis several years ago, and again during 1905.

FELL LEFT THREE GRATES.

The secretary of the first meeting thus reported, Feb. 11, 1858, as you recall, was William Penn Miner, Esq., of Miner's Mills, late founder and for many years the eminent editor of the Wilkes-Barre Record. In an editorial noticing this meeting he makes this comment:

"Anthracite had been used by blacksmiths long before 1808, but the coal was so hard it was thought impossible to make it burn in a grate without artificial draft." He adds in one sentence, which expresses the real history of many great discoveries: "Jesse Fell tried the experiment and succeeded." He continues: "The identical grate has been procured, but unfortunately for historical accuracy three grates were left by Jesse Fell, each claiming by the owner to be the grate used in the experiment.

"The one used on the 11th seemed to be well identified and is certainly a grate left by Judge Fell. Two bottom bars were burned out and renewed. It is about the size of the grates used now (1858), but with bars very inconveniently arranged for cleaning out the ashes.

"As we came to town we met Mr. Josiah Lewis with a smaller grate, looking like old times, which was claimed as the Simon pure (that is the original Jesse Fell grate), the lower bar having been at one time very low and afterwards raised a few inches, as if to admit a more thorough draft. But this might have been altered for some other reason and is no proof without corroboration that it was used in the first experiment. It is not of much consequence, however, if both grates belonged to Jesse Fell at the time of the experiment."

FOUR RIVAL CLAIMANTS.

It will be noticed that both of these writers refer to the grate used in 1853, as the one in which Judge Fell made his experiment of burning anthracite

coal. Mr. Miner refers also to a second grate in the hand of Josiah Lewis, claimed to be the initial grate. He also states that still a third grate has also claimed this honor. This is the point of the question in the beginning of this paper, "Where is the experimental grate of Judge Fell?" Grates made subsequent to the experiment have no real historic value. This is evidenced by the various claims of those who insist that the original grate in which he first burned coal is still extant. Two such claims have been made with some pretense to proof. Mr. Miner refers to two, the one used in 1838 by the founders of the society, and the one owned by Josiah Lewis. During the centennial of Wilkes-Barre, 1906, two more were distinctly claimed, one in the possession of William McKenna of Exeter Lane, Wilkes-Barre, and the one now in place in the old Fell Tavern.

TRADITIONS IN FELL FAMILY.

Let us examine the merits of these claims. Indeed we may make the number six since the tradition still runs in the Fell family that Judge Fell made his experiment in a hickory grate. We will consider these in their order:

1. The hickory grate.—his tradition that Judge Fell first made a grate of hickory wythes doubtless arose from the fact that Judge Fell ignited the coal with hickory wood. The time and labor required to put together a lot of hickory wythes to form a grate of ten or twelve inches square would not have justified the effort in a skilled blacksmith, who could have made an experimental grate in ten minutes by a process so simple that even a child would have thought of it. Moreover a hickory grate would have been consumed by the fire before the experiment was fully successful. But granting the hickory grate to be a fact this experimental grate used by Fell is burned.

2. The marble grate.—So called because its character is based on the statement of Col. John Miner Carey Marble, president of the First National Bank at Los Angeles, Cal.

In a letter printed in Vol VIII, Wyoming Historical and Geological Proceedings, he says: "In July, 1878, my uncle, David Thompson, where I was visiting in Wyoming, voluntarily told to me the story, viz: "Judge Fell and Solomon Johnson had been for some time taking up this matter of burning

coal. Mr. Johnson in those days boarded with my grandmother Marble, who then lived on Main street, above the Square. Judge Fell then lived on Northampton street. They finally concluded to make an experiment and took some pieces of iron about two feet long and laid them on the andirons, which were placed with ends against the chimney wall; they laid bricks flat on the end of the irons, and laid iron on the brick in front four bricks high. They then built a strong fire of hickory wood in the improvised grate. The bellows spoken of so frequently were merely used to blow the wood fire. After the wood fire was burning strong, they procured coal from Judge Fell's nephew's blacksmith shop nearby, put it on the fire and were gratified to find after the wood had burned a fine coal fire so satisfactory that Judge Fell had his nephew Ed. at once construct a grate which was put in place next day." This is, indeed, the simplest and most practical account yet given of this event. Col. Marble add:

"Uncle David Thompson was present during the whole time and further stated that there was a great rush of people to see the fire, as much so as there would have been to see the first steamboat."

But if this account is to be accepted this grate is also destroyed. David Thompson was a man of integrity and veracity. He was postmaster of Nanticoke in 1830, justice 1840. Married Susan Taylor and was father of Dr. William Thompson of Luzerne, surgeon 133d, 42d and 198th Regts., Pa. Vols., 1862-1865.

JUDGE FELL'S LETTER.

3. The Jesse Fell grate.—In a letter written by Judge Fell to his cousin, Jonathan Fell, Dec. 1, 1826, printed in Vol. VII of the proceedings of this society, Judge Fell states:

"Anthracite Coal.

"In the year 1778 I used it in nailery and found it to be profitable in that business. But it was the opinion of those that worked it in their furnaces, that it would not do for fuel, because when a small parcel was left on their fires and had not blown it would go out. Notwithstanding this opinion prevailed, I had for some time entertained the idea that if a sufficient body of it was ignited it would burn. Accordingly, in the month of February, 1808, I procured a grate made of small iron

rods, ten inches in depth and ten inches in height, and set it up in my common room fireplace, and on first lighting it found it to burn excellently well. This was the first successful attempt to burn our stone coal in a grate so far as my knowledge extends. On its being put in operation, my neighbors flocked to see the novelty, but many would not believe the fact until convinced by ocular demonstration. Such was the effect of this pleasing discovery that in a few days there were a number of grates put in operation. This brought the stone coal into popular notice. I need not mention the many uses to which it may be applied, as you, who are in the coal concern, have the means of knowing its value."

If the grate here referred to is the one described by David Thompson, it is, of course, now destroyed. If not, the measurements do not fit any of the grates claimed as the original at this time.

Mrs. B. G. Carpenter, daughter of Samuel Fell, and greatgranddaughter of Judge Jesse Fell, was born in 1827, and still lives, at the age of 80, with mind clear and memory good. She stated to the writer ten days ago, February, 1907, that her cousin, Capt. James P. Dennis, called at her father's house on Feb. 11, 1858, and asked the loan of a grate for the meeting at the Fell House. Mrs. Carpenter then lived with her father on Market street, the northwest corner of Washington, just a square above the Fell House, opposite Thompson Derr Bros.' corner.

She distinctly remembers that Capt. Dennis was given an old grate that had been used by Judge Fell, and which had been placed and used in the chamber room of her house, but at the time Capt. Dennis borrowed it the grate had been removed from the fireplace, as being worn out and unsafe, and a new grate had been put in its place. It was, as stated by Mrs. Carpenter, about twelve or fifteen inches long, and certainly not twenty-four. This grate was made by Jesse Fell, but whether it was the one made immediately after his successful experiment she does not know. Nor does she know if it was ever returned from the Fell House, then owned by Mr. Philip Banker, or thrown away for old iron.

4. The Josiah Lewis grate.—Of this no record is produced save the state-

ment of Mr. W. P. Miner. Mr. George C Lewis has no knowledge of any such grate

THE KIERNAN CLAIM

5 The Kiernan or Eicke grate.— Until now owned by Mrs. John Eicke, and in the possession of Mr. William McKenna, 1 Exeter lane, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

In the later years of his life Judge Jesse Fell married a widow, named Mrs. Hannah Culver, who died on Feb. 7, 1844.

"Died, in Kingston, on Wednesday, Feb. 7, 1844, Mrs. Hannah C. Fell, wife of the late Jesse Fell, Esq., in the 82d year of her age, who died in peace."

This is the record given in the Wilkes-Barre Advocate of Feb. 14, 1848. From the granddaughter of Mrs. Fell I have this statement:

"Mrs. Fell's daughter by a former husband married Patrick Kiernan (Patrick Kiernan was a school teacher, 1865-1873; grocer, 1873-1879; clerk, 1879-1887, when he died, as he appears in the directory of that date), and lived with her mother in the old Fell House until the judge died, in 1830, when they moved to Canal street. But her mother, Mrs. Hannah C. Fell, was unwilling to leave the grate behind and took it with her to Canal street and used it many years. It was the first grate in which Judge Fell burned coal. On the night when it was first used Judge Fell had a party and they danced by the light of the fire and one candle. He made the grate in the blacksmith shop of his nephew, back of the Fell House. He also made others, but did not like them as well as this. I was born in 1844. My grandmother Kiernan, who died in 1880, gave me the grate the year before she died. It is now at my son's, 21 Exeter lane. Signed, Mrs. John Eick, Phillipsburg, N. J."

This grate is now in the Historical Society as the only well authenticated grate extant belonging to Judge Fell. It is twentyfour and one-half inches long, eleven inches wide, nine inches deep, stands on four legs and is eighteen inches high. Its size disproves any claim to be the grate spoken of by Jesse Fell, although it was certainly used by him.

THE ONE NOW IN FELL HOUSE.

6. The present Fell House grate.— Now in the fireplace of the old Fell Tavern. This grate is built into the fireplace. Since 1878 a brick wall to

the height of nineteen inches and about as thick has been built in the old fireplace, five and one-half feet long, leaving only a space in which to include the grate which now rests there, a wrought iron grate, twenty-four inches long, nine inches wide from top bar to back of chimney, and eight inches deep. The chimney wall forms the back of the grate, and at each front corner of the grate, right and left side, it rests on a flat bar of iron one inch wide by ten and one-half inches long from top to hearth. It is a strong grate and will bear many coal fires. The present owner of the fireplace, who pulled down the old Fell House in 1903 and built the handsome hotel on its site, wisely preserved the old chimney and built it into his new walls. In this he preserved a treasure indisputable in its claims to be the one in which fireplace the coal experiment was made. But he also claims that the grate built into the fireplace is the original grate in which Judge Fell made his experiment, as he was probably told so by his predecessor in the hotel.

The property came into his possession by purchase for \$18,000 from L. D. and Louisa Allebach, heirs of Philip Banker, deceased, Jan. 1, 1893. They received it as legal heirs of Banker, who bought it Dec. 18, 1846, of Martin Long, who secured it from the estate of Jesse Fell. No mention of the grate is made in any of these transfers. But it was not there in 1878.

THE OLD FIREPLACE.

The old fireplace of the Fell House stands today very much as it did when it was first built, in a large stone chimney. The original part is entirely of stone, five feet and a half long, four and a half high from the hearth, and about twenty-three inches deep to the back of the chimney. It was built entirely for the use of wood fires. Like all old fashioned fireplaces, there was room at each end for a child to sit on a cricket or stool. Two andirons were in the centre, behind which usually a crooked or knotted hickory back log, one hard to split, was laid and against which the andirons stood. On them logs of split wood were laid, a fire kindled below by bellows and the delightful, cheering blaze lighted up the room and made the place one of joyful rest and drowsiness.

On these andirons Judge Fell laid his experimental grate. When its purpose

was successful, he had his nephew make a permanent grate, which also rested on the andirons. How long this grate was used or how many others succeeded when it was burnt out does not appear, but undoubtedly the fireplace remained an open fireplace until 1858. No brick wall was built in the ends as now appears there. Grates were not then made to fit in the wall, but were made to stand on four feet or rest on the andirons.

That wood and not coal was used in the fireplace after Judge Fell's death is evident from the fact told and retold me by Judge Woodward, who was one of the four founders of the society, that when it was proposed at the first meeting, on Feb. 11, 1858, to have a coal fire in the fireplace, there was no grate there, and he added, "We sent out Gould Parrish to borrow one (probably he with Capt. Dennis), which he did, and we made a coal fire in it. We had no proof that the grate was Jesse Fell's original grate, but some thought it was."

How long after this meeting coal was continued to be used in a grate in that fireplace is not known, but evidently for a very short time, as the borrowed grate was doubtless returned to its owner, or being too old and worn out, was thrown aside and lost.

CALVIN PARSONS'S OPINION.

In 1878, when the centennial of the Massacre of Wyoming was being held, Capt. Calvin Parsons determined to have a meeting in the old rooms and to have a fire built in that grate. But the fireplace was empty and the old grate could not be found. However, he had a duplicate grate of his own, which he sent for and loaned for the occasion. After the centennial he sent for his grate, but the tenant of the hotel refused to let it go, claiming it to be the original Fell grate.

This incident Capt. Parsons, when president of this society, narrated to us, and after his death his son, Maj. Oliver A. Parsons, sent me this letter:

"Nov. 13, 1906.

"Rev. Horace Edw. Hayden—

"Dear sir: A few years before the death of my father, the late Calvin Parsons, he told me that the grate now in the old Fell House was not the original grate. That at the time of the Wyoming Centennial, 1878, the old grate could not be found, and as he had a duplicate grate, he loaned it to

be used at that time. Shortly after the centennial, wishing to get his grate back again, he applied for it, but was refused by the tenant, or owner of the Fell House, who claimed it to be the original grate of Judge Fell.

"Yours, etc.,

"O. A. Parsons."

NONE OF THE CLAIMS AUTHENTICATED.

In conclusion let us recognize the prudence and wisdom of the four founders of the society, three of them men of college training, and all men of strong common sense.

They founded the society to commemorate an event which has aided eminently in the development of the mineral resources and the enrichment of this valley, the successful experiment of burning Wyoming anthracite coal in a common grate. With what pride and interest would they have preserved the instrument by which this experiment was made. How quickly would they have secured such a treasure had it then existed. Their silence on the subject and their wisdom in not accepting on such tradition one of the many grates for which this honor is claimed is proof positive that in 1858 no such original was in existence.

When, in 1908, we celebrate the centennial of Judge Fell's discovery, and the semi-centennial of the founding of this society, we will celebrate facts, not fiction.

WYOMING COMMEMORATIVE EXERCISES.

Daily Record, July 4, 1907.

Of all the twenty-nine memorial observances of the battle of Wyoming that have taken place since the inception in 1878, none has been favored with more auspicious weather than that of yesterday. The skies were cloudless and there was an entire absence of the usual July heat. In fact, there was such a breeze at one time that the canvas tent was torn from its fastenings. Everything conspired to make the occasion a notable one—the large assemblage, the interesting address, the clear atmosphere and the midsummer foliage. There were present representatives of the Historical Society, the Sons of the Revolution, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Wyoming Monument Associa-

tion and other patriotic bodies. Many old settlers occupied the front seats. There was every indication of an increasing interest in the memorial event.

There were fully 1,000 persons present and the monument was decked with roses and daisies and flags, the latter including a collection of foreign flags loaned by Charles Law of Pittston, and accompanied by the motto, "Let there be peace among all nations." The street was moistened by the rain of the night before and there was no dust. Alexander's Band played a delightful program. Prayer was offered by Rev. W. T. Blair of Wyoming.

ADDRESS BY BENJAMIN DORRANCE.

The president, Benjamin Dorrance, made a brief address, in which he urged his hearers to train the children as devoted patriots. The address was full of forceful patriotic utterances. He said also that the people are here to glorify those who had fought for us and who died for our welfare. If they didn't win a great battle their spirit had won a splendid victory for us. Mr. Dorrance noted with pleasure the increasing number of women and children present and paid a high tribute to womanhood as through the training of children it is the source of our country's greatness, the teacher of childhood in the lessons of country's love and national patriotism.

The large assemblage sang "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," the band accompanying.

CONNECTICUT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The speaker engaged for the day was Hon. Simeon Eben Baldwin, chief justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, whose subject was "Connecticut in Pennsylvania," but owing to illness he was unable to leave his home in New Haven. Accordingly Judge Baldwin's manuscript was read by Judge Henry A. Fuller of the Luzerne Bar. The address dealt with the long strife between Connecticut and Pennsylvania over ownership of Wyoming and related how the difficulties were finally adjusted by a court of arbitration. It was a great demonstration, he said, of the possibilities growing out of arbitration between warring States.

The address of Judge Baldwin, as read by Judge Fuller, was as follows:

The original charter from the Earl of Warwick to the first proprietors of Con-

necticut, bounded their grant from Narragansett River for a breadth of forty leagues "as the coast lieth towards Virginia." * * * "from the western ocean to the South Sea." Among those who obtained this patent, and paid £16,000 for it, were John Pym, the leader of the Long Parliament, and John Hampden, whose resistance to the ship-money exactions of the crown did more, perhaps, than any other one thing to bring Charles I. to the block. Another who came later into association with them, and thought seriously, as they did, of settling in New England, was Oliver Cromwell. Had he made the venture, under the Warwick patent, it is safe to say that he would not have overlooked the fact that the western boundary it named was the Pacific Ocean.

The charter of Connecticut from Charles II. in 1662, reaffirmed these limits, and the colony early insisted on them, as against the Dutch.

But, as time went on, the thoughts of the settlers ran in a more contracted sphere, and in the official returns to the lords of trade and plantations, during the first half of the eighteenth century, the colony is described as bounding westerly on New York.

HEARD OF SUSQUEHANNA.

At the beginning of the second half, however, a different tone was assumed. It had by that time become generally known that there was good farming land in the valley of the Susquehanna, occupied only by Indians, which fell within the limits of both the patents named. In 1753, a sort of syndicate, mainly of Connecticut people, was forced to buy up the Indian title to this territory and plant a new colony there. The next summer the purchase was effected from the Five Nations for £2,000. The other colonies, Pennsylvania included, seem to have viewed it with a friendly eye, as setting up a new barrier against Indian attack, and at a congress of colonies then sitting at Albany, where the treaty of cession was negotiated, a resolution was passed that Connecticut and Massachusetts each by charter right extended to the South Sea.

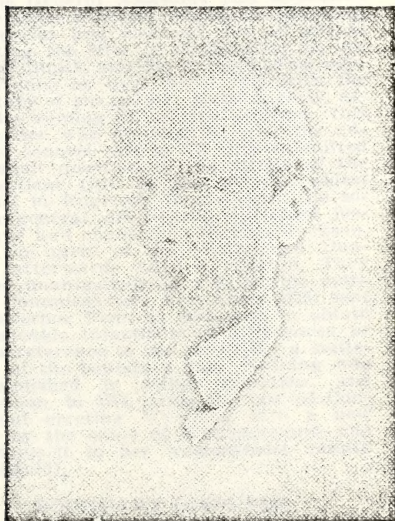
In 1755, the General Assembly of Connecticut, on the petition of the syndicate, then consisting of about 850 persons, and styling themselves the Susquehanna Company, voted to assent to their intended application to the crown for a colony charter. The French and Indian war of the next few years made any movement of this sort inadvisable, but seven years later, as it neared its close, a number of people left Connecticut, for the Wyoming Valley, to effect a settlement under the Connecticut charter. The Indians, who had, no doubt, by this time spent the money which they received from the syndicate, showed an unfriendly spirit. The Pennsylvania proprietaries, whose charter of 1681 covered in terms this territory, exerted their influence at court to check the immigration, and in January, 1763, orders

to stop it were sent from England to the colonial authorities of Connecticut. A delegation of Mohawks, led by Guy Johnson of New York, appeared at Hartford to protest against any such attempt at colonization, and were informed that these commands had been received.

The attention of Connecticut and of the Susquehanna Company was now given to endeavoring to secure a change in the policy of England. The company sent one of the leading men in the colony, Col. Eliphalet Dyer, to London to ask for a charter, but he found the opposition too serious to conquer.

BOUGHT INDIAN TITLE.

By order of the king in council, a line was settled in the fall of 1768 between the English and the Indian lands in this valley. The Pennsylvania proprietaries then bought up the Indian title to part of the lands which the Five Nations had ceded



SIMEON E. BALDWIN,
Chief Jusitce of Connecticut,
who was to have delivered the address.

to the Susquehanna Company fourteen years before. Early in 1769 a new immigration from Connecticut set in, to find their grants from that company disputed by claimants under the Pennsylvania authorities. The Connecticut settlers were thickest on what was then called the East Branch of the Susquehanna; the Pennsylvania settlers on the West Branch.

A petition was now presented to the General Assembly of Connecticut from more than four thousand freemen of the colony, praying that its title to the lands in dispute should be asserted and maintained. There were then but about ten thousand freemen in all. None of the signers were members of the Susquehanna Company, and while no doubt many of them were secured by its influence, it is evident that there must have been a solid public opinion back of it. The claim to the old boundaries of the colony patent was one worth contending for. The swath across the continent which they cut out for Connecticut, comprehended, west of the Hudson, the sites of what are now Wilkes-Barre, Cleveland, Chicago and Omaha, and east of the Hudson, New York city fell within it. New York Connecticut acknowledged that she had lost. She could not contend against a royal duke. To Northern Pennsylvania her people were inclined to cling, and before the petition had been presented, the General Assembly had appointed a committee to make diligent search, both in America and England, for all grants affecting the title of Connecticut to her charter limits, and file authenticated copies of such as they might find with the secretary of the colony. Subsequently, after the coming in of the petition, this committee was directed to take the advice of counsel, and in 1771 they submitted the whole question of the merits of the Connecticut title to four of the ablest counsel in England, Wedderburn, the solicitor general, afterwards lord chief justice and lord chancellor; Richard Jackson, long the agent of the colony, and Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton. They agreed unanimously in a favorable opinion. Commissioners were then (1773) sent to Governor Penn to endeavor to obtain an amicable adjustment of differences, or else a reference to the crown for a settlement of the boundary line. Nothing was accomplished in either direction, and thereupon, in 1774, came the law of Connecticut erecting Wyoming into a new town by the name of Westmoreland, and annexing it to her westernmost county (Litchfield).

BOUNDARY DISPUTES.

The Pennsylvania proprietors also had submitted their case to English counsel. They selected Charles Pratt, afterwards Lord Chancellor and Earl of Camden, and he gave an opinion in their favor. Royal commissioners, in 1664, in settling the boundary dispute between the Duke of York and the colony of Connecticut, had after a full hearing ordered and declared that the Momoronoc Creek "and a line drawn from the East Point or Side where the Fresh Water falls into the salt at the line of the Massachusetts, be the Western bounds of the Colony of Connecticut, and all Plantations lying Westward of that Creek and line so drawn shall be under his Royal Highness' Government;

and all the Plantations lying Eastward of that Creek and line to be under the Government of Connecticut." This order had been solemnly assented to by the colony, and in Mr. Pratt's opinion deprived it of any claim of title west of the west bounds thus established. The Connecticut claim, on the contrary, supported by the opinions of the four counsel before mentioned, was that the west bounds were fixed merely as regards the patent of the Duke of York, and that it no more cut the colony off from her charter territory south or west of New York, than it added to her limits the plantations on the other side in Rhode Island.

The response of the Connecticut General Assembly to the petition of the four thousand freemen was far from eliciting the universal approval of her people.

In March, 1774, a mass meeting of committees from twenty-three towns at Middletown, adopted a warm protest, embodied in a petition to the legislature. The title to the lands, they said, was contested. It might prove defective. The incorporation of Westmoreland might be pressed in England as a cause for the forfeiture of the colony charter. Bloody tragedies might ensue from the clashing of jurisdiction between those claiming under Pennsylvania and those claiming under Connecticut. Emigration would be encouraged on the part of those who, should the title of the colony finally be determined to be invalid, would be reduced to poverty, and return to their deserted homes only to waste the residue of their lives as a burden on the community.

WAR OF PAMPHLETS.

A war of pamphlets arose. Rev. Dr. William Smith, provost of the university (then college) of Pennsylvania, with the aid of Jared Ingersoll, wrote one in support of the title of the proprietaries under their charter of 1681, which was extensively circulated in Connecticut. Rev. Dr. Benjamin Trumbull, in 1776, published a voluminous answer.

But by this time subjects still more important had arisen to engage the public interest. The battle of Lexington had been fought. There was but one cause for patriotic hearts,—that of America. In the fall of 1776, two companies for the Connecticut line in the Continental army were raised in Westmoreland. Enough more were subsequently added to make up a meagre regiment (the 24th Connecticut). Most of the able-bodied men in the settlement were thus employed on the day (July 3, 1778,) the anniversary of which we are met to commemorate.

Connecticut had made preparations in 1774 for applying to the king in council for the appointment of commissioners to settle her dispute with Pennsylvania, but in March, 1775, Governor Trumbull wrote to the colony agent at London not to press the matter "in a day of so much difficulty and increasing distress as the present between the two countries."

In the fall of the same year he wrote to the president of Congress to express the hope that that body would intervene in the interest of peace.

"It is far from our design," he said, "to take any advantage in the case from the present unhappy division with Great Britain. Our desire is that no advantage be taken on either side; but at a proper time, and before competent judges, to have the different claims to these lands litigated, settled and determined; in the meantime to have this lie dormant, until the other all-important controversy is brought to a close. The wisdom of Congress, I trust, will find means to put a stop to all altercations between this colony and Mr. Penn. and the settlers under each, until a calm and peaceable day. The gun and bayonet are not the constitutional instruments to adjust and settle real claims, neither will insidious methods turn to account for such as make them their pursuit."

CONGRESS ACTS.

In December, 1775, the Congress devoted considerable time to the consideration of the questions thus presented. The Pennsylvania delegates insisted that their colony must have jurisdiction over the disputed territory, and said they would not abide the determination of the Congress, unless this were conceded. At last, each colony having proposed a vote that it would be content to accept, that of Connecticut was passed (Dec. 20) by six colonies to four. This "recommended that the contending parties immediately cease all hostilities and avoid every appearance of force, until the dispute can be legally decided; that all the property taken and detained be restored to the original owners; that no interruption be given by either party to the free passing and re-passing of persons behaving themselves peaceably through the disputed territory, as well by land or water, without molestation of either persons or property; that all persons seized and detained on account of said dispute, on either side be dismissed and permitted to go to their respective homes; and that, things being put in the same situation they were before the late unhappy contest, they continue to behave themselves peaceably on their respective possessions and improvements, until a legal decision can be had on said dispute, or this Congress shall take further order thereon; and nothing herein done shall be construed in prejudice of the claim of either party."

One of the New Jersey delegation who kept a journal of the proceedings of the Congress observes that "the Delegates of Penna. were very angry and discontented with this Determination of Congress." The next day they offered a resolution that no more Connecticut people should settle at Wyoming until the title to the lands was adjudged. Meanwhile the General Assembly of Connecticut, moved by reports that an invasion of Westmoreland by five hundred armed men from the

West Branch of the Susquehanna was apprehended, fomented by British influences," resolved "that all the present inhabitants in said disputed territory shall remain quiet in their present possessions, without molestation from any person or persons under the jurisdiction of this colony; provided they behave themselves peaceably toward the inhabitants settled under the claim of this Colony; and provided the persons belonging to this Colony, who have been lately apprehended on said lands by some of the people of Pennsylvania be released and all the effects, as well of those who have been already released as those now in custody, be restored to them. And all persons are hereby strictly forbid making any further settlements on said lands without special license from this Assembly, or giving any interruption or disturbance to any persons already settled thereon. This temporary provision to remain in force during the pleasure of this Assembly, and shall not affect or prejudice the legal title of the Colony, or of any particular persons to any of said lands in controversy."

A copy of this vote was hurried off to Philadelphia, and on Dec. 23, 1775, was read in Congress. John Jay of New York at once moved that it be recommended to Connecticut "not to introduce any settlers on the said lands till the farther order of this Congress, until the said dispute shall be settled." Such a vote was passed by four colonies to three. The Connecticut delegates protested against declaring it to have been adopted, on the ground that it was not carried by a majority of the colonies present, but their objections were overruled.

The conflicts of jurisdiction and seizures of person and property, recounted in the various papers from which quotations have been read, had been attended by very serious disturbances. From 1769 when after several years of inaction, the Susquehanna Company, which now comprehended some Pennsylvanians among its members, sent a new force of colonists into this valley and found ten men, headed by the sheriff of Northampton County, established in a block house to oppose them, to the close of 1771, there was a constant succession of serious hostilities.

Under the Pennsylvania title the valley was laid off into two "manors," the eastern side being called the Manor of Stoke and the western side the Manor of Sunbury.

SETTLERS ERECT FORT.

The Connecticut settlers put up a rough frontier fort, Fort Durkee, which was attacked by the Pennsylvanians with a four-pound cannon. A capitulation followed on terms that the Connecticut title to possession should be respected, till the pleasure of his majesty should be known. The garrison marched out, and most of them returned to Connecticut; but it was not long before news followed that their houses had been plundered and their cat-

tle driven away. The next year the Susquehanna Company retook the fort, seized the four-pounder, and invested a block house in which fifty Pennsylvanians had established themselves. After a short siege a capitulation followed, stipulating that the property claims of the garrison should be respected until the dispute were settled by the king. This stipulation, in turn, the Connecticut settlers violated.

General Gage, then in command of the royal forces at New York, was called on by Governor Penn for aid, but refused to interfere.

Captain Ogden recaptured Fort Durkee. Colonel Stewart, one of the Pennsylvanians belonging to the Susquehanna Company, surprised and retook it by a night assault. Ogden built a new and stronger fort,—Fort Wyoming. The settlers under the Connecticut title besieged and captured it.

THE MASSACRE.

Four years of almost undisturbed peace followed. The Pennsylvania proprietaries made no serious attempt to expel the settlers under the Connecticut title. Civil government was set up, at first, with no authority from Connecticut; afterwards by virtue of the Act of Assembly of 1774 which has been already mentioned. On the other hand, the proprietary government of Pennsylvania was coming to its close. In 1776 it gave way to a provisional government of the people. One of its last efforts was the unhappy invasion which again stained this valley with blood, on Dec. 21, 1776. In this about two hundred were engaged on each side and several killed. President Stiles of Yale College, in his Literary Diary, declares that it was a stratagem of the British ministry to excite confusion, promoted by Philadelphia Tories. The records of the governor's council in Connecticut, at a meeting held in the preceding month, shows that they regarded the expedition, which really for the purpose of expelling the was then being secretly organized, as of a broader design to prevent a union of the colonies against Great Britain.

The massacre of Wyoming cannot be understood unless the facts that I have thus tried to summarize are kept in mind. The seeds of civil war had been planted in this valley long years before the outbreak of the revolution. It was to be a civil war arising from conflicting rights of property and jurisdiction. The revolution itself in every colony meant civil war. That was a civil war arising from conflicting claims of allegiance and conflicting theories of political liberty.

THE REVOLUTION.

The American revolution was a political necessity. England had become—with the development of the principle of a responsible ministry,—responsible to the House of Commons,—in fact, though not in name, a republic. She had slowly built up out of precedent and tradition an unrecorded but all-compelling scheme of

government which in fact, though hardly yet in name, was constitutional.

Yet England was denying to her sons across the sea the privileges which this scheme of government guaranteed to her sons at home.

"If," wrote Froude in his life of Julius Caesar, "there be one lesson which history clearly teaches, it is this: that free nations cannot govern subject provinces. If they are unable and unwilling to admit their dependencies to share their constitution, the constitution itself will fall in pieces from mere incompetence for its duties." Or, he might have added, the subject provinces will throw off the yoke, and vindicate their independence.

To one who looks with eager glance towards the political future of the United States to-day, and anxiously asks himself whether, if our constitution was framed only for and applies only to the people of the United States that make our Union, and carries no certain assurance of personal security to the millions in our Asiatic possessions, we can yet hold them indefinitely as against the world, and as against themselves, subjects, though not citizens, these solemn words of a great writer have a new interest.

But, in principle, we do not stand to the Philippines as England in 1776 stood to us. She was governing us avowedly for her own benefit. We are not governing them avowedly for our benefit. Nor are these the discount.

children of the Pacific of such a stock as that of the self-reliant, sturdy, strong handed American colonists of the eighteenth century.

Yet even to them it was a hard thing to decide upon a war of independence. There was everywhere a strong division of opinion. It was the obvious policy and aim of the British government to stimulate and strengthen the spirit of the loyalists. In the city where I live, in 1776, nearly half the people were British sympathizers. The same I think would be true of Philadelphia.

John Butler, who led the invading forces at the battle of Wyoming, was of Connecticut birth. So was Zebulon Butler, who led in the defense,—a commissioned colonel of the 24th Regiment of the Connecticut line.

There have been riots and risings against lawful authority from time to time throughout American history. There have been, aside from the revolution, but two civil wars: that which year after year disturbed this valley and that between the North and the South.

The first came to an end in the way in which all controversies between independent States should, by submission to an impartial court. As soon as such a proceeding became practicable, by the adoption of the Articles of Confederation in 1781, Congress, at the petition of Pennsylvania, appointed commissioners to decide between the validity of the titles under grants from her proprietaries and the titles under Connecticut. It is to the

credit of both States that they were able to agree on who should be the commissioners. They selected, and Congress confirmed for the position, Judge William Whipple of New Hampshire, Welcome Arnold of Rhode Island, William C. Houston, professor of mathematics and natural philosophy at Princeton; Cyrus Griffin of Virginia, president of the court of appeals in Maritime Causes, and David Brearly, chief justice of New Jersey.

The hearing was a long and fair one, the court sitting from Nov. 12 to Dec. 30, 1782. The end was a brief and unanimous decision that Pennsylvania had good right and Connecticut no right to the lands in controversy. Many years afterwards it came out that the members of this commission, before entering on the trial, privately agreed that the decision of the majority, whatever it was, should be concurred in by all, and that no reasons for the judgment should be announced.

The feeling between the two States and the yet delicate condition of the settlement probably made this course judicious. At all events, the Connecticut claim of title was now finally disposed of. There was nevermore to be a Connecticut in Pennsylvania. Not only had she had no governmental powers there, but all conveyances and grants under her authority were invalidated.

The settlers in the Wyoming Valley now numbered five or six thousand. Most of them held through the Susquehanna Company. When the claimants under the Pennsylvania title appeared to dispossess them, it was found no easy thing. Disaffection was general. Everybody was in the sheriff's way, except when he was called upon to assist him. There was more fighting. As Burke has said: "You cannot indict a whole people." Some of them applied to the legislature of Pennsylvania for relief and a "quieting act" was passed, providing for the appointment of commissioners to inquire into the merits of their claims. After a few years, however, it was repealed. Many lost all their possessions. Finally, in 1799 and 1801, came legislation that stood, because it was bottomed on the will of the local majority. The holders of Pennsylvania titles were bought off by the State. The holders of Connecticut titles had theirs confirmed on payment of about \$1 an acre.

Of the battle of Wyoming you have often heard, I make no doubt, on this occasion, in former years. If you have not given it more than a passing notice it is not because I am insensible to its importance as one of the memorable things in American history.

The time will never come when stories of battle no longer interest mankind.

A man on a field of arms is in an abnormal position. How will he act? How did he act? These are questions that have the attractiveness always belonging to the unusual,—the importance always attaching

to what must always nearly concern the public welfare.

Personal prowess is admired even when it is displayed for merely private ends,—when it is shown by the sportsman, the matador, the boxer, or wrestler. Much more is it admired in one who is fighting for a country, or a cause.

It is not a question of victory. Nothing brings more of a glory than a glorious defeat. The hopeless struggle at the pass of Thermopylae will never pass from human memory.

But to Americans the great fruit of the battle of Wyoming was that it led to preventing war. It showed it to be possible for two States, each warmly engaged in defending a claim having at least strong color of right, to come before a court of the United States and let their controversy go to a final determination, there, precisely as if it were one between two private individuals. The Supreme Court of the United States was erected on that basis; and no other single cause contributed more towards the adoption of that feat of our judicial system, than the sad massacre of July 3, 1878.

to what must always nearly concern the public welfare. Lamented prowess is admitted even when it is displayed for merely private ends--when it is shown by the sportsman, the amateur, the boxer, or wrestler. Much more is it admired in one who is fighting for a country, or a cause. It is not a question of victory. Nothing brings more of a glory than a glorious defeat. The noblest arguments at the bars of testimony will never pass from human memory. But to Americans the great fruit of the battle of Wyoming was that it led to preventing war. It showed it to be possible for two States each warmly engaged in defending a claim having at least a strong color of right to come before a court of the United States and let their controversy go to a final determination, there, precisely as it is now one between two private individuals. The Supreme Court of the United States was created on that basis; and no other single cause contributed more towards the adoption of that test of our judicial system, than the sad massacre of July 2, 1877.

